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A SELECT  
COLLECTION  
OF  
OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



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May 1873

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T O

*Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer,*  
K N I G H T.

*S I R,*

 F there be any thing in this  
*Collection* worthy of being  
preserv'd, it is to you the  
Publick is indebted for the Bene-  
fit. Your obliging Readiness to  
communicate the Stores of which  
you were possess'd, encourag'd me  
to undertake the Design, which  
VOL. I.            b            otherwise

## DEDICATION.

otherwise I should have despair'd  
of prosecuting with Success. Under  
the Sanction of your Name there-  
fore I beg Leave to shelter the Re-  
mains of these old Dramatic Wri-  
ters, which but for your Genero-  
sity had fallen with their Authors  
into utter Oblivion. To your Can-  
dour I submit the Pains I have  
taken to give a tolerably correct  
Edition of them, and am with  
great Respect,

SIR,

Your most obliged

And obedient

Humble Servant.

R. DODSLEY.





# P R E F A C E.



WHEN I first conceiv'd the Design of collecting together the best and scarcest of our old Plays, I had no intention to do more than search out the several Authors, select what was good from each, and give as correct an Edition of them as I could. This I thought would at once serve as a Specimen of the different Merits of the Writers, and shew the Humours and Manners of the Times in which they lived. But as the Publick has been so kind to favour me with much greater Encouragement than I expected, I thought it my Duty to omit nothing that might conduce either to the greater Perfection of the Work, or their better Entertainment. It was this Consideration which led me to think of prefixing to each Play, where any Materials were to be had, a brief Account



of the Life and Writings of its Author; and also, by way of Preface, a short historical Essay on the Rise and Progress of the *English* Stage, from its earliest Beginnings, to the Death of King *Charles* the First, when Play-houses were suppress'd. But in the Prosecution of both these Designs I have been so cross'd with a Want of Materials, that I am afraid what I intended should merit Thanks, must barely hope for Pardon.

Before I proceed to my principal Design, it may not be unentertaining to the Reader just to take a View of the great Similarity that appears in the Rise and Progress of the modern Stage in all the principal Countries of *Europe*. The *Italian* is perhaps the *Theatre*. earliest of the modern Theatres; nay, they pretend it was never entirely silent from the Imperial Times. But tho' there might be some insipid Buffooneries perform'd by idle People strolling about from Town to Town, and acting in open and publick Places to the Mob they gather'd round them; yet they had no Poetry till the Time of the \* *Provençals*, nor any thing like a Theatre, till they began to exhibit the *Mysteries of Religion*.

\* *Bouche*, in his History of *Provence*, says, the *Provençal* Poets began to be esteem'd throughout *Europe* in the twelfth Century, and were at the Height of their Credit about the middle of the fourteenth. Their Poetry consisted of Pastorals, Songs, Sonnets, *Syrvantes* and *Ten-sons*,

*ligion.* And these, as is affirm'd by *Octavio Pancirolli*, in his *Tesoro Nascasto di Roma*, begun but with the Establishment of the Fraternity *del Gonfalone* in the Year 1264: From the Statutes of which Company he quotes the following Paragraph. 'The principal Design of our Fraternity, being to represent the Passion of *Jesus Christ*; we ordain, that when the Mysteries of the said Passion are represented, our antient Orders be ever observ'd; together with what shall be prescrib'd by the general Congregation.' But *Cresembini*, in his History of Poetry, says, the first Piece of this Nature was written by *Francis Beliari* on the Story of *Abraham* and *Isaac*; and acted at *Florence*, in the Church of *St. Mary Magdalen*, about 1449: And that about the same time, or soon after, the History of *Christ's* Passion

b 3

*sons, i. e.* Satires and Love-Disputes. And in the List of their Poets are found Persons of the first Dignity: In particular the Emperor *Frederick* the First, and our King *Richard*, surnam'd *Cœur de Lion*. 'This Poetry receiv'd its fatal Stroke in the Death of *Joan* the First, Queen of *Naples*, and Countess of *Provence*; for neither *Lewis* the First, her adopted Son, nor *Lewis* the Second, his Successor, shew'd any Regard to it. *Le fin de cette Poësie fut le Commencement de celle des Italiens*; for all there before *Danté* were rather Rhimers than Poets: He and *Petrarch* were *les deux vraies Fontaines de la Poësie Italienne*; mais *Fontaines*, qui prirent leurs sources dans la *Poësie Provençale*.



Passion was first represented in the *Colliſeum* at *Rome*. These two Accounts I will leave to be adjusted by the Criticks.

The *Spanish* Theatre boasts great *Spanish* Antiquity ; but it is difficult to fix *Theatre.* its precise Æra. Their first theatrical Pieces were small Farces of one Act, call'd *Entermises*, or *Jordanas*, which they perform'd in Thorough-Fares, or the most publick Places of the Towns. The Action of the Piece turn'd upon some Subject of ridiculous and low Life ; which being heighten'd with Strokes of Wit and Satire, and perform'd with antic Gestures, made an Entertainment not much unlike the *Latin Mimes*. To these succeeded what they call'd the *Autos Sacramentales* ; being indeed Mysteries, but more artificial than those of the rest of *Europe*, which were simple Representations, while these were always allegorical. There are prodigious Numbers of them in *Spain*, but those of *Calderon* are reckon'd the best.

The *French* pretend to draw the *French* Original of their Drama from the *Theatre.* *Provençal* Poets in the thirteenth Century. I suppose because one *Nouez*, who died in the Year 1220, is mention'd by *Nostradamus* as a good Actor. This Man by going about to the Houses of the Nobility, singing, dancing, and making Faces, gain'd



gain'd not only a good Livelihood, but much Applause. He had, they tell us, the Art of speaking either in a Man's or Woman's Key, and by changing his Accent, Gesture, and Countenance at pleasure, could himself personate two Actors. These kinds of extempore Farces, or Dialogues, continued till they were displaced by the Exhibition of the Mysteries. The first, of which we have any Account, was the Mystery of the Passion, represented at *St. Maur's* in 1398. But the *French Theatre*, tho' it got as early rid of these Barbarities as any other, yet continued long very rude and imperfect, and destitute of all good Comedy till the Time of *Corneille* and *Moliere*; the former born in 1606, the latter in 1621.

The *Dutch Theatre* had its Original from what they call in that *Dutch Country Reden Ryckkers Kameran, Theatre*: that is, Companies or Societies of Rhetoricians and Poets, not unlike the Academies in *Italy*. The Members of these Societies were the Wits of the Place, who, when any one was married, buried, prefer'd to an Office, &c. were applied to for Epithalamiums, Elegies, or Panegyrick. They also compos'd theatrical Pieces, which they acted in the Society Room; from whence these old Pieces are call'd Society Plays, as those of *Italy* were call'd Academy Plays. Sometimes

the *Reden Ryckkers*, or Poets of one Village, went to perform their Pieces at Fair-times in another ; which, in its turn, gave the first its Revenge. Sometimes again, the Poets of one Village disputed the Prize of Wit with the Poets of another, in extempore Pieces. These kinds of Entertainments, if they can be properly call'd theatrical, are said to be as old as the Provinces themselves : But the most eminent Piece of their more reform'd Theatre, is, *De Speigel der Minne*, the Mirror of Love ; written by *Colin Van Ryssle*, and printed at *Haerlem* in 1561. The *Dutch*, like all other Theatres in their State of Ignorance, had a great Passion for the Marvelous. In one of their old Tragedies a Princess has her Lover's Head before her on a Plate : To this she sits down and addresses herself, and receives as pertinent Answers as if it had been still upon his Shoulders. But the *Dutch* Theatre is now more refin'd, and these Extravagances are seldom represented but on some State-holiday, to please the common People.

The *Germans* deduce the first Rise of their Theatre from the antient *German Theatre*. Bards, who used to sing the Elogies of their Heroes ; and I believe with just as much Truth as the *French* do theirs from the *Provençals*. To these Bards, they tell us, succeeded their *Master Sanger*, that is, Master



Master Singers ; who form'd themselves into Societies in all the principal Cities of *Germany*. One of these merry Societies is actually subsisting at *Strasburg* to this Day, composed of Shoemakers, Taylors, Weavers, Millers, &c. who enjoy certain Privileges, which they pretend were granted them by *Otho* the Great and *Maximilian* the First : But neither did these attempt any thing Dramatic till after the fifteenth Century. About the middle of the sixteenth, a Shoemaker at *Nuremburgh*, named *Haansfacks*, composed many dramatick Pieces, both sacred and profane. Amongst the first are *Adam and Eve*, *Jacob and Esau*, *Esther*, *Tobias*, *Job*, *Judith*, the *Prodigal Son*, and others ; amongst the latter are, *Jocasta*, *Charon*, *Griselda*, the *Judgment of Paris*, and many others. And this Shoemaker is now in as much Honour amongst them for his *Mysteries* in Poetry, as *Jacob Behman*, another of the same Craft, for his *Mysteries* in Divinity. But all these were very rude imperfect Pieces ; nor did the *German* Theatre arrive to any tolerable Perfection till after the Year 1626, when a Company of *Dutch* Players went to *Hambourg*, and, by exhibiting some Pieces of a more perfect kind, led them to a better Taste. It is not forty Years since the *Mystery* of the *Passion* was exhibited at *Vienna*. It consisted of five Acts, and represented in



order the Terrestrial Paradise, the Creation of *Adam* and *Eve*, their Fall, the Death of *Abel*, *Moses* in the Desert, the Travels of *Joseph*, *Mary*, and the Child *Jesus* into *Egypt*. *Jesus* was represented by a full-grown Lad; but to shew that he was a Child, they fed him on the Stage with Spoon-Meat. Then you saw him disputing with the Doctors in the *Temple*, his Prayer in the Garden, his Seizing, his Passion, his Death on the Cross, and his Burial, which closed the Representation. Thus all the modern Theatres in *Europe* began with Singing, Dancing, and *extempore* Dialogues or Farces; from thence they proceeded to the Mysteries of Religion, and till the sixteenth Century none of them attempted to exhibit either Tragedy or Comedy.

I come now more particularly *English* to consider the Rise and Progress of *Theatre*. the *English* Stage, which was the principal Design of this *Preface*.

It is generally, I believe, imagined, that the *English* Stage rose later than the rest of its Neighbours. Those in this Opinion will, perhaps, wonder to be told of Theatrical Entertainments almost as early as the Conquest; and yet nothing is more certain, if you will believe an honest Monk, one *William Stephanides*, or *Fitz-Stephen*, in his *Descriptio Nobilissimæ Civitatis Londoniæ*, who writes thus;

thus ; “ *London*, instead of common Inter-  
 “ ludes belonging to the Theatre, hath Plays  
 “ of a more holy Subject ; Representations  
 “ of those Miracles which the holy Confes-  
 “ sors wrought, or of the Sufferings wherein  
 “ the glorious Constancy of the Martyrs did  
 “ appear.” This Author was a Monk of  
*Canterbury*, who wrote in the Reign of *Henry*  
*II.* and died in that of *Richard I.* 1191 :  
 And as he does not mention these Representa-  
 tions as Novelties to the People, (for he is  
 describing all the common Diversions in use  
 at that time) we can hardly fix them lower  
 than the Conquest. And this, I believe, is an  
 earlier Date than any other Nation of *Europe*  
 can produce for their Theatrical Representa-  
 tions. About 140 Years after this, in the  
 Reign of *Edward III.* it was ordained by Act  
 of Parliament, that a Company of Men called  
*Vagrants*, who had made Masquerades thro’  
 the whole City, should be whipt out of  
*London*, because they represented scandalous  
 Things in the little Alehouses, and other  
 Places where the Populace assembled.  
 What the Nature of these scandalous Things  
 were, we are not told ; whether lewd and ob-

† *Londoniæ pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis sce-  
 nicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum,  
 quæ sancti confessores operati sunt, seu representationes  
 passionum, quibus claruit constantia martyrum.* The  
 whole Piece is preserved in *Stow*, and is very curious.



scene, or impious and profane : But I should rather think the former, for the Word *Masquerades* has an ill Sound, and, I believe, they were no better in their Infancy than at present. 'Tis true, the *Mysteries of Religion* were soon after this Period made very free with all over *Europe*, being represented in so stupid and ridiculous a manner, that the Stories of the *New Testament* in particular, were thought to encourage *Libertinism* and Infidelity. In all Probability therefore the Actors last mentioned were of that Species called \* *Mummers* ; these were wont to stroll about the Country dress'd in an antick Manner, dancing, mimicking, and shewing Postures. This Custom is still continued in many Parts of *England* ; but it was formerly so general, and drew the common People so much from their Business, that it was deemed a very pernicious Custom : And as these *Mummers* always went mask'd and disguis'd, they but too frequently encouraged themselves to commit violent Outrages, and were guilty of † many lewd Disorders. How-

\* A Word signifying one who masks and disguises himself to play the Fool, without speaking. Hence, perhaps, comes our Country Word *Mum* ; hold your tongue, say nothing.

† These Disorders afterwards so much encreased, that in the third Year of *Henry VIII.* an Act was made against *Mummers*, in which the Penalty for selling Visors, or keeping them in any House, was 20 Shillings each Visor. *Vide Statutes.*

ever,



ever, as bad as they were, they seem to be the true original Comedians of *England*; and their Excellence altogether consisted, as that of their Successors does in part still, in Mimickry and Humour.

In an Act of Parliament made the 4th Year of *Henry IV.* Mention is made of certain *Wastors, Master-Rimours, Minstrels*, and other Vagabonds, who infested the Land of *Wales*; And it is enacted, that no Master-Rimour, Minstrel, or other Vagabond, be in any wise sustain'd in the Land of *Wales*, to make *Commoiths* or Gatherings upon the People there. What these *Master-Rimours* were, which were so troublesome in *Wales* in particular, I cannot tell; possibly they might be the degenerate Descendants of the antient Bards. It is also difficult to determine what is meant by their making *Commoiths*. The Word signifies, in *Welch*, any District, or Part of a Hundred or Cantred, containing about one Half of it; that is, 50 Villages; and might possibly be made Use of by these *Master-Rimours* when they had fix'd upon a Place to act in, and gave Intimation thereof for ten or twelve Miles round, which is a Circuit that I believe will take in about 50 Villages. And that this was commonly done, appears from *Carew's Survey of Cornwall*, which was wrote in Queen *Elizabeth's* time. Speaking of the Diversions of the People,  
“ The

“ The *Guary-Miracle*, (says he) in *English*  
 “ a Miracle-Play, is a kind of Interlude com-  
 “ pil’d in *Cornish*, out of some Scripture-  
 “ History. For representing it they raise an  
 “ Amphitheatre in some open Field, having  
 “ the Diameter of his inclos’d Plain, some  
 “ 40 or 50 Foot. The Country People flock  
 “ from all Sides many Miles off, to see and hear  
 “ it ; for they have therein Devils and Devices  
 “ to delight as well the Eye as the Ear.” Mr.  
*Carew* has not been so exact as to give us the  
 Time when these *Guary-Miracles* were exhib-  
 ited in *Cornwall* ; but, by the manner of it,  
 the Custom seems to be very antient.

The Year 1378 is the earliest Date I can  
 find, in which express mention is made of the  
 Representation of Mysteries in *England*. In  
 this Year the Scholars of *Paul’s* School pre-  
 sented a Petition to *Richard II.* praying his  
 Majesty “ to prohibit some unexpert People  
 “ from presenting the History of the Old  
 “ Testament, to the great Prejudice of the  
 “ said Clergy, who have been at great Ex-  
 “ pence in order to represent it publickly at  
 “ *Christmas.*” About twelve Years after-  
 wards, viz. in 1390, the Parish-Clerks of  
*London* are said to have play’d Interludes at  
*Skinners Well*, July 18, 19, and 20th. And  
 again, in 1409, the tenth Year of *Henry IV.*  
 they acted at *Clerkenwell* (which took its  
 Name from this Custom of the Parish-Clerks  
 acting



acting Plays there) for eight Days successively, a Play concerning the Creation of the World, at which were present most of the Nobility and Gentry of the Kingdom. These Instances are sufficient to prove that we had the Mysteries here very early, tho' perhaps not so soon as some of our Neighbours. How long they continued to be exhibited amongst us, cannot be exactly determined. This Period one might call the dead Sleep of the Muses. And when this was over, they did not presently awake, but, in a kind of Morning Dream, produced the *Moralities* that followed. However, these jumbled Ideas had some Shadow of Meaning. The Mysteries only represented, in a senseless manner, some miraculous History from the Old or New Testament: But in these *Moralities* something of Design appear'd, a Fable and a Moral; something also of Poetry, the Virtues, Vices, and other Affections of the Mind being frequently personified \*.

\* In an old Morality, entitled, *All for Money*, the Persons of the Drama are;

<i>Theology.</i>	<i>Sin.</i>
<i>Science.</i>	<i>Swift to Sin.</i>
<i>Art.</i>	<i>Virtue.</i>
<i>Money.</i>	<i>Humility.</i>
<i>Adulation.</i>	<i>Charity.</i>
<i>Godly Admonition.</i>	<i>All for Money.</i>
<i>Mischievous Help.</i>	<i>Damnation.</i>
<i>Pleasure.</i>	<i>Satan.</i>
<i>Prest for Pleasure.</i>	<i>Pride.</i>

But

But the Moralities were also very often concerned wholly in religious Matters. For Religion then was every one's Concern, and it was no Wonder if each Party employed all Arts to promote it. Had they been in Use now, they would doubtless have turned as much upon Politicks. Thus, the *New Custom*, which I have chosen as a Specimen of this kind of writing, was certainly intended to promote the Reformation, when it was revived in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. And in the more early Days of the Reformation, it was so common for the Partizans of the old Doctrines, (and perhaps also of the new) to defend and illustrate their Tenets this Way, that in the 24th Year of *Henry VIII.* in an Act of Parliament made for the promoting true Religion, I find a Clause restraining all Rimors or Players from singing in Songs, or playing in Interludes, any thing that should contradict the establish'd Doctrines. It was also customary at this time to act these moral and religious Drama's in private Houses, for

*Gluttony.*

*Learning with Money.*

*Learning without Money.*

*Money without Learning.*

*Neither Money nor Learning.*

*Moneyless.*

*Moneyless and Friendless.*

*Nychol.*

*Gregory Graceless.*

*Mother Crook.*

*Judas.*

*Dives.*

And

*William with the two Wives.*

the



the Edification and Improvement, as well as the Diversion, of well-disposed Families : And for this Purpose the Appearance of the \* Persons of the Drama was so disposed, as that five or six Actors might represent twenty Personages.

What has been said of the Mysteries and Moralities, it is hop'd will be sufficient just to shew the Reader what the Nature of them was. I should have been glad to be more particular ; but where Materials are not to be had, the Building must be deficient. And, to say the Truth, a more particular Knowledge of these Things, any farther than as it serves to shew the Turn and Genius of our Ancestors, and the progressive Refinement of our Language, was so little worth preserving, that the Loss of it is scarce to be regretted. I proceed therefore with my Subject. The Muse might now be said to be just awake when she began to trifle in the old Interludes, and aim'd at something like Wit and Humour. And for these † *John Heywood* the Epigrammatist undoubtedly claims the earliest, if not the foremost Place. He was Jester to King *Henry VIII.* but liv'd till the Beginning of Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign.

Gammer

\* Vide *New Custom*, Vol. I.

† What the Nature and Merits of his Interludes were, may be guess'd by the Specimen I have preserv'd  
of

*Gammer Gurton's Needle*, which is generally called our first Comedy, and not undeservedly, appeared soon after the Interludes: It is indeed altogether of a Comic Cast, and wants not Humour, tho' of a low and sordid kind. And now Dramatick Writers, properly so called, began to appear, and turn their Talents to the Stage. *Henry Parker*, Son of *Sir William Parker*, is said to have wrote several Tragedies and Comedies in the Reign of *Henry VIII.* and one *John Hoker*, in 1535, wrote a Comedy called *Piscator*, or the *Fisher caught*. Mr. *Richard Edwards*, who was born in 1523, and in the Beginning of *Queen Elizabeth's* Reign was made one of the Gentlemen of her Majesty's Chapel, and Master of the Children there, being both an excellent Musician and a good Poet, wrote two Comedies, called one *Palæmon* and *Arcite*, in which a Cry of Hounds in hunting was so well imitated, that the Queen and the Audience were extreamly delighted: The other call'd *Damon* and *Pithias*, the two faithfullest Friends in the World. This last I have inserted. After him came *Thomas Sackville*, Lord Buck-

of them in this Collection. *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, *The Disobedient Child*, and some others of the same Cast, were wrote something later, but not at all better than *Heywood*.

burst,



*hurst*, and *Thomas + Norton*, the Writers of *Gorboduc*, the first Dramatic Piece of any Consideration in the *English* Language. Of these and some others, hear the Judgment of *Puttenham*, in his *Art of Poetry*, wrote in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; “I think, “ says he, that for Tragedy the Lord of “ *Backhurst*, and Maister *Edward Ferrys*, “ for such Doings as I have seen of theirs, do “ deserve the highest Price: The Earl of Ox- “ *ford*, and Maister *Edwards* of her Majes- “ ty’s Chappel, for Comedy and Interlude.” And in another Place he says, — “ But the “ principal Man in this Profession (of Poetry) “ at the same time, (*viz. Edward VI.*) was “ Maister *Edward Ferrys*, a Man of no less “ Mirth and Felicity than *John Heywood*, but “ of much more Skill and Magnificence in “ his Metre, and therefore wrote for the most “ part to the Stage in Tragedy, and some- “ times in Comedy or Interlude; wherein he “ gave the King so much good Recreation, “ as he had thereby many good Rewards.” Of this *Edward Ferrys*, so considerable a Writer, I can find no Remains, nor even the Titles of any Thing he wrote. After these followed *John Lillie*, famous in his time for

\* This *Thomas Norton* was the same Person who had a Hand with *Sternhold* and *Hopkins* in several of our singing Psalms; I think those translated by him are distinguished by the Letter *N*.

Wit,

Wit, and for having greatly improved the *English* Language, in a Romance which he wrote, entitled, *Euphues and his England*, or *the Anatomy of Wit*; of which it is said by the † Publisher of his Plays, “ Our Nation  
 “ are in his Debt for a new *English* which he  
 “ taught them, *Euphues and his England* be-  
 “ gan first that Language. All our Ladies  
 “ were then his Scholars, and that Beauty in  
 “ Court who could not *parle Euphuism*, was as  
 “ little regarded, as she which now there speaks  
 “ not *French*.” This extraordinary Romance, so famous for its Wit, so fashionable in the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*, and which is said to have introduced so remarkable a Change in our Language, I have seen and read \*. It is  
 an

† Mr. *Blount*, who published six of his Plays in the Year 1632.

\* A few Sentences from it, will give a Taste of the manner of its Composition.

“ There must in every Triangle be three Lines; the  
 “ first beginneth, the second augmenteth, the third con-  
 “ cludeth it a Figure: So in Love three Virtues; Af-  
 “ fection, which draweth the Heart; Secrecy, which  
 “ encreaseth the Hope; Constancy, which finisheth the  
 “ Work: Without any of these Rules there can be no  
 “ Triangle; without any of these Virtues, no Love.  
 Again. “ Fire cannot be hidden in the Flax without  
 “ Smoke, nor Musk in the Bosom without Smell, nor  
 “ Love in the Breast without Suspicion.

Once more. “ She is the Flower of Courtesy, the  
 “ Picture of Comeliness; one that shameth *Venus*, being  
 “ somewhat fairer, and much more virtuous; and stain-  
 “ eth *Diana*, being as chaste, but much more amiable.

“ But



an unnatural affected Jargon, in which the perpetual Use of Metaphors, Allusions, Allegories, and Analogies, is to pass for Wit; and stiff Bombast for Language. And with this Nonsense the Court of Queen *Elizabeth* (whose times afforded better Models for Style and Composition, than almost any since) became miserably infected, and greatly helped to let in all the vile Pedantry of Language in the following Reign. So much Mischief the most ridiculous Instrument may do, when he proposes to improve upon the Simplicity of Nature.

Though Tragedy and Comedy began now to lift up their Heads, yet they could do no more for some time than bluster and quibble; and how imperfect they were in all Dramatick Art, appears from an excellent Criticism of Sir *Philip Sidney* \*, on the Writers of that

“ But the more Beauty she hath, the more Pride;  
 “ and the more Virtue, the more Preciseness. The  
 “ Peacock is a Bird for none but *Juno*, the Dove for  
 “ none but *Vesta*: None must wear *Venus* in a Table but  
 “ *Alexander*; none *Pallas* in a Ring but *Ulysses*: For  
 “ as there is but one Phoenix in the World, so there is  
 “ but one Tree in *Arabia* where she buildeth; and as  
 “ there is but one *Camilla* to be heard of, so there is but  
 “ one *Cæsar* that she will like of.” His Plays are of  
 the same Strain, as may be seen by that I have preserv’d.

\* Our Tragedies and Comedies, says he, observe Rules neither of honest Civility, nor skilful Poetry. Here you shall have *Asia* of the one Side, and *Africk* of the other, and so many other under Kingdoms, that

that Time. Yet they seem to have had a Disposition to do better had they known how, as appears by the several Efforts they used to lick the Lump into a Shape: For some of their Pieces they adorned with dumb Shews, some with Choruses, and some they introduced and explained by an Interlocutor. Yet imperfect as they were, we had made a far better Progress at this Time than our Neighbours, the *French*: The *Italians* indeed, by early Translations of the old Dramatic Writers, had arrived to greater Perfection, but we were at least upon a Footing with the other Nations of *Europe*.

the Player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the Tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three Ladies walk to gather Flowers, and then we must believe the Stage to be a Garden. By and by we hear News of a Shipwreck in the same Place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a Rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous Monster with Fire and Smoke, and then the miserable Beholders are bound to take it for a Cave: While in the mean time two Armies flie in, represented with four Swords and Bucklers, and then what hard Heart will not receive it for a pitched Field? Now of Time they are much more liberal. For ordinary it is that two young Printes fall in Love, after many Traverses she is got with Child, delivered of a fair Boy, he is lost, groweth a Man, falleth in Love, and is ready to get another Child; and all this in two Hours Space: which how absurd it is in Sense, even Sense may imagine. *Defence of Poesy.*

But



But now, as it were, all at once (as it happened in *France*, though in a much later Period) the true Drama received Birth and Perfection from the creative Genius of *Shakespeare*, *Fletcher* and *Johnson*, whose several Characters are so well known, that it would be superfluous to say any more of them.

Having thus traced the Dramatic Muse thro' all her Characters and Transformations, till she had acquired a reasonable Figure, let us now return and take a more particular View of the Stage and the Actors. The first Company of Players we have any Account of in History, are the Children of *Paul's* in 1578, mentioned before in Page xii. About twelve Years afterwards the Parish Clerks of *London* are said to have acted the Mysteries at *Skinner's* Well. Which of these two Companies may have been the earliest, is not certain; but as the Children of *Paul's* are first mentioned, we must in Justice give the Priority to them. It is certain, the Mysteries and Moralities were acted by these two Societies many Years before any other regular Companies appeared. And the Children of *Paul's* continued to act long after Tragedies and Comedies came in vogue, even till the Year 1618, when a Comedy called *Jack Drum's Entertainment* was acted by them. I believe the next Company regularly established was, the Children of *The Royal Chapel*, in the Beginning

ning of Queen *Elizabeth's* Reign, the Direction of which was given to Mr. *Richard Edwards* before mentioned: And some few Years afterwards, as the Subjects of the Stage became more gay and ludicrous, a Company was formed under the Denomination of *The Children of the Revels*. The Children of the Chapel and of the *Revels* became very famous, and all *Lillie's* Plays, and many of *Shakespear's*, *Johnson's*, and others, were first acted by them. Nay, so great was their Vogue and Estimation, that the common Players, as may be gathered from a Scene in *Hamlet*, grew jealous of them. However, they served as an excellent Nursery for the Theatres, many who afterwards became approved Actors being educated among them.

It is surprizing to consider what a number of Playhouses were supported in *London* about this Time. From the Year 1570 to the Year 1629, when the Playhouse in *White Friars* was finish'd, no less than 17 Playhouses had been built. The Names of most of them I have collected from the Title Pages of old Plays\*. And as the Theatres were so numerous,

\* *St. Paul's Singing-school, the Globe on the Bankside Southwark, the Swan and the Hope there, the Fortune between Whitecross-street and Golding Lane, which Maitland tells us was the first Playhouse erected in London, the Red Bull in St. John's-street, the Cross Keys in Grace-Church-*



merous, the Companies of Players were in Proportion. Besides the Children of the Chapel, and of the Revels, we are told that Queen *Elizabeth*, at the Request of Sir *Francis Walsingham*, establish'd in handsome Salaries twelve of the principal Players of that Time, who went under the Name of her Majesty's Comedians and Servants. But exclusive of these, many † Noblemen retain'd Companies of Players, who acted not only privately in their Lords Houses, but publickly under their License and Protection. Agreeable to this is the Account which *Stow* gives us—  
 “ Players in former Times, says he, were  
 “ Retainers to Noblemen, and none had the  
 “ Privilege to act Plays but such. So in  
 “ Queen *Elizabeth*'s Time, many of the No-

*Church-street, Juns, the Theater, the Curtain, the Nursery in Barbican, one in Black Friars, one in White Friars, one in Salisbury Court, and the Cockpit, and the Phoenix in Drury Lane.*

† Thus *Shakespear's Titus Andronicus* was acted by the Earls of *Derby, Pembroke, and Essex's* Servants; his *Romeo and Juliet* in 1596, which some say was his first Play, by Lord *Hunsdon's* Servants; and his *Merry Wives of Windsor* in 1602, by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. The Earl of *Nottingham*, Lord High Admiral, had a Company in 1594, and in 1599 the *Pinner of Wakefield* was acted by the Earl of *Suffex's* Servants. In short, Plays were acted by the Lawyers in the Inns of Court, by the Students of several Halls and Colleges in the Universities, and even by *London* Prentices; so that now the Saying was almost literally true; *Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.*?

“ bility had Servants and Retainers who were  
 “ Players, and went about getting their Live-  
 “ lihood that Way. The Lord Admiral had  
 “ Players, so had Lord *Strange*, that play’d  
 “ in the City of *London*. And it was usual  
 “ on any Gentleman’s Complaint of them  
 “ for indecent Reflections in their Plays, to  
 “ have them put down. Thus once the Lord  
 “ Treasurer signify’d to the Lord Mayor to  
 “ have these Players of Lord Admiral and  
 “ Lord *Strange* prohibited, at least for some  
 “ Time, because one Mr. *Tilney* had for  
 “ some Reasons dislik’d them. Whereupon  
 “ the Mayor sent for both Companies, and  
 “ gave them strict Charge to forbear playing  
 “ till farther Orders. The Lord Admiral’s  
 “ Players obey’d; but the Lord *Strange*’s in  
 “ a contemptuous Manner went to the *Cross*  
 “ *Keys*, and play’d that Afternoon. Upon  
 “ which the Mayor committed two of them  
 “ to the *Compter*, and prohibited all playing  
 “ for the future, till the Treasurer’s Pleasure  
 “ was farther known. This was in 1589.”

And in another Part of his Survey of *London*,  
 speaking of the Stage, he says, “ This which  
 “ was once a Recreation, and us’d therefore  
 “ now and then occasionally, afterwards by  
 “ Abuse became a Trade and Calling, and  
 “ so remains to this Day. In those former  
 “ Days, ingenious Tradesmen, and Gentle-  
 “ men’s Servants, would sometimes gather a  
 “ Com-



“ Company of themselves, and learn Inter-  
 “ ludes, to expose Vice, or to represent the  
 “ noble Actions of our Ancestors. These  
 “ they play’d at Festivals, in private Houses,  
 “ at Weddings or other Entertainments. But  
 “ in Process of Time it became an Occupa-  
 “ tion; and these Plays being commonly  
 “ acted on \* Sundays and Festivals, the Chur-  
 “ ches were forsaken, and the Playhouses  
 “ throng’d. Great Inns were us’d for this  
 “ Purpose, which had secret Chambers and  
 “ Places, as well as open Stages and Galle-  
 “ ries. Here Maids and good Citizens Chil-  
 “ dren were inveigled and allur’d to private  
 “ and unmeet Contracts; here were publickly  
 “ utter’d popular and seditious Matters, un-  
 “ chaste, uncomely and unshamefac’d Speeches,  
 “ and many other Enormities. The Con-  
 “ sideration of these Things occasion’d in  
 “ 1574, Sir *James Hawes* being Mayor, an  
 “ Act of Common Councel, wherein it was  
 “ ordain’d, that no Play should be openly  
 “ acted within the Liberty of the City,  
 “ wherein should be utter’d any Words, Ex-  
 “ amples, or Doings of any Unchastity, Se-  
 “ dition, or such like unfit and uncomely  
 “ Matter, under the Penalty of five Pounds,

\* The Custom of acting on Sundays possibly took rise  
 from the Exhibition of the Mysteries on that Day, which  
 was partly considered as an Act of Religion.

“ and fourteen Days Imprisonment. That no  
 “ Play should be acted till first perus’d and  
 “ allow’d by the Lord Mayor and Court of  
 “ Aldermen; with many other Restrictions.  
 “ Yet it was provided that this Act should  
 “ not extend to Plays show’d in private Hou-  
 “ ses, the Lodgings of a Nobleman, Citizen,  
 “ or Gentleman, for the Celebration of any  
 “ Marriage, or other Festivity, and where  
 “ no Collection of Mony was made from the  
 “ Auditors. But these Orders were not so  
 “ well observ’d as they should be; the lewd  
 “ Matters of Plays encreas’d, and they were  
 “ thought dangerous to Religion, the State,  
 “ Honesty of Manners, and also for Infection  
 “ in the Time of Sickness. Wherefore they  
 “ were afterwards for some Time totally sup-  
 “ press’d. But upon Application to the  
 “ Queen and the Council they were again  
 “ tolerated, under the following Restrictions.  
 “ That no Plays be acted on *Sundays* at all,  
 “ nor on any other Holidays till after Evening  
 “ Prayer. That no playing be in the Dark,  
 “ nor continue any such Time, but as any of  
 “ the Auditors may return to their Dwellings  
 “ in *London* before Sunsett, or at least before  
 “ it be dark. That the Queen’s Players only  
 “ be tolerated, and of them their Number  
 “ and certain Names to be notify’d in the  
 “ Lord Treasurer’s Letters to the Lord  
 “ Mayor,



“ Mayor, and to the Justices of *Middlesex*  
 “ and *Surry*. And those her Players not to  
 “ divide themselves in several Companies.  
 “ And that for breaking any of these Orders,  
 “ their Toleration cease. But all these Pre-  
 “ scriptions were not sufficient to keep them  
 “ within due Bounds, but their Plays so abusive  
 “ oftentimes of Virtue, or particular Persons,  
 “ gave great Offence, and occasion’d many  
 “ Disturbances : Whence they were now and  
 “ then stop’d and prohibited.” I hope this long  
 Quotation from *Stow* will be excus’d, as it  
 serves not only to prove several Facts, but to  
 show the Customs of the Stage at that Time,  
 and the early Depravity of it. But that the  
 Plays not only of that Age, but long before,  
 were sometimes Personal Satires, appears from  
 a Manuscript Letter which I have seen from  
 Sir *John Hallies* to the Lord Chancellor *Bur-*  
*leigh*, found amongst some Papers belonging  
 to the House of Commons, in which the  
 Knight accuses his Lordship of having said  
 several dishonourable Things of him and his  
 Family, particularly that his Grandfather, who  
 had then been dead seventy Years, was a Man  
 so remarkably covetous, that the common  
 Players represented him before the Court with  
 great Applause.

Thus we see the Stage no sooner began to  
 talk, than it grew scurrilous : And its first

Marks of Sense were seen in Ribaldry and La-sciviousness. This occasion'd much Offence ; the Zeal of the Pulpit, and the Gravity of the City equally concurred to condemn it. Many Pamphlets were wrote on both Sides. *Stephen Goffon*, in the Year 1579, publish'd a Book, entitul'd, *The School of Abuse, or a pleasant Inveective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Catterpillars of the Commonwealth* : dedicated to Sir *Philip Sydney*. He also wrote, *Plays confuted in five Actions* : proving that they are not to be suffer'd in a *Christian Commonwealth* : dedicated to Sir *Francis Walsingham*. The Defendants in this Controversy were *Thomas Lodge*, who wrote an old Play, call'd, *A Looking-glass for London and England*, and that voluminous Dramatic Writer *Thomas Heywood*.

But to proceed : The Stage soon after recover'd its Credit, and rose to a higher Pitch than ever. In 1603, the first Year of King *James's* Reign, a Licence was granted under the Privy Seal to *Shakespear, Fletcher, Burbage, Hemmings, Condel*, and others, authorizing them to act Plays not only at their usual House, the *Globe* on the *Bankside*, but in any other Part of the Kingdom, during his Majesty's Pleasure. And now, as there liv'd together at this time many eminent Players, it may not be amiss just to set down what we can collect, which will be but very little, of the



the most considerable of them, with regard to their Talents and Abilities. And first, “ who “ is of more Report, says the Author of the “ *Return from Parnassus*, than *Dick Burbage* “ and *Will Kempe*? He is not counted a Gentleman that knows not *Dick Burbage* and “ *Will Kempe*: There’s not a Country Wench “ that can dance *Sellenger’s Round*, but can “ talk of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*.” *Burbage* was the *Betterton*, and *Kempe* the *Nokes* of that Age. *Burbage* was the original *Richard* the Third, and greatly distinguish’d himself in that Character: *Kempe* was inimitable in the Part of a Clown. “ He “ succeeded *Tarleton* (says *Heywood*) as well “ in the Favour of her Majesty Queen *Elizabeth*, as in the Opinion and good Thoughts “ of the general Audience.” And *Tarleton*, says Sir *Richard Baker* in his Chronicle, for the Part of a Clown, never had his Match, nor ever will have. The Epitaph of *Burbage* is preserv’d in *Cambden’s Remains*, and is only  
 EXIT BURBAGE. The Epitaph of *Tarleton* is preserv’d by the same Historian as follows:

*Hic situs est, cujus Vox, Vultus, Actio possit  
 Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum.*

The next I shall mention is *Edward Allen*, the Founder of *Dulwich Hospital*; as famous for his Honesty, says *Baker*, as for his Acting;

and two such Actors as he and *Burbage*, no Age must ever look to see again. He's a Man, says *Heywood* in his Prologue to the *Jew of Malta*,

*Whom we may rank with (doing no more  
Wrong)*

*Proteus for Shapes, and Roscius for a  
Tongue.*

Hear also *Ben Johnson*, whose Praise is of more Weight, as it never was lightly bestow'd :

*If Rome so great, and in her wisest Age,  
Fear'd not to boast the Glories of her Stage,  
As skilful Roscius, and grave Æsop, Men,  
Yet crown'd with Honours as with Riches,  
then,*

*Who had no less a Trumpet of their Name  
Than Cicero, whose very Breath was Fame :  
How can so great Example die in me,  
That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee ?  
Who both their Graces in thyself hast more  
Outstript, than they did all that went before ;  
And present Worth in all dost so contract,  
As others speak, but only thou dost act.  
Wear this Renown : 'Tis just that who did  
give*

*So many Poets Life, by one should live.*

*Thomas*



*Thomas Green* was famous for performing the Part of a Clown with great Propriety and Humour ; and from his excellent Performance of the Character of *Bubble*, in a Comedy written by Mr. *John Cooke*, the Author call'd it after his Name, *Green's Tu quoque*. “ There  
 “ was not an Actor, says *Heywood*, of his  
 “ Nature, in his time, of better Ability in his  
 “ Performance, more applauded by the Au-  
 “ dience, of greater Grace at Court, or of  
 “ more general Love in the City.”

*Hemmings* and *Condel* were two considerable Actors in most of *Shakespeare's*, *Johnson's*, and *Fletcher's* Plays ; the first in Tragedy, the last in Comedy : But they are better known for being the first Editors of *Shakespeare's* Works in Folio, in the Year 1623, seven Years after his Death.

*Lowin*, *Taylor*, and *Benfield* are mention'd by *Massinger* as famous Actors. In a Satire against *Ben Johnson* are these two Lines :

*Let Lowin cease, and Taylor scorn to touch  
 The loathed Stage, for thou hast made it such.*

*Lowin*, tho' something later than *Burbage*, is said to have been the first Actor of *Hamlet*, and also the original *Henry the Eighth* ; from an Observation of whose acting it in his later Days, Sir *William Davenant* convey'd his Instruction to Mr. *Betterton*.

And now the Theatre seems to have been at its Height of Glory and Reputation. Dramatic Authors abounded, and every Year produc'd a Number of new Plays: Nay, so great was the Passion at this time for Shew or Representation, that it was the Fashion for the Nobility to celebrate their Weddings, Birth-Days, and other Occasions of Rejoicing, with Masques and Interludes, which were exhibited with surprizing Expence; that great Architect *Inigo Jones* being frequently employ'd to furnish Decorations with all the Magnificence of his Invention. The King and his Lords, the Queen and her Ladies, frequently perform'd in these Masques at Court, and all the Nobility in their own private Houses: In short, no publick Entertainment was thought complete without them; and to this Humour it is we owe, and perhaps 'tis all we owe it, the inimitable *Masque at Ludlow-Castle*. For the same universal Eagerness after Theatrical Diversions continued during the whole Reign of King *James*, and great Part of *Charles* the First, till Puritanism, which had now gather'd great Strength, more openly oppos'd them as wicked and diabolical. If we may judge of this Spirit from *Prynne's famous Histrio-mastix*, or *Players Scourge*, it appears to have been a Zeal much without Knowledge. This was a heavy Load of dull Abuse, publish'd in 1633, against Plays, Players, and all who favour'd them,



them, by *William Prynne*, Esq; a Barrister of *Lincoln's-Inn*. The best way the Parties concern'd thought of, in answer to this Work, was to publish all the best old Plays that could then be found; so that many that had never yet seen the Light, were now brought forth: I have observ'd myself more than Fifty that were printed this Year. In short, the Patrons of the Stage for some short time prevail'd; *Prynne's Book* was deem'd an infamous Libel both against the Church and State, against the Peers, Prelates, and Magistrates; and particularly against the King and Queen, where he says, that *Princes dancing in their own Persons, was the Cause of their untimely Ends: That our English Ladies, shorn and frizzled Madams, had lost their Modesty: That Plays were the chief Delight of the Devil, and all that frequented them were damn'd*. As he knew the King and Queen frequented them daily, this was thought to reflect on their Majesties. To all Musick he has an utter Antipathy, but Church-musick in particular, which he calls the *Bleating of brute Beasts*; and says, *the Choristers bellow the Tenor as if they were Oxen, bark a Counter-point like a Kennel of Hounds, roar a Treble as if they were Bulls, and grunt out a Base like a Parcel of Hogs*. For these and many other Passages, it was order'd to be burnt by the Hands of the common Hangman: And his Sentence was, to be

put from the Bar, excluded the Society of *Lincoln's Inn*, and degraded by the University of *Oxford*; to stand in the Pillory at *Westminster* and in *Cheapside*, to lose an Ear at each Place, and stand with a Paper on his Head, declaring his Offence to be the publishing an infamous Libel against both their Majesties, and the Government; to be fin'd 5000 *l.* and suffer perpetual Imprisonment. This Sentence was executed on him with great Rigour. But Puritanism, from a thousand concurrent Causes every Day gathering Strength, in a little time overturn'd the Constitution; and, amongst their many Reforms this was one, the total Suppression of all Plays and Play-houses.

Thus I have brought down this imperfect Essay on the Rise and Progress of the *English* Stage, to the Period which I at first intended: To pursue it farther, and take it up again at the Restoration, when a new \* Patent was granted to Sir *William Davenant*, would be needless; because from that time the Affairs of

\* It may not be amiss to take Notice of a Clause in this Patent, which says, "That whereas the Women's Parts in Plays have hitherto been acted by Men in the Habits of Women, at which some have taken Offence, we do permit and give Leave, for the time to come, that all Women's Parts be acted by Women." And from this time Women began to appear upon the Stage.



of the Stage are tolerably well known. If what I have done shall give any Satisfaction to the Curious, it is more than I have dared to promise myself, from my own Sense of its great Imperfection; but I hope it will be consider'd, what slender Materials either the Ignorance of those Times, or the Injury of following, have afforded us. I am, as it were, the first Adventurer on these Discoveries, and it is not reasonable to expect more Perfection than is commonly found in the first Attempts of this Nature. All that I can say is, that I have thrown together a Number of curious Circumstances on the Subject, that the Reader would seek for in vain elsewhere. And if the Novelty of them should excite the Curiosity of any Person of greater Abilities, better Health, or more Leisure, to make a stricter Enquiry into this Matter, he would certainly oblige me, and perhaps the Publick. It is enough for me that I have led the Way, and been the first, however imperfect Discoverer.

It now only remains to say something of my Undertaking, which I shall endeavour to comprize in as few Words as may be. My first End was to snatch some of the best Pieces of our old Dramatic Writers from total Neglect and Oblivion: As Things not only of mere Curiosity but of Use, as far as an elegant Entertainment can be of Use.

Several

Several of these being not unworthy the present, nor indeed any Stage. I have generally prefer'd Comedies to Tragedies, not only as these Times afforded much better in the kind, and would therefore in this and other Respects be most entertaining to the Reader, but as they better serve to shew the Humour, Fashion, and Genius of the Times in which they were written. Another End which I thought such a Collection might answer, was, that it would serve very well to shew the Progress and Improvement of our Taste and Language. For this better Purpose, in the six Pieces which compose the first Volume, and also in the remarkable Tragedy of *Gorboduc*, I was even so scrupulous as to preserve their very original Orthography. I did indeed, to gratify the Reader's Curiosity, intend to have done the same in all the rest; but this was plainly impossible, unless I could have met with the first Editions; for in every Edition the Orthography was generally adapted to that then in use. I also consider'd, that tho' this might have been entertaining to the Curious, to the Generality of Readers it would have been very disagreeable. To the first therefore I have given a sufficient Specimen in one Volume, and to the other I have endeavour'd to make the Reading as easy as I could in the rest. A farther Inducement to this Undertaking was the Hopes I had of being able to do these Authors.



thors Justice in a more correct Edition of their Plays, than they hitherto had; for as to the greater Part of them, it seems as if Carelessness and Ignorance had join'd their Efforts in rendering them unintelligible. And not only so, but the Pointing is at the same time so preposterous (which, like false Guiding-Posts, are perpetually turning out of the High Road of Common Sense) that one would almost suspect there was as much Malice as Stupidity in these old Editors. However, by the Assistance of a little Common Sense, I think I have set a great Number of these Passages right. And if any one should be offended that some are left unintelligible in the State they were found\*, I desire he will be pleased to consider how many such still remain in *Shakespeare*, after the best Endeavours that have hitherto been used to restore their original Meaning. Besides, I believe I may venture to say, it is more difficult to give a correct Specimen of so many Writers, than a correct Edition of any

\* Vide Vol. IV. Page 15, 30, 31.

Vol. V. Page 38, 222.

Vol. VI. Page 98, 119.

Vol. IX. Page 192: not the Word *levity* for *levity*, but the Lines that follow.

Vol. X. Page 20, 100.

I could point out several others, but these are sufficient to shew I did not always let such Passages slip through Carelessness, but sometimes for want of Sagacity enough to correct them.

one : Because, when an Author's Manner is once known, it will very often help to rectify or discover the Meaning of corrupted or intricate Passages ; whereas the reading of so many different Stiles and Manners of Writing will be apt, without great Care, to confound and mislead the Judgment. Add to this, that it is easier to correct the Errors in a good Author than in a bad one ; because not only the Construction of the Language is generally better and less confused, but the Sentiments are clearer and more striking. After all, I submit what I have done to the Judgment of the Publick, whose Candour I have often experienc'd, and on whose Good-Nature I am afraid I shall always have more Occasion to rely, than on any Merit I shall ever pretend to. So far am I from aiming at the Character of a Critick, that what Corrections or Emendations I have made, are bestow'd on the Publick (as good Men do their Alms) privately, and without Ostentation. Yet however contemptibly I may think of myself, I have the Honour of keeping a Critick in waiting for the Publication of this Collection, in order to detect and expose the Errors which may have escap'd me, or which I may not have been able to correct. I heartily wish him Success in his Undertaking ; I have pointed him out some few, and doubt not but, if he is truly industri-

ous,



ous, he will be able to find many others, which I shall be very glad to see amended.

I conclude with begging Leave to return my Acknowledgments to all those who have given me the Honour of their Names to encourage this Undertaking: I hope I have at least fairly fulfill'd the Conditions of my Proposal, as to the Elegance and Neatness of the Book; and as to this short Account of the Stage, if it be a Trifle, it is a Trifle more than I promised. I am also in a more particular Manner to acknowledge my Obligations to some generous and learned Friends, from whose Advice and Assistance I am sensible my Work has derived more Value and Correctness than it could ever have appear'd with, had I been left alone to struggle with my own weak Endeavours.

R. DODSLEY.



P O S T.



# POSTSCRIPT.

**I** Am sensible I may have omitted several Plays which might perhaps have been more acceptable to the Publick than some which I have been necessarily oblig'd to insert; to supply which Defect I have determin'd to add two Supplemental Volumes, which I will take all the Care I can to supply with such Pieces as may conduce to render this Collection more compleat.







A  
L I S T  
O F  
S U B S C R I B E R S.

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A TRAGEDYE

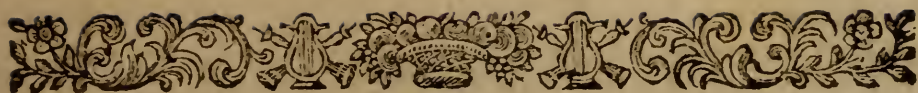




TRACED

EXTERIOR





A

## TRAGEDYE

O R

## ENTERLUDE,

M A N Y F E S T Y N G

The chiefe promyses of God unto man by  
all ages in the old lawe, from the fall  
of Adam to the incarnacyon of the  
Lorde Jesus Christ.

Compyled by JOHAN BALE, Anno Domini  
MDXXXVIII.

---

*In the worde (which now is called the eternall sonne of  
God) was lyfe from the begynnyng, and that lyfe was  
the lyght of men. This lyght yet shyneth in the dark-  
nesse, but the darknesse comprehendeth it not. JOAN. I.*

---





*I* Hope the Reader will not imagine, I give any of the Pieces in this Volume as good; but only as Curiosities, and to shew from what low Beginnings our Stage has arisen. If in this view they afford him any Entertainment, 'tis all that I intend. This is the only Specimen I have been able to find of the Mysteries which the Parish Clerks of London, and others, us'd formerly to exhibit. It was printed in 1538, about 60 Years after Printing was first brought into England; not in the black Letter, but in a Letter imitating the old Manuscripts of that Time. This antient Piece I found in the Harleian Collection of old Plays, consisting of between 6 and 700, which are now in my Possession. It seems to have been wrote to vindicate the Doctrine of Grace, against such as held the Doctrine of Free-will and the Merit of Works. What is farther remarkable of this Piece is, that it is divided into seven Acts, and at the End of each Act has a kind of Chorus, which was perform'd with Voices and Instruments. The curious Reader will observe in this and the other Pieces which compose this Volume, how very loose and undetermin'd the Orthography of our Language was about 200 Years ago: The same Words being so constantly spelled different ways, makes it very certain they had no fix'd Rule of Right and Wrong in spelling: and provided the Letters did but in any manner make out the Sound of the Word they would express, it was thought sufficient.





## Interlocutores.

PATER COELESTIS.

*Iustus* NOAH.

MOSES *sanctus*.

ESAIAS *propheta*.

ADAM *primus homo*.

ABRAHAM *fidelis*.

DAVID *rex pius*.

JOANNES *Baptista*.

Baleus Prolocutor.





# God's Promises, &c.

---

Baleus prolocutor.



**I**F profyght maye growe, most christen audience,

By knowlege of thynges whych are but tranlytorye,

And here for a tyme: Of moch more congruence,

Advantage myght sprynge, by the serche of causes heavenlye,

As those matters are, that the gospell specyfye.

Without whose knowledge no man to the truthe can come,

Nor ever atteyne to the lyfe perpetuall.

For he that knoweth not the lyvyng God eternall,  
The Father, the Sonne, and also the Holye Ghost,  
And what Christ suffered for redempcyon of us all,  
What he commaunded, and taught in every coost,  
And what he forbode, That man must nedes be lost,  
And cleane secluded, from the faythfull chosen sorte,  
In the heavens above, to hys most hygh dysconforte.

Yow therfor (good fryndes) I lovyngely exhort  
To waye soche matters, as wyll be uttered here,  
Of whom ye maye loke to have no tryfeling sporte



In fantasyes fayned, nor soche lyke gaudyſh gere,  
But the thyngs that shall your inwarde stomake chear,  
To rejoyce in God for your iuſtyfycacyon,  
And alone in Chriſt to hope for your ſalvacyon.

Yea, firſt ye ſhall have the eternal generacyon  
Of Chriſt, like as Johan in hys firſt chaptre wryght,  
And conſequently of man the firſt creacyon,  
The abuſe and fall, through hys firſt overſyght,  
And the rayſe agayne, through God's hygh grace and  
myght:

By promyſes firſt, whych ſhall be declared all,  
Then by hys owne Sonne, the worker pryncypall.

After that Adam bywayleth here hys fall,  
God wyll ſhewe mercye to every generacyon,  
And to hys kyngedom, of hys great goodneſſe call  
Hys elected ſpouſe, or faythfull congregacyon,  
As here ſhall apere by open proteſtacyon,  
Which from Chriſte's birthe ſhall to hys death conclude,  
They come that therof wyll ſhawe the certytude.



## A C T. I.

*Pater Cæleſtis.*

**I**N the begynnyng, before the heavens were create,  
In me and of me was my Sonne ſempytternall  
With the Holy Ghoſt, in one degre or eſtate  
Of the hygh godhed, to me the Father coequall,  
And thys my Sonne was with me one God eſſencyall,  
Without ſeparacyon at any tyme from me.  
True God he is, of equall dignyte.  
Sens the begynnyng, my Sonne hath ever be,  
Joined wyth hys Father in one eſſencyall beyng.  
All thynges were create by hym in yche degre,  
In heaven and earthe, and have their dyverſe workyng:  
Wythout hys power, was never made anye thyng,

## 6 GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

That was wrought. But through hys ordynaunce,  
Each have hys strength and whole contynuaunce.

In hym is the lyfe and the iust recoueraunce  
For Adam and hys, which nought but deathe deserved.  
And thys lyfe to men is an hygh perseveraunce,  
Or a lyght of faythe, wherby they shall be saved.  
And thys lyght shall shyne amonge the people darkened  
With unfaythfulnesse. Yet shall they not with hym take,  
But of wyllfull hart hys lyberall grace forsake.

Whych wyll compell me agaynst man for to make  
In my dyspleasure, and sende plages of coreccyon,  
Most grevoufe and sharpe, hys wanton lustes to flake  
By water and fyre, by sycknesse and infeccyon,  
Of pestylent sores, molestynge hys compleccyon,  
By troublouse warre, by derthe and peynesfull scarsenesse,  
And after thys lyfe by an extreme heavynesse.

I wyll first begynne with Adam for hys lewdenesse,  
Which for an apple neglected my commaundement.  
He shall contynue in laboure for hys rashenesse,  
Hys onely sweate shall provyde hys food and rayment:  
Yea, yet must he have a greater ponnyshment,  
Most terryble deathe shall brynge hym to hys ende,  
To teache hym how he hys Lord God shall offende.

*Hic præceps in terram cadit Adamus, ac post quartum ver-  
sum denuo resurgit.*

*Adam primus homo.*

Mercyfull Father, thy pytiefull grace extende  
'To me carefull wretche, whych have me fore abused,  
'Thy precept breakynge. O Lord, I mynde to amende,  
If thy great goodnesse wolde now have me excused,  
Most heavenlye Maker, let me not be refused,  
Nor cast from thy syght for one pore synnefull cryme,  
Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but slyme.

*Pater cœlestis.*

I wott it is so, yet art thou no lesse faultye,  
Than thu haddyst bene made of matter moch more  
worthye.

I gave the reason, and wytte to understande  
The good from the evyll. And not to take on hande,  
Of



Of a braynelesse mynde, the thyng whych I forbade the.

*Adam primus homo.*

Such heauye fortune hath cheselye chaunced me,  
For that I was left to myne owne lyberte.

*Pater cælestis.*

Then thou art blamelesse, and the faulte thou layest to me.

*Adam primus homo.*

Naye all I ascribe to my own imbecyllite.  
No faulte in the Lorde, but in my infirmyte,  
And want of respect in soche gyftes as thou gavest me.

*Pater cælestis.*

For that I put the at thyne owne lyberte,  
Thou oughtest my goodnesse to have in more regarde.

*Adam primus homo.*

Avoid it I cannot, thou layest it to me so harde.  
Lorde, now I perceyve what power is in man,  
And strength of hymselfe, whan thy swete grace is absent.  
He must nedes but fall, do he the best he can,  
And daunger hymselfe, as apereth evydent;  
For I synned not so longe as thou wert present;  
But whan thou wert gone, I fell to synne by and by,  
And the dyspleased. Good Lorde I axe the mercy.

*Pater cælestis.*

Thou shalt dye for it, with all thy posterite.

*Adam primus homo.*

For one faulte, good Lorde, avenge not thyself on me.  
Who am but a worme, or a fleshelye vanyte.

*Pater cælestis.*

I saye thou shalt dye, with thy whole posterite.

*Adam primus homo.*

Yet mercy swete Lorde, yf anye mercy maye be.

*Pater cælestis.*

I am immutable, I maye change no decre.  
Thou shalt dye (I saye) without anye remedye.

*Adam primus homo.*

Yet graciouslye Father, extende to me thy mercye,  
And throwe not awaye the worke whych thou hast  
create  
To thyne owne image, but avert from me thy hate.

# 8 GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

*Pater cœlestis.*

But art thu sorye from bottom of thy hart ?

*Adam primus homo.*

Thy dyspleasure is to me most heuye smart.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Than wyll I tell the what thu shalt stycke unto,  
Lyfe to recover, and my good faver also.

*Adam primus homo.*

Tell it me, swete Lorde, that I maye therafter go.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Thys ys my covenaut to the and all thy ofsprynge.  
For that thu hast bene deceyved by the serpent,  
I wyll put hatred betwixt hym for hys doynge,  
And the woman kynd. They shall herafter dyssent ;  
Hys fede with her fede shall never have agreement ;  
Her fede shall presse downe hys heade unto the  
grounde,

Slee hys suggestyons, and hys whole power confounde.

Cleave to thys promyse, with all thy inwarde powre,  
Fyrmelye enclose it in thy remembraunce fast ;  
Folde it in thy faythe with full hope day and houre,  
And thy salvacyon it wyll be at the last.  
That fede shall clere the of all thy wyckednesse past,  
And procure thy peace, with most hygh grace in my  
fyght.

Se thu trust to it, and holde not the matter lyght.

*Adam primus homo.*

Swete Lorde, the promyse that thy self here hath  
made me,

Of thy mere goodnesse, and not of my deservynge,  
In my faythe I trust shall so establyshed be,  
By helpe of thy grace, that it shall be remaynynge  
So longe as I shall have here contynuyng,  
And shewe it I wyll to my posterite,  
That they in lyke case have therby felycyte.

*Pater cœlestis.*

For a closynge up, take yet one sentence with the.

*Adam primus homo.*

At thy pleasure, Lorde, all thynges myght ever be.

*Pater*



*Pater cælestis.*

For that my promyse maye have the deper effect  
 In the saythe of the and all thy generacyon,  
 Take thys sygne with it, as a seale therto connect.  
 Crepe shall the serpent, for hys abhomynacyon;  
 The woman shall sorowe in paynesfull propagacyon.  
 Like as thou shalt finde thys true in outwarde workynge,  
 So thinke the other, though it be an hydden thyng.

*Adam primus homo.*

Incessaunt pray synge to the most heavenlye Lorde  
 For thys thy focoure, and undeserved kyndnesse.  
 Thou bydest me in hart thy gracyouse gyftes to  
 recorde,  
 And to beare in mynde, now after my heavynesse,  
 The brute of thy name, with inwarde joye and glad-  
 nesse,

Thou dysdaynest not, as wele apereth thys daye,  
 To fatche to thy folde thy first shepe goynge astraye.

Most myghtye maker, thou castest not yet awaye  
 Thy synnfull servaunt, whych hath done most offence.  
 It is not thy mynde for ever I shuld decaye,  
 But thou reservest me, of thy benyvolence,  
 And hast provyded for me a recompence,  
 By thy appoyntment, like as I have receyved  
 In thy stronge promyse, here openly pronounced,

Thys goodnesse, dere Lorde, of me is undeserved,  
 I so declynynge from thy first instytucion,  
 At so lyght mocyons. To one that thus hath swerved,  
 What a Lorde art thou, to geve soche retrybucion!  
 I, damnable wretche, deserved executyon  
 Of terryble deathe, without all remedye,  
 And to be put out of all good memorye.

I am enforced to rejoyce here inwardelye,  
 An ympe though I be of helle, deathe, and dampnacyon,  
 Through my owne workynge: for I consydre thy  
 mercye

And pytiefull mynde for my whole generacyon.  
 It is thou, swete Lorde, that workest my salvacyon,  
 And my recover. Therfor of a congruence,  
 From hens thou must have my hart and obedyence.

## 10 GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

Though I be mortall, by reason of my offence,  
And shall dye the deathe, like as God hath appoynted :  
Of thys am I sure, through hys hygh influence,  
At a ferten daye agayne to be revyved.  
From grounde of my hart thys shall not be removed,  
I have it in faythe, and therfor I wyll synge,  
Thys antheme to hym that my salvacyon shall brynge.

*Tunc sonora voce, pro-volutis genibus, Antiphonam incipit, O  
sapientia, quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, eo in-  
terim exeunte.*

*Vel sub eodem tono poterit sic Anglice cantari.*

O eternal sapyence, that procedest from the mouthe  
of the hyghest, reachynge fourth with a great power  
from the begynnyng to the ende, with heavenlye swet-  
nesse dysposynge all creatures, come now and enstruct us  
the true waye of thy godlye prudence.

*Finit Actus primus.*



## Actus secundus.

*Pater cœlestis.*

**I** Have bene moved to stryke man dyverselye,  
Sens I leste Adam in thys same earthly mansyon ;  
For whye ? he hath done to me dyspleasures manye,  
And wyll not amende hys lyfe in anye condycyon :  
No respect hath he to my worde nor monycyon,  
But doth what hym lust, without dyscrete advysement,  
And wyll in no wyse take myne advertysement.

Cain hath slayne Abel, hys brother, an innocent,  
Whose bloude from the earthe doth call to me for  
vengeaunce :

My children with mennis so carnallye consent,  
That their vayne workynge is unto me moche gre-  
vaunce.



Mankynde is but fleshe in hys whole dallyaunce.  
All vyce encreaseth in hym contynuallye,  
Nothyng he regardeth to walke unto my glorie.

My hart abhorreth hys wylfull myserye,  
Hys cankred malyce, hys cursed covetousnesse,  
Hys lustes lecherouse, hys vengeable tyrannye,  
Unmercyfull mourther, and other ungodlynnesse.  
I wyll destroye hym for hys outragiousnesse,  
And not hym onlye, but all that on earthe do stere,  
For it repenteth me that ever I made them here.

*Iustus Noab.*

Most gentyll maker, with hys fraylenesse sumwhat  
beare,  
Man is thy creature, thy selfe cannot saye naye.  
Though thou ponnysh hym, to put hym sumwhat in  
feare,  
Hys faulte to knowledge, yet seke not hys decaye.  
Thou mayest reclayne hym, though he goeth now  
astraye.

And brynge hym agayne, of thy abundaunt grace,  
To the folde of faythe, he acknowlegynge hys trespase.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Thou knowest I have geven to him convenyent space,  
With lausful warnynges, yet he amendeth in no place.  
The natural lawe, which I wrote in hys harte,  
He hath outraced, all goodnesse puttynge a parte :  
Of helthe the covenaut, whych I to Adam made,  
He regardeth not, but walketh a damnable trade.

*Iustus Noab.*

All thys is true, Lorde, I cannot thy wordes re-  
prove,  
Lete hys weaknesse yet thy mercyfull goodnesse move.

*Pater cœlestis.*

No weaknesse is it, but wylfull workynge all,  
That reigneth in man through mynde dyabolycall.  
He shall have therfor lyke as he hath deserved.

*Iustus Noab.*

Lose hym not yet, Lorde, though he hath depelye  
swerved.

I knowe thy mercye is farre above hys rudenesse,  
 Beyenge infynyte, as all other thynges are in the.  
 Hys folye therfor now pardone of thy goodnesse,  
 And measure it not beyonde thy godlye pytie.  
 Esteeme not hys faulte farder than helpe maye be,  
 But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth so depelye,  
 The to remembre, and abhorre hys mysferye.

Of all goodnesse, Lorde, remembre thy great mercye  
 To Adam and Eve, breakynge thy first commaundement.  
 Them thu relevedest with thy swete promyse heaven-  
 lye,  
 Synnefu'l though they were, and their lyves neglygent.  
 I knowe that mercye with the is permanent,  
 And wyll be ever, so longe as the worlde endure;  
 Than close not thy hande from man, whych is thy  
 creature.

Beynge thy subiect, he is undreneth thy cure,  
 Correct hym thu mayest, and so brynge hym to grace.  
 All lyeth in thy handes, to leave or to allure,  
 Bytter deathe to geve, or graunte most suffren solace.  
 Utterlye from man averte not then thy face,  
 But lete hym savor thy swete benyvolence,  
 Sumwhat, though he fele thy hande for hys offence.

*Pater cælestis.*

My true servaunt Noah, thy ryghtousnesse doth  
 move me  
 Sumwhat to reserve for mann'ys posterite.  
 Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I save the  
 lyves

Of the and thy wyfe, thy three sonnes and their wyves;  
 And of ych kynde two, to maynteyne yow hereafter.

*Iustus Noah.*

Blessed be thy name, most myghtye mercyfull maker,  
 With the to dyspute, it were unconvenyent.

*Pater cælestis.*

Whye doest thu saye so? be bolde to speke thy in-  
 tent.

*Iustus Noah.*

Shall the other dye without anye remedye?

*Pater*



*Pater cœlestis.*

I wyll drowne them all, for their wyfull wycked folye,  
That man herafter therby maye knowe my powre,  
And feare to offende my goodnesse daye and houre.

*Iustus Noah.*

As thy pleasure is, so myght it alwayes be,  
For my helthe thou art, and fowle's felycyte.

*Pater cœlestis.*

After that thys floude have had hys ragynge passage,  
Thys shall be to the my covenant everlastynge.  
The sees and waters so farre never more shall rage,  
As all fleshe to drowne, I wyll so tempre their work-  
ynge,

Thys sygne wyll I adde also, to confirme the thyng.  
In the cloudes above, as a seale or token clere,  
For savegarde of man, my raynebowe shall apere.

Take thou thys covenant for an earnest confirmacyon  
Of my former promyse to Adam's generacyon.

*Iustus Noah.*

I wyll, blessed Lorde, with my whole hart and mynde.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Farewele than, iust Noah, here leave I the behynde.

*Iust Naoh.*

Most myghtye maker, ere I from hens depart,  
I must geve the prayse from the bottom of my hart.

Whom may we thanke, Lorde, for our helthe and sal-  
vacyon

But thy great mercye and goodnesse undeserved?

Thy promyse in faythe, is our justyfycacyon,  
As it was Adam's, whan hys hart therein rested,  
And as it was theirs, whych therein also trusted.  
Thys faythe was grounded in Adam's memorye,  
And clerelye declared in Abel's innocencye.

Faythe in that promyse, olde Adam ded justyfye,  
In that promyse faythe, made Eva to prophecye.  
Faythe in that promyse, proved Abel innocent,  
In that promyse faythe, made Seth full obedyent.  
That faythe taught Enos, on God's name first to call,  
And made Mathusalah the oldest man of all.

That

That fayth brought Enoch to so hygh exercyse,  
 That God toke hym up with hym into paradyse.  
 Of that faythe the want, made Cain to hate the good,  
 And all hys ofsprynge to peryshe in the flood.  
 Faythe in that promyse, preserved both me and myne,  
 So wyll it all them whych folowe the same lyne.

Not onlye thys gyfte thou hast geven me, swete lorde,  
 But with it also thyne everlastynge coveñaunt,  
 Of trust for ever, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde,  
 Nevermore to drowne the worlde by floude inconstaunt,  
 Makynge the waters more peaceable and plesaunt.  
 Alas I can not to the geve prayse condygne,  
 Yet wyll I synge here with harte meke and benygne.

*Magna tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O oriens splendor,  
 &c. in genua cadens ; quam chorus prosequetur cum or-  
 at supra.*

*Vel Anglice sub eodem tono.*

O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the  
 sempiternall bryghtnesse ! O clere sunne of justyce and  
 heavenlye ryghtousnesse ! come hyther and illumyne the  
 prisoner, syttyng now in the darke prisson and shaddowe  
 of eternall deathe.

*Finit Actus secundus.*



Incipit actus tertius.

*Pater cælestis.*

**M**Yne hygh dyspleasure must nedes returne to man,  
 Consyderynge the synne that he doth daye by  
 daye :

For neyther kyndenesse, nor extreme handelynge can,  
 Make hym to knowe me by any faythfull waye,  
 But styll in myschefe he walketh to hys decaye.  
 If he do not sone hys wyckednesse consydre,  
 He is lyke, doubtlesse, to perysh all togydre.



In my fyght, he is more venym than the spyder,  
Through soch abuses as he hath exercysed,  
From the tyme of Noah, to this same season hyder.  
An uncomelye acte without shame Cham commysed,  
Whan he of hys father the secrete partes reveled.  
In lyke case Nemrod agaynst me wrought abusyon,  
As he rayfed up the castell of confusyon.

Ninus hath also, and all by the devyl's illusyon,  
Through ymage makynge, up rayfed idolatrie,  
Me to dyshonoure. And now in the conclusyon,  
The vyle Sodomytes lyve so unnaturallie,  
That their synne vengeance axeth contynuallye.  
For my covenante's sake, I wyll not drowne with water,  
Yet shall I vyfite their synnes with other matter.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Yét, mercyfull Lorde, thy gracyousnesse remembre  
To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes.  
And lose not the fowles of men in so great nombre,  
But save thyne owne worke, of thy most discrete goodnes.  
I wote thy mercyes are plentyfull and endles.  
Never can they dye, nor fayle, thy self endurynge,  
Thys hath faythe fixed fast in my understandynge.

*Pater cælestis.*

Abraham my servaunte, for thy most faythfull meanyng,  
Both thou and thy stocke shall have my plentoufe bles-  
synge.  
Where the unfaythfull, undre my curse evermore,  
For their wayne workynge, shall rewe their wyckednesse  
fore.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Tell me, blessed Lorde, where wyll thy great malyce  
lyght.  
My hope is, all fleshe shall not perysh in thy fyght.

*Pater cælestis.*

No trulye Abraham, thou chauncest upon the ryght.  
The thyng I shall do, I wyll not hyde from the,  
Whome I have blesyd for thy true fydelite.  
For I knowe thou wilt cause both thy chyl dren and ser-  
vauntes

In my wayes to walke, and trust unto my covenantes,  
That.

16 GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

That I may perfourme with the my earnest promes.

*Abraham fidelis.*

All that wyll I dó, by assyſtence of thy goodnes.

*Pater cœlestis.*

From Sodom and Gomor, the abhomynacyons call  
For my great vengeance, whych wyll upon them fall.  
Wylde fyre and brymſtone ſhall lyght upon them all.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Pytiefull maker, though they have kyndled thy furye,  
Caſt not awaye yet the juſt ſort with the ungodlye.  
Paraventure there maye be fiftye ryghteouſe perſones  
Within thoſe cyties, wylt thou loſe them all at ones?  
And not ſpare the place, for thoſe fyftye ryghteouſe ſake?  
Be it farre from the ſoch rygoure to undertake.

I hope there is not in the ſo cruell hardeneſſe,  
As to caſt awaye the juſt men with the recheleſſe,  
And ſo to deſtroye the good with the ungodlye.  
In the judge of all, be never ſoch a furye.

*Pater cœlestis.*

At Sodom, if I may fynde juſt perſones fiftye,  
The place wyll I ſpare for their ſakes verelye.

*Abraham fidelis.*

I take upon me, to ſpeake here in thy preſence,  
More then become me, Lorde pardon my neglygence.  
I am but aſhes, and were lothe the to offende.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Saye fourth, good Abraham, for yll doſt thou non in-  
tende.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Happlye there maye be fyve leſſe in the ſame nombre;  
For their ſakes I truſt thou wylt not the reſt accombre.

*Pater cœlestis.*

If I amonge them myght fynde but fyve and fortye,  
Them wolde I not loſe for that juſt cumpanye.

*Abraham fidelis.*

What if the cytie maye fortye ryghteouſe make?

*Pater cœlestis.*

Then wyll I pardone it for thoſe ſame fortye's ſake.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Be not angrye, Lorde, though I ſpeake undyſcretelye.

*Pater*



*Pater cœlestis.*

Utter thy whole mynde, and spare me not hardelye.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Parauenture there maye be thirty founde amonge them.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll nothyng do unto them.

*Abraham fidelis.*

I take upon me to moche, Lorde, in thy fyght.

*Pater cœlestis.*

No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy saythe is ryght.

*Abraham fidelis.*

No lesse, I suppose, than twenty can it have.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Could I fynde twenty, that cytie wolde I save.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Ones yet wyll I speake my mynde, and than no more.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Spare not to utter so moche as thou hast in store.

*Abraham fidelis.*

And what if there myght be ten good creatures founde?

*Pater cœlestis.*

The rest for their sakes myght so be safe and founde,  
And not destroyed for their abhomynacyon.

*Abraham fidelis.*

O mercifull maker, moche is thy tolleracyon  
And sufferance of synne. I se it now in dede,  
Wit save yet of faver out of those cyties to leade  
Those that be faythfull, though their flocke be but small.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Loth and hys howsholde, I wyll delyver all,  
For ryghteousnesse sake, whych is of me and not  
them.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Great are thy graces in the generacyon of Sem.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Well Abraham, well, for thy true faythfulnes,  
Now wyll I geve the my covenaut, or third promes.  
Loke thou beleve it, as thou covetyst ryghtuousnesse.

*Abraham*

*Abraham fidelis.*

Lorde so regarde me, as I receyve it with gladnesse.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Of manye peoples the father I wyll make the,  
 All generacyons in thy fede shall be blessyd.  
 As the starres of heaven, so shall thy kyndred be;  
 And by the same fede the worlde shall be redressed.  
 In cyrcumcysyon shall thys thyng be exprested,  
 As in a sure seale, to prove my promyse true,  
 Prynt thys in thy faythe, and it shall thy fowle renue.

*Abraham fidelis.*

I wyll not one jote, lorde, from thy wyll dyssent,  
 But to thy pleasure be alwayes obedyent,  
 Thy lawes to fullfyll, and most precyouse commaunde-  
 ment.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Farwele Abraham, for heare in place I leave the.

*Abraham fidelis.*

Thankes wyll I rendre, lyke as it shall behove me.

Everlastynge prayse to thy most gloryouse name,  
 Whych savedyst Adam through faythe in thy sweet pro-  
 mes

Of the womannys fede, and now confyrme the same.  
 In the fede of me. Forsooth great is thy goodnes  
 I can not perceyve, but that thy mercye is endles,  
 To such as feare the, in every generacyon,  
 For it endureth without abrevyacyon.

Thys have I prynted in depe consyderacyon,  
 No worldly matter can race it out of mynde.  
 For ones it wyll be the fynall restauracyon  
 Of Adam and Eve, with other that hath synde.  
 Yea, the sure helthe and rayse of all mankynde.  
 Helpe have the saythfull therof, though they be infect,  
 They condempnacyon where as it is reject.

Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrest,  
 That it maye breake out in some swete prayse to the.  
 And suffre me not thy due lawdes to neglect,  
 But lete me shewe forth thy commendacyons fre.  
 Stoppe not my wynde pypes, but geve them lyberte,  
 To sounde to thy name, whych is most gracyouse,  
 And in it rejoyce with hart melodyouse.

*Tunc*



*Tunc alta voce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, choro  
eandem prosequente cum organis, ut prius:  
Vel Anglice hoc modo.*

O most myghtye governour of thy people, and in hart  
most desyred, the harde rocke and true corner stone, that  
of two maketh one, unyng the Jews with the Gentyles  
in one church, come now and releve mankynde whom  
thou hast fourmed of the vyle earthe.

*Finit actus tertius.*



## Incipit actus Quartus.

*Pater cœlestis.*

**S**Tyll so increaseth the wyckednesse of man,  
That I am moved with plagues hym to confounde.  
Hys weakenesse to ayde, I do the best I can,  
Yet he regardeth me no more than doth an hounde.  
My word and promyse, in hys faythe taketh no grounde,  
He wyll so longe walke in hys owne lustes at large,  
That nought he shall fynde hys folye to dyscharge.

Sens Abraham's tyme, whych was my true elect,  
Ismael have I founde both wycked, fearece, and cruell,  
And Esau in mynde with hatefull murther infect.  
The sonnes of Jacob to lustes unnatural fell,  
And into Egypte ded they their brother sell.  
Laban to ydolles gave faythfull reverence,  
Dina was corrupt through Sichem's vyolence.

Ruben abused hys father's concubyne,  
Judas gate chyldren of his own doughter in lawe.  
Yea, her in my syght went after a wycked lyne.  
Hys sede Onan spylte, his brother's name to withdrawe.  
Achan lyved here without all godlye awe.  
And now the chyldren of Israel abuse my powre,  
In so vyle maner, that they move me everye howre.

*Moses sanctus.*

Pacyfye thy wrathe, swete Lorde, I the desyre,  
As thou art gentyll, benygne and pacyent.

Lose

Lose not that people in fearcenesse of thyne yre,  
 For whom thou hast shewed soche tokens evydent,  
 Convertinge thys rodde into a lyvelye serpent,  
 And the same serpent into thys rodde agayne,  
 Thy wonderfull power declarynge very playne.

For their sakes also puttest Pharao to payne  
 By ten dyverse plagues, as I shall here declare.  
 By bloude, frogges, and lyce, by flyes, death, botche,  
 and blayne,

By hayle, by grassoppers, by darkenesse, and by care.  
 By a soden plague, all their first-gotten ware  
 Thou slewest in one nyght, for hys scarce cruelnesse.  
 From that thy people, witholde not now thy goodnesse.

*Pater cœlestis.*

I certyfye the, my chosen servaunt Moses,  
 That people of myne is full of unthankefulnes.

*Moses sanctus.*

Dere Lorde, I knowe it, alas, yet waye their weake-  
 nesse.

And beare with their faultes, of thy great bounteous-  
 nesse.

In a flamynge bushe, havynge to them respect,  
 Thou appoyntedest me their passage to direct.  
 And through the reade see thy ryght hande ded us lede,  
 Where Pharaos hoost the floude overwhelmed in dede.

Thou wentest before them in a shynynge cloude all  
 daye,

And in the darke nyght, in fyre thou shewedest their waye.  
 Thou sentest them manna from heaven, to be their food.  
 Out of the harde stone thou gavest them water good.  
 Thou appoyntedest them a lande of mylke and honye,  
 Let them not perysh for want of thy great mercye.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Content they are not with foule nor yet with fayre,  
 But murmour and grudge, as people in dyspayre.  
 As I sent manna, they had it in dysdayne,  
 Thus of their wefare they manye tymes complayne.  
 Over Amalech I gave them the vyctorye.

*Moses sanctus.*

Most gloryouse maker, all that is to thy glorye.

Thy



Thū sentest them also a lawe from heaven above,  
And daylye shewedest them manye tokens of great love.  
The brazen serpent thou gavest them for their healyngē,  
And Balaam's curse thou turnedest into a blessingē.  
I hope thou wilt not dysdayne to help them styll.

*Pater cœlestis.*

I gave them preceptes, which they will not fulfyll.  
Nor yet knowledge me for their God and good Lorde,  
So do their vyle dedes with their wycked hartes accord.

Why'st thou hast talked with me famylyarlye  
In Synai's mountayne, the space but of dayes fortye,  
Those sightes all, they have forgotten clerely,  
And are turned to shamefull ydolatrie.  
For their God, they have sett up a golden calfe.

*Moses sanctus.*

Let me saye sumwhat, swete Father, in their behalfe.

*Pater cœlestis.*

I wyll first conclude, and then saye on thy mynde.  
For that I have founde that people so unkynde,  
Not one of them shall enjoye the promyse of me,  
For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Josue.

*Moses sanctus.*

Thy eternall wyll evermore fulfilled be.  
For dysobedyence thou slewest the sonnes of Aaron,  
The earthe swallowed in both Dathan and Abiron.  
The adders ded styngē other wycked persones els,  
In wonderfull nombre. Thus hast thou ponnyshed rebels.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Never wyll I spare the cursed iniquyte  
Of ydolatrie, for no cause, thou mayst trust me.

*Moses sanctus.*

Forgeve them yet Lorde for thys tyme, if it may be.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Thynkest thou that I wyll so sone change my decre?  
No, no, frynde Moses; so lyght thou shalt not fynde me,  
I wyll ponnysh them, all Israel shall it se.

*Moses*

*Moses sanctus.*

I wote, thy people hath wrought abhomynacyon,  
Worshyppynge false goddes, tothyhonour's derogacyon,  
Yet mercyfullye thou mayest upon them loke.  
And if thou wylt not, thrust me out of thy boke,

*Pater cælestis.*

Those great blasphemers shall out of my boke cleane,  
But thou shalt not so, for I knowe what thou doest meane.  
Conduct my people, myne angell shall assyst the,  
That synne at a day wyll not uncorrected be.  
And for the true zeale that thou to my people hast,  
I adde thys covenaut unto my promyses past.

Rayse them up I wyll a prophete from amonge them,  
Not onlyke to the, to speake my wordes unto them.  
Whoso heareth not that he shall speake in my name,  
I wyll revenge it to hys perpetual shame.  
The passover lambe wyll be a token just,  
Of thys stronge covenaut. Thys have I clerely dyscuste,  
In my appoyntement thys houre for your delyveraunce.

*Moses sanctus.*

Never shall thys thyng depart from my remem-  
braunce.

Laude be for ever to the most mercyfull Lorde,  
Whych never withdrawest from man thy heavenlye con-  
fort,

But from age to age thy benefytes doth recorde  
What thy goodnesse is, and hath bene to hys sort.  
As we fynde thy grace, so ought we to report.  
And doubtlesse it is to us most bounteous,  
Yea, for all our synnes most rype and plenteouse.

Abraham our father founde the benyvolouse.  
Soded good Isaac in hys dystresse amonge.  
To Jacob thou wert a gyde most gracyoule,  
Joseph thou savedest from daungerouse deadlye wronge.  
Melchisedech and Job felt thy great goodnesse stronge,  
So ded good Sara, Rebecca, and fayre Rachel,  
With Sephorah my wyfe, the doughter of Raguel.  
To prayse the, swete Lorde, my faythe doth me compell,  
For thy covenantes sake, wherin rest our salvacyon.  
The fede of promyse, all other sedes excell,

For



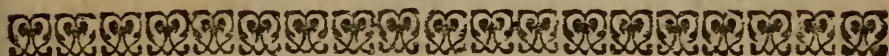
For therin remayneth our full iustifyfycacyon,  
 From Adam and Noah, in Abraham's generacyon.  
 That fede procureth God's myghty grace and powre,  
 For the same fede's sake, I wyll synge now thys howre.

*Clara tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam  
 Chorus (ut prius) prosequetur cum organis.*

*Vel Anglice canat :*

O hygh kynge Emanuel, and our lege Lorde! the  
 longe expectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghtye saver  
 of their multytude, the helthe and consolacyon of syn-  
 ners, come now for to save us, as our Lorde and our  
 Redemer.

*Finit actus quartus.*



## Incipit actus quintus.

*Pater cœlestis.*

**F**OR all the faver I have shewed Ifrael,  
 Delyverynge her from Pharaoe's tyrannye,  
 And gevyng the lande, fluentem lac & mel,  
 Yet wyll she not leave her olde ydolatrie,  
 Nor knowe me for God. I abhorre her mysferye:  
 Vexed her I have with battayles and decayes,  
 Styll must I plague her, I se no other wayes.

*David rex pius.*

Remembre yet, Lorde, thy worthy servaunt Moses,  
 Walkyng in thy fyght, without rebuke of the.  
 Both Aaron, Jetro, Eleazar, and Phinees,  
 Evermore feared to offende thy mageste.  
 Moch thou acceptedest thy servaunt Josue.  
 Caleb and Othoniell fought the with all their hart,  
 Aioth and Sangar for thy folke ded their part.

Gedeon and Thola thy enemyes put to smart,  
 Jayr and Jephthe gave prayfes to thy name.

These

These, to leave ydolles, thy people ded coart.  
 Samson the strongest, for hys part ded the same.  
 Samuel and Nathan thy messages ded proclame.  
 What though fearce Pharaο wrought myschef in thy  
 fyght :

He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght.

I wote the Benjamytes abused the wayes of ryght,  
 So ded Helye's sonnes, and the sonnes of Samuel.  
 Saul in hys offyce was slouthful daye and night,  
 Wycked was Semei, so was Achitophel.  
 Measure not by them the faults of Israell,  
 Whom thou hast loved of longe tyme so inteyrlye,  
 But of thy great grace remyt her wycked folye.

*Pater cœlestis.*

I cannot abyde the vyce of ydolatrie,  
 Though I shuld suffer all other vyllanye.  
 Whan Josue was dead, that sort from me ded fall  
 To the worshyppynge of Atheroth and Baal,  
 Full uncleane ydolles, and monstres bestyall.

*David rex pius.*

For it they have had thy ryghteousse ponyshment,  
 And for as moch as they did wyckedly consent  
 To the Palestynes and Chananytes ungodlye  
 Idolaters, takynge to them in matrymonye,  
 Thou threwest them undre the kynge of Mesopotamye,  
 After thou subduedest them for their idolatrie.

Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kynge of Moabytes,  
 And XX years to Jabin, the kynge of Chananytes,  
 Oppressed they were VII years of the Madyanytes;  
 And XVIII years vexed of the cruell Ammonytes.  
 In three great battayles, of threescore thousand and  
 five,

Of thys thy people, not one was left alyve.  
 Have mercye now, Lorde, and call them to repentaunce.

*Pater cœlestis.*

So longe as they synne, so longe shall they have  
 vauunce.

David my servaunt, sumwhat must I saye to the ; gre-  
 For that thou latelye hast wrought soch vanyte.



*David rex pius.*

Spare not, blessed Lorde, but saye thy pleasure to me.

*Pater cælestis.*

Of late dayes thou hast mysused Bersabe,  
The wyfe of Urye, and slayne hym in the fyelde.

*David rex pius.*

Mercye Lorde, mercye, for doubtlesse I am desyelde.

*Pater cælestis.*

I constytute the a kynge over Israel,  
And the preserved from Saul, whych was thy enemye.  
Yea, in my faver, so moch thou dedyft excell,  
That of thy enemyes I gave the vyctorye.  
Palestynes and Syryanes to the came trybutarye.  
Why hast thou then wrought soch folye in my fyght,  
Despyfynge my worde, against all godlye ryght?

*David rex pius.*

I have synned; Lorde, I besyche the pardone me.

*Pater cælestis.*

Thou shalt not dye, David, for thys iniquyte,  
For thy repentaunce; but thy sonne by Bersabe  
Shall dye, for as moch as my name is blasphemed  
Amonge my enemyes, and thou the worse esteemed.  
From thy howse for thys the swerde shall not depart.

*David rex pius.*

I am forye, Lorde, from the bottom of my hart.

*Pater cælestis.*

To further anger thou doest me yet compell.

*David rex pius.*

For what matter, Lorde? I besyche thy goodnesse  
tell.

*Pater cælestis.*

Why dedest thou numbre the people of Israel?  
Supposest in thy mynde, therein thou hast done well?

*David rex pius.*

I can not saye naye, but I have done undycretelye,  
To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye.

*Pater cælestis.*

Thou shalt of these three chose whych plage thou wylt  
have,

For that synnefull acte, that I thy sowle maye save.

26      GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

A scarsenesse vii. years, or else iii. monthes exyle,  
 Eyther for iii. dayes the pestylence most vyle,  
 For one thou must have, there is no remedye.

*David rex pius.*

Lorde, at thy pleasure, for thou art full of mercye.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Of a pestylence, then iii. score thousand and ten,  
 In iii. dayes shall dye of thy most puyfaunt men.

*David rex pius.*

O Lorde, it is I whych have offended thy grace,  
 Spare them and not me, for I have done the trespacc.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Though thy synnes be great, thy inwarde harte's con-  
 trycyon

Doth move my stomake in wonderfull condycyon.

I fynde the a man accordynge to my hart,

Wherfor thys promyse I make the, ere I depart.

A frute there shall come forth yssuynge from thy  
 bodye,

Whom I wyll aduaunce upon thy seate for ever.

Hys trone shall become a seate of heavenlye glorie,

Hys worthy scepture from ryght wyll not dyssever,

Hys happye kyngedome, of faythe, shall perysh never.

Of heaven and of earthe he was autor pryncypall,

And wyll contynue, though they do perysh all.

Thys sygne shalt thou have for a token specyall,

That thou mayst beleve my wordes unfaynedlye,

Where thou hast mynded, for my memoryall,

To buylde a temple, thou shalt not fynyshe it trulye.

But Salomon thy sonne shall do that accyone worthy,

In token that Christ must fynyshe every thyng

That I have begunne, to my prayse everlastyng.

*David rex pius.*

Immortall glorie to the, most heavenlye kynge,  
 For that thou hast geven contynuall vyctorye

To me thy servaunt, ever sēns my anoyntyng,

And also before, by manye conquestes worthy.

A beare and lyon I slewe through thy strength onlye.

I slew Goliath, which was vi. cubites longe.

Agaynst thy enemyes thou madest me ever stronge.

My



My fleshlye fraylenesse made me do deadlye wronge,  
And cleane to forget thy lawes of ryghteousnesse.  
And though thou wysytest my synnefulnesse amonge,  
With pestylent plagues, and other unquyetnesse;  
Yet never tokest thou from me the plenteousnesse  
Of thy godly sprete, whych thou in me dedyst plant.  
I havynge remorce, thy grace coulde never want.

For in conclusyon, thy everlastynge covenaut  
Thou gavest unto me for all my wycked synne;  
And hast promysed here by protestacyon constaunt,  
That one of my fede shall soch hygh fortune wyne,  
As never ded man sens thys worlde ded begynne.  
By hys power he shall put Sathan from hys holde,  
In rejoyce wherof to synge wyll I be bolde.

*Canora voce tuuc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, quam  
(ut prius) prosequetur chorus cum organis.*

*Vel sic Anglice:*

O Lorde God Adonai, and guyde of the faythfull  
howse of Israel, whych sumtyme aperedest in the flam-  
ynge bushe to Moses, and to hym dedest geve a lawe in  
mounthe Syna, come now for to redeme us in the strengthe  
of thy ryght hande.

*Finit Actus quintus.*



## Incipit Actus Sextus.

*Pater celestis.*

**I** Brought up chyldren from their first infancye,  
Whych now despyseth my godlye instruccyons.  
An oxe knoweth hys Lorde, an asse hys master's  
dewtye,  
But Israel wyll not know me, nor my condycyons.  
Oh frowarde people! geven all to supersticyons,  
Unnaturall chyldren, expert in blasphemyes,

## 28      GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

Provoketh me to hate, by their ydolatriyes.

Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrauntes of Sodoma,  
In vayne ye offer your sacryfyce to me.

Dyscontent I am with yow beastes of Gomorra,  
And have no pleasure whan I your offerynges se,  
I abhorre your fastes and your solempnyte.

For your tradycyons my wayes ye set apart,  
Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the hart.

*Esaias propheta.*

Thy cytie, swete Lorde, is now become unfaythfull,  
And her condycyons are turned up side downe.  
Her lyfe is unchast, her actes be very hurtefull,  
Her murther and theft hath darkened her renowne.  
Covetouse rewardes doth so their conscyence drowne,  
That the fatherlesse they wyll not helpe to ryght,  
The poore wydowe's cause come not afore their syght.

Thy peceable pathes seke they neyther daye nor nyght;  
But walke wycked wayes after their fantasye.

Convert their hartes, Lorde, and geve them thy true  
lyght,

That they maye perceyve their customable folye:  
Leave them not helplesse in so depe myferye,  
But call them from it of thy most specyall grace,  
By thy true prophetes, to their sowle's helthe and solace.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Firſt they had fathers, than had they patryarkes,  
Than dukes, than judges to their gydes and monarkes.  
Now have they stowte kynges, yet are they wycked  
fyll,

And wyll in no wyſe my pleaſaunt lawes fulfyll.  
Alwayes they applye to ydolles worſhyppynge,  
From the vyle begger to the anoynted kyng.

*Esaias propheta.*

For that cauſe thu haſt in two devyded them,  
In Samaria the one, the other in Hieruſalem.  
The kyng of Juda in Hieruſalem ded dwell,  
And in Samaria the kyng of Iſrael.  
Ten of the twelve trybes bycame Samarytan.

And the other two were Hieroſolymytan.



In both these cuntreyes, accordynge to their do-  
ynges,

Thū permyttedest them to have most cruell kynges.  
The first of Juda was wycked kyng Roboam,  
Of Israel the first was that cruell Hieroboam;  
Abia than folowed, and in the other Nadab,  
Then Basa, then Hela, then Zambri, Joram and Achab.  
Then Ochosias, then Athalia, then Joas;  
On the other part was Joathan and Ahas.  
To rehearce them all that have done wrechydlye  
In the syght of the, it were longe verelye.

*Pater cælestis.*

For the wycked synne of fylthy ydolatrie,  
Whych the ten trybes did in the lande of Samarye,  
In space of one daye fyfty thousand men I slewe,  
Thre of their cyties also I overthrewe,  
And left the people in soche captyvyte,  
That in all the worlde they wyft not whyther to fle.

The other ii. trybes, whan they from me went back  
To ydolatrie, I left in the hande of Sefack,  
The kyng of Egypt, whych toke awaye their treasure,  
Convayd their cattel, and slewe them without measure.  
In tyme of Ahas, an hondred thousande and twentye  
Were slayne at one tyme for their ydolatrie.

Two hondred thousande from thens were captyve led,  
Their goodes dyspersed, and they with penury fed.  
Seldom they fayle it, but eyther the Egipcyanes  
Have them in bondge, or els the Assyreanes.  
And alone they maye thanke their ydolatrie.

*Esaias propheta.*

Wele, yet blessed Lorde, releve them with thy mercye.

Though they have bene yll, by other prynces dayes,  
Yet good Ezechias hath taught them godlye wayes.  
When the prynce is good, the people are the better;  
And as he is nought, their vyces are the greater.  
Heavenlye Lorde, therfor send them the consolacyon,  
Whych thou hast covenanted with every generacyon.

Open thou the heavens, and let the lambe come hither,  
Whych wyll delyver thy people all togyther.

Ye planetes and cloudes, cast downe your dewes and  
rayne,

30 GOD'S PROMISES, &c.

That the earth maye beare out helthful faver playne.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Maye the wyfe forget the chylde of her owne bodye?

*Esaïas propheta.*

Naye, that she can not in anye wyfe verelye.

*Pater cœlestis.*

No more can I them whych wyll do my commaunde-  
mentes,

But must preserve them from all inconvenyentes.

*Esaïas propheta.*

Blessed art thou, Lorde, in all thy actes and judgements.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Wele, Esaïas, for thys thy fydelite,

A covenant of helthe thou shalt have also of me.

For Syon's sake now I wyll not holde my peace,

And for Hierusalem, to speake wyll I not cease,

Tyll that ryghteous Lorde become as a sunne beame  
bryght,

And their just faver as a lampe extende hys light.

A rodde shall shut fourth from the olde stocke of Jesse,

And a bryght blossome from that rote wyll aryse,

Upon whom alwayes the sprete of the Lorde shall be,

The sprete of wysdome, the sprete of heavenly practyse,

And the sprete that wyll all godlynesse devyse.

Take thys for a sygne, a mayde of Israel

Shall conceyve and beare that Lorde Emanuel.

*Esaïas propheta.*

Thy prayses condygne no mortal tunge can tell,  
Most worthy maker and kynge of heavenlye glorie,

For all capacityes thy goodnesse doth excell,

Thy plenteouse graces no brayne can compas trulye,

No wyt can conceyve the greatnesse of thy mercye,

Declared of late in David thy true servaunt

And now confirmed in thys thy latter covenant.

Of goodnesse thou madest Salomon of wyt most preg-  
naunt,

Afa and Josaphat, with good kynge Ezechias,

In thy syght to do that was to the ryght pleasaunt.

To quench ydolatrie, thou rayfedest up Helias,

Jehu, Heliseus, Micheas, and Abdias,

And



And Naaman Syrus thou pouredest of a leproye.

Thy workes wonderfull who can but magnifye?

Aryse, Hierusalem, and take faythe by and bye,  
For the verye lyght that shall save the is commynge.

The Sonne of the Lord apere wyll evydentlye,  
Whan he shall resort, so that no joye be wantynge.

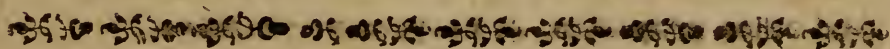
He is thy savor, and thy lyfe everlastynge,  
Thy release from synne, and thy whole ryghteousnesse.  
Help me in this songe to knowledge his great goodnesse.

*Concinna tunc voce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix Jesse,  
quam chorus prosequetur cum organis.*

*Vel Anglice hoc modo canet:*

O frutefull roote of Jesse, that shall be set as a sygne  
amonge people, agaynst the worldly rulers shall scarcely  
open their mouthes. Whom the Gentyles shall worshyppe  
as their heavenly Lorde, come now for to delyver us, and  
delaye the tyme no longer.

*Finit actus Sextus.*



## Actus Septimus.

*Pater caelestis.*

**I** Have with fearenesse mankynde oft tymes correc-  
ted,

And agayne, I have allured hym by swete promes.

I have sent sore plagues, when he hath me neglected,

And then by and by, most comfortable swetnes.

To wyne hym to grace, bothe mercye and ryghteous-  
nes

I have exercysed, yet wyll he not amende.

Shall I now lose hym, or shall I hym defende?

In his most myschefe, most hygh grace wyll I sende,  
To overcome hym by favoure, if it maye be.

With his abusyons no longer wyll I contende

But now accomplysh my first wyll and decre.  
 My worde beyng flesh, from hens shall set hym fre.  
 Hym teachyng a waye of perfyght ryghteousnesse,  
 That he shall not nede to perysh in his weaknesse.

*Johannes Baptista.*

Manasses (Lorde) is past, whych turned from the hys  
 harte,

Achas and Amon have now no more ado,  
 Jechonias with other, whych ded themselves avarte  
 From the to ydolles, may now no farther go.  
 The two false judges, and Bel's wycked prestes also,  
 Phasur and Semeias, with Nabuchodonosore,  
 Antiochus and Triphon, shall the dyplease no more.

Thre score yeares and ten, thy people into Babylon  
 Were captyve and thrall for ydolles worshyppe.  
 Hierusalem was lost, and left voyde of domynyon,  
 Brent was their temple, so was their other buyldyng;  
 Ther hygh prestes were slayne, ther treasure came no no-  
 thyng,

The strength and bewtye of thyne own heretage.  
 Thus dedest thou leave then in myserable bondage.

Oft had they warnynges, sumtyme by Ezechiel,  
 And other prophetes, as Esaye and Hieremye,  
 Sumtyme by Daniel, sumtyme by Ose and Johel,  
 By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,  
 By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,  
 By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,  
 By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch.

Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon  
 From the people, then restorynge thy lawes agayne.  
 Of Rechab consydre the faythfull generacyon,  
 Whom to wyne-drynkynge no fryndshyppe myght con-  
 strayne.

Remembre Abdemelech, the frynde of truthe certayne,  
 Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded repaire the temple,  
 And Jesus Josedech, of vertu the exemple.

Consydre Nehemias, and Esdras the good scribe,

Mercy.



Mercyfull Tobias, and constaunt Mardocheus.  
Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly trybe,  
Devoute Mathias, and Judas Machabeus.  
Have mynde of Eleazar, and then Joannes Hircanus.  
Waye the ernest saythe of thys godlye cumpanye,  
Though the other cleane fall from thy memorye.

*Pater cælestis.*

I wyll Johan, I wyll, for as I sayd afore,  
Rygour and hardenesse I have now set apart,  
Myndynge from hens fourth to wyne man evermore  
By wonderfull kyndenesse to breake hys stubberne hart,  
And change it from synne. For Christ shall suffre smart,  
In mannys frayle nature for hys iniquyte,  
Thys to make open, my massenger shalt thou be.

*Johannes Baptista.*

As thy pleasure is, so blessed Lorde appoynt me,  
For my helthe thou art, and my soule's felicitye.

*Pater cælestis.*

Longe ere I made the, I the predestynate,  
Before thou wert born I the endued with grace.  
In thy mother's wombe wert thou sanctifycate  
By my godlye gyft, and so confirmed in place,  
A Prophete, to shewe a waye before the face  
Of my most dere sonne, which wyll come : the untyll  
Appiye the apace thine offyce to fulfyll.

Preache to the people, rebukynge their neglygence,  
Doppe them in water, they knowledgyng their offence;  
And saye unto them, The kyngedome of God doth cum.

*Joannes Baptista.*

Unmete, Lorde, I am, *Quia puer ego sum,*  
An other than that, alac, I have no scyence  
Fyt for that offyce, neyther yet cleane eloquence.

*Pater cælestis.*

Thou shalt not saye so, for I have geuen the grace,  
Eloquence and age, to speake in the desert place.  
Thou must do therefor as I shall the advyse,  
My appoynted pleasure fourth utter in any wyse  
My stronge myghtye wordes put I into thy mouthe,  
Spare not, but speake them to east, west, north and  
southe.

*Hic extendens Dominus manum, labia Joannis digito tanget,  
ac ori imponet auream linguam.*

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the never sayle,  
The sprete of Helias have I geuen the alredye.  
Persuade the people, that they their synnes bywayle.  
And if they repent their customable folye,  
Longe shall it not be ere they have remedye.  
Open thu their hartes, tell them their helth is com-  
mynge

As a voyce in defart, se thu declare the thyng.

I promyse the sure, thou shalt washe hym amonge them  
In Jordane, a floude not farre from Hierusalem.

*Johannes Baptista.*

Shewe me yet, good Lorde, whereby shall I knowe  
that man,

In the multytude whych wyll resort to Jordan.

*Johannes Baptista.*

In thy mother's wombe of hym haddest thou cognicyon.

*Johannes Baptista.*

Yea, that was in sprete. I wolde now knowe hys per-  
son.

*Pater cœlestis.*

Have thu no feare, Johan, hym shalt thou knowe full  
well,

And one specyall token afore wyll I the tell.

*Super quem videris spiritum descendentem & manentem  
Super eum, hic est qui baptizat spiritu sancto.*

Amonge all other whom thou shalt baptysse there,  
Upon whom thou seyest the Holy Ghost descende  
In shappe of a dove, restyng upon hys shuldere,  
Holde hym for the same, that shall the worlde amende  
By baptysm of sprete, and also to man extende  
Most specyall grace. For he must repara hys fall,  
Restorynge agayne the justyce orygynall.

Take now thy journaye, and do as I the advyse.  
First preache repentaunce, and than the people baptysse.

*Johannes Baptista.*

Hygh honour, worshypp, and glorye be unto the,  
My God eternall, and patrone of all puryte.

Repent,



Repent, good people, for synnes that now are past,  
 The kyngdome of heaven is at hande very nye.  
 The promysed lyght to yow approacheth fast,  
 Have faythe, and applye now to receyve him boldelye.  
 I am not the lyght, but to beare testymonye  
 Of hym am sent, that all men maye beleve,  
 That hys bloude he wyll for their redemptyon geve.

He is soch a lyght as all men doth illumyne,  
 That ever were here, or shall be after thys.  
 All the worlde he made by hys myghtye power de-  
 vyne,

And yet that rude worlde wyll not knowe what he is.  
 Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys.  
 They that receyve hym, are God's true chyldren playne,  
 In sprete regenerate, and all grace shall attayne.

Manye do reckon, that I Johan Baptyst am he,  
 Deceyved are they, and that wyll apere in space.  
 Though he come after, yet he was longe afore me.  
 We are weake vessels, he is the welle of grace,  
 Of hys great goodnesse all that we have we purchase.  
 By hym are we like to have a better increes  
 Than ever we had by the lawe of Moses.

In Moses' harde lawe we had not els but darkenes,  
 Fygure and shaddowe. All was not els but nyght,  
 Ponnyshment for synne, much rygour, payne and rough-  
 nes.

An hygh change is there, where all is turned to lyght,  
 Grace and remysfyon anon wyll shyne full bryght.  
 Never man lyved that ever se God afore,  
 Whych now in our kynde mannys ruyne wyll restore.

Helpè me to geve thankses to that Lorde evermore,  
 Whych am unto Christ a cryar's voyce in the desert,  
 To preparè the pathes and hygh wayes hym before,  
 For hys delyght is on the poore symple hart.  
 That innocent lambe from soch wyll never depart,  
 As wyll faythfullye receyve hym with good mynde.  
 Lete our voyce then founde in some swete musy call kynde.

*Resona tunc voce Antiphonam incipit, O clavis David,  
quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, ut prius.*

*Vel in Anglico sermone sic :*

O perfyght keye of David, and hygh scepture of the kyndred of Jacob, whych openest and no man speareth, thou speakest and no man openeth ; come and delyver thy servaunt mankynde, bound in prison, sytting in the darknesse of synne and bytter dampnacyon.

Baleus Pro cutor.

**T**HE matters are soch that we have uttered here,  
As ought not to flyde from your memoryall.  
For they have opened soch comfortable gere,  
As is to the helthe of thys kynde universall,  
Graces of the Lorde and promyses lyberall,  
Whych he hath geven to man for every age,  
To knytt hym to Christ, and so clere hym of bondage.

As Saynt Paule doth write unto the Corinthes playne,  
Our fore fathers were undre the cloud of darkenes,  
And unto Christe's dayes ded in the shaddowe remayne :  
Yet were they not left, for of hym they had promes,  
All they receyved one spirytuall fedyng doubteles.  
They dronke of the rocke whych them to lyfe refreshed,  
For one savyng helthe, in Christ, all they confessed.

In the woman's fede was Adam first justyfyed,  
So was saythfull Noah ; so was just Abraham.  
The saythe in that fede in Moses fourth multiplyed,  
Lykewyse in David and Esaye, that after cam.  
And in Johan Baptyst, whych shewed the very lam.  
Though they se asarre, yet all they had one justyce,  
One Masse (as they call it) and in Christ one sacryfyce.

A man can not here to God do better servyce,  
Than on thys to grounde hys saythe and understandyng.  
For all the worlde's synne alone Christ payed the pryce,  
In hys onlye deathe was mannys lyfe alwayes restyng,  
And not in wyll workes, nor yet in mennys deservyng.  
The lyght of our saythe make thys thyng evydent,  
And not the practyse of other experiment.

Where



Where is now fre wyll, whom the hypocrytes comment ?

Whereby they report they maye at their owne pleasure  
Do good of themselves, though grace and fayth be absent,

And have good intentes their madnesse with to measure.  
The wyll of the fleshe is proved here small treasure,  
And so is mannys wyll, for the grace of God doth all.  
More of thys matter conclude hereafter we shall.

Thus endeth thys Tragedy or Enterlude, manyfestyngē  
the chiefe promyses of God unto man by all ages in the  
olde lawe, from the fall of Adam, to the incarnacyon of  
the Lorde Jesus Christ.

*Compyled by Johan Bayle, Anno Domini 1538.*









A NEW  
ENTERLUDE  
No lesse Wittie, than Pleasant,  
ENTITULED  
NEW CUSTOM.

Devised of late,  
And for diverse Causes nowe set forth.  
Never before this tyme imprinted.  
MDLXXIII.



**I**HAVE not been able to discover who was the Author of this Piece. But I think it is one of the most remarkable of our antient Moralities, as it was wrote purposely to vindicate and promote the Reformation. It was printed in 1573. and contrived so that four People might act it: This was frequently done, as I have observed in the Preface, for the Convenience of such as were dispos'd to divert or improve themselves, by representing these kinds of Entertainments in their own Houses. This and the foregoing will serve as Specimens of the Antient Mysteries and Moralities.





The Players names in this Enterlude  
bee these.

The Prologue.

Perverse Doctrine.	<i>an old popish Priest,</i>
Ignoraunce.	<i>an other, but elder.</i>
New Custome.	<i>a Minister.</i>
Light of the gossell.	<i>a Minister.</i>
Hypocrisie.	<i>an old Woman.</i>
Creweltie.	<i>a Ruffler.</i>
Avarice.	<i>a Ruffler.</i>
Edification.	<i>a Sage.</i>
Affuraunce.	<i>a Vertue.</i>
Godde's felicitie.	<i>a Sage.</i>

Fower may play this Enterlude.

1	Perverse doctrine.	3	{ New Custome. Avarice. Assurances.
2	{ Ignoraunce Hypocrisie. Edification.	4	{ Light of the Gossell, Creweltie. Godde's felicitie. The Prologue.





# THE P R O L O G U E.

**A** L thinges be not so as in sight they doe seeme,  
 What so ever they resemble, or what ever men deeme.  
 For if our senses in their owne objects us do fayle  
 Sometimes, then our judgements shall but little availe  
 In some thinges, as such, where doubt geveth deniall  
 Of them in the best wise to make any triall.  
 Which sayinge is evident, as well shall appeare  
 In this little Enterlude whiche we present beare ;  
 Whereby we may learn how grossly we erre,  
 Taking one thinge for another, which differ so farre  
 As good dothe from badde. Example therefore  
 You may take by these persons if you marke no more.  
 For the primitive constitution, whiche was fyrst appointed  
 Even by God himself, and by Christ his annoynted ;  
 Confirmed by th' appostles, and of great antiquitie :  
 See howe it is perverted by manne's wicked iniquitie,  
 To be called newe Custome, or newe Constitucion,  
 Surely a name of to much ungodly abusyon.  
 Which our author indifferently scanning in his minde,  
 In his simple opinion this cause hee doth finde,  
 That by reason of ignorance whiche beareth great swaie,  
 And also stubberne doctrine, which shutteth up the waie  
 To all good instruction, and knowledge of right :  
 No marvell it was, though of the trueth we were igno-  
 raunt quight.  
 For truely in such a case, the matter was but small,  
 To make the ignorant sowle to credite them all,  
 What so ever they saide, were it trueth or a lye.  
 For no man was able then to prove them the contrarie.  
 Wherefore their owne fantasies they sette in great prise,  
 Neglectinge the trewe waye, like men farre unwise.

Making



Making semblant of antiquitie in all that they did,  
 To th'intent that their subtiltie by suche meanes might be hid.  
 Newe Custome also hath he named this matter verilie,  
 In consideration that the people so speaketh commonlie,  
 Confuting the same by reasons most manifest,  
 Whiche in consequent order of talke are exprest.  
 This sence hath our Author followed herein, as we saide,  
 For other meaning, moreover hee will not have it denaide,  
 But diuerse may inuent muche distant from this,  
 Whiche in no wise hee wil haue prejudiciall to his,  
 Nor his unto theirs, whatsoeuer they bee,  
 For many heades, many wittes, wee doe plainely see.  
 Onely he desireth this of the worshipfull audience,  
 To take in good parte without al manner offence,  
 What so euer shall be spoken, marking the intent,  
 Interpreting it no otherwise but as it was ment.  
 And for us, if of pacience you list to attende,  
 Wee are readie to declare you the matter to the ende.

Finis Prologi.





# NEW CUSTOM.

## Actus I. Scene I.

*Perverse Doctrine and Ignorance entre.*

*Perverse Doctrine*



It is even so in deede, the worlde was never  
in so evyll a state.

But this is no time for us of these matters to  
debate.

It were good we invented some politike waie  
Our matters to addresse in good orderly staie.

And for us, reason would we looked to our selves.

Do you not see howe these newe fangled prating elves

Prinke up so pertly of late in every place ?

And go about us auncients flatly to deface ?

As who shoulde say in shorte time, as well learned as wee,  
As wise to the world, as good they mighte accoumptid  
bee.

Naye, naye, if many yeers and graie heares do knowe no  
more,

But that every pevishe boye hath even as muche witte  
in store :

By the masse then have I lyved to longe, and I would I  
were dead,

If I have not more knowledge then a thousande of them  
in my head.

For



For how should they have learning that were born but  
even now ?

As fit a fighte it were to see a goose shodde, or a fadled  
cowe,

As to hear the pratlinge of any soche Jack Strawe.

For when hee hath all done I compte him but a very dawe.

As in London not longe since, you wot well where,

They rang to a Sermon, and we chaunced to be there.

Up start the preacher I thinke not past twenty yeeres  
olde,

With a sounding voyce, and audacitie bolde,

And beganne to revile at the holie sacrament, and tran-  
substantiation.

I never hearde one knave or other make such a declara-  
tion.

But, but if I had had the boye in a convenient place,

With a good rodde or twain not past one howre's space,

I woulde so have scourged my marchant, that his breeche  
should ake,

So longe as it is since that he those woordes spake.

What, younge men to be medlers in Divinitie ? it is a  
godly fight !

Yet therein nowe almost is every boye's delight,

No booke nowe in their handes, but all scripture, scrip-  
ture.

Eyther the whole bible, or the new testament, you may  
be sure.

The newe Testament for them ? and then to for cowl  
my dogge.

This is the olde proverbe, to cast perles to an hogge.

Geve them that whiche is meete for them, a racket and  
a ball,

Or some other trifle to busie their heades with all.

Playinge at coytes or nine hooles, or shooting at buttes,

There let them be a goddes name, til their hartes ake  
and their guttes.

Let us alone with divinitie, which are of ryper age.

Youth is rashe, they say, but olde men hath the know-  
ledge.

For

For while they read, they know not what, they omit the  
veritie,

And that is nowe the cause so many fall into heresie.

Every man hath his owne way, some that, and some this,  
It wolde almost for anger surreverence make a man to  
pisse,

To heare what they talke of in open communication,  
Surely I feare me, Ignorance, this geare wyl make some  
desolation.

*Ignoraunce.*

I feare the same also, but as towching that wherof you  
speake ful well,

They have revoked diverse olde heresies out of hell.

As against transubstantiation, purgatory, and the masse,  
And say that by scripture they can not be brought to  
passe.

But that whiche ever hath ben a most trewe and con-  
stant opinion,

And defended also hitherto by all of our religion,

That I Ignorance am the mother of true devotion,

And Knowledge the auctour of the contrarie affection :

They denie it so stoutely as thoughe it were not so.

But this hath ben belest many an hundred yeere ago.

Wherefore it greveth mee not a lyttle that my case  
should so stande,

Thus to be disproved at every pratler's hande.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Yea, doth it? then the more unwise man you, as I trowe,  
For they say as muche by me, as you well do knowe.

And shall I then go vexe my selfe at theyr talke ?

No, let them speake so longe as their tongues can walke.

They shall not greve mee, for why ? in very sooth

It were follie to endeavour to stop every manne's mouth.

They have brought in one, a younge upstart ladde as it  
appeares,

I am sure he hath not ben in the realme very many  
yeares,

With a gathered frocke, a powlde head and a broade  
hatte,

An unshaved bearde, a pale face, and hee teacheth that

All



All our doinges are naught, and hath ben many a day.  
 Hee disaloweth our ceremonies and rites, and teacheth  
 an other way

To serve God, then that whiche wee do use,  
 And goeth about the people's myndes to seduce.

It is a pestilent knave, hee wyll have priestes no corner  
 cappes to weare,

Surplices are superstition, beades, paxes and suche other  
 geare,

Crosses, belles, candells, oyle, bran, salt, spettle, and  
 incense,

With sensing and singing, he accomptes not worth three  
 halfpense,

And cries out on them all, if to repete them I wist,  
 Suche holy thinges wherein our religion doth consist :

But hee commaundes the service in English to be readde,  
 And for the holy legende, the bible too put in his  
 steadde,

Every man to looke thereon at his list and pleasure,  
 Every man to studie divinitie at his convenient leasure,  
 With a thousand newe guises more, you know as well  
 as I.

And to terme him by his right name, if I should not  
 lie,

It is New custome, for so they do him call,  
 Both our sister hipocrisie, superstition, Idolatrie and  
 all.

And truely methinketh, they do justly and wisely therein,  
 Since hee is so divers, and so lately crept in.

*Ignorance.*

So they call him indeede, you have saide ryght well,  
 Because he came newly from the devyll of hell,  
 New custome, quoh you ? now a vengeance of his  
 newe nose,

For bringing in any suche unaccustomed glose ;  
 For hee hath seduced the people by mightie greate  
 flockes.

Bodie of God, it were good to set the knave in the stockes.  
 Or elles to whyp him for an exaample to all roges as hee,  
 How they the authors of newe heresies bee.

Or

Or henceforth do attempt any suche strange devise.  
 Let him keepe him selfe from my handes, if hee be  
 wyfe.

If ever I may take him within my rayne,  
 He is sure to have whipping theere for his payne.  
 For hee doth muche harme in eache place throughout the  
 lande;

Wherefore, Perverse doctrine, heere nedeth your hande :  
 I meane, that ye be diligent in any case,  
 If ye fortune to come where New custome is in place,  
 So to use the villaine, you know what I meane,  
 That in all poyntes you may discredite him cleane :  
 And when hee beginnes of any thyng for to clatter,  
 Of any controverfie of learnyng, or divinitie matter,  
 So to cling fast unto every manne's thought,  
 That his wordes may seeme heresie, and his doinges but  
 nought.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Tush, let me alone with that, for I have not so lyttle  
 wit,

But I have practised this alreadie, and minde also to  
 do it.

Yet a further devise I have, I think, not amisse,  
 Hearken to me, Ignorance, for the matter is this :  
 For the better accomplishing our subtiltie pretended,  
 It were expedient that bothe our names were amended ;  
 Ignorance shall be Simplicitie, for that comes very nie ;  
 And for Perverse doctrine I wyll be called Sounde doc-  
 trine, I.

And nowe that wee are both in suche sorte named,  
 Wee may goe in any place and never be blamed.  
 See then you remembre your name, sir, Simplicitie,  
 And mee at every worde Sound doctrine to be ;  
 Beware of tripping, but look in minde that you beare  
 Your fayned name, and what before you weare.  
 But who is this that hitherwarde doth walke ?  
 Let us stande still to heare what he wyll talke.



## ACTUS I. Scena 2.

*New custom entreth alone.**New custome.*

**W**HEN I consider the auncient times before,  
That have been these eyght hundred yeeres and  
more,

And those conferre with these our later dayes,  
My minde do these displease a thousand waies.  
For sure hee that hath bothe perceaved aright,  
Wyll say they differ as darkenes dothe from light.  
For then playne-dealing beare away the price,  
All thinges were ruled by men of good advise,  
Conscience prevayled muche, even every where,  
No man deceived his neybour, and eke a thinge full  
rare

It was to finde a man you might not trust :  
Bat looke what once they promised, they did that well  
and just.

If neighbours were at variance they ran not streight to  
lawe,

Daiesmen tooke up the matter, and cost them not a  
strawe,

Suche delight they had to kyll debate and strife ;  
And surely even in those dayes was there more godlier  
life :

Howbeit, men of all ages are wonted to dispraise  
The wickednesse of time that florished at their daies,  
As well hee may discerne who for that but lightly looks  
In every leafe almost of all their bookes :

For as for Christ our maister, what hee thought of  
Jewes,

And after hym th' apostles, I think it is no newes.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Harke, Simplicitie, hee is some preacher I wyll lay  
my gowne,

He mindeth to make a sermon within this towne :

Hee speaketh honestly yet, but surely if hee rayle at mee,  
I may not abide him, by the masse, I promise thee.

*New Custome.*

Paule to the Corinthians plainly doth tell  
That their behaviour pleased him not well.  
All our forefathers likewise have been offended  
With diuerse faultes at their time, that might have  
been amended.

The doctours of the churche, great faulte they dyd fynde,  
In that men lived not after their mynde :  
First with the rulers as examples of sinne,  
Then with the people as continuing therein :  
So that of them both this one thing they thought,  
That the people was not good, but the rulers were  
naught.

But in comparison of this time of miserie,  
In those daies men lyved in perfecte felicitie.  
Saincte Paule prophecied that worse tymes shoulde en-  
sue,

*In novissimis venient quidam*, faith hee, this is trewe,  
Folowinge all mischief, ungodlinesse and evyll,  
Leaning to all wickednesse and doctrine of the devyll ;  
And spake hee not of these daies, thinke you, I praye ?  
The prooffe is so playne that no man can denaye :  
For this is sure, that never in any age before,  
Naughtinesse and sinne hath been practised more,  
Or halfe so muche, or at all, in respec̃te so I saye,  
As is nowe (God amende all) at this present daye :  
Sinne nowe no sinne, faultes no faultes a whit,  
O God, seest thou this, and yet wylt suffer hit ?  
Surely thy mercie is great, but yet our sinnes I feare  
Are so great, that of justice with them thou canst not  
beare.

Adulterie no vice, it is a thinge so rife,  
A stale jest nowe, to lie with another manne's wyfe :  
For what is that but daliaunce ? Covetousnesse they  
call

Good husbandrie, when one man would faine have all.  
And eke alike to that is unmerciful extorcion,  
A sinne in sight of God, of great abhominacion:

For



For pride, that is now a grace; for rounde about  
 The humble sprited is termed a foole or a lowte.  
 Who so will bee so drunken that he scarfly knoweth his  
 waye,

O, hee is a good fellowe, so now a daies they saye:  
 Gluttonie is hospitalitie, while they meate and drinke  
 spill,

Whiche would relieve diuerse whom famine doth kill.  
 As for all charitable deedes, they be gone, God knoweth;  
 Some pretende lacke, but the chiefe cause is slowth,  
 A vice most outragious of all others sure,  
 Right hatefull to God, and contrarie to nature.

Scarfe blood is punished, but even for very shame,  
 So make they of murther but a trifling game.

O how manie examples of that horrible vice

Do dayly among us nowe spring and arise?

But thanks be to God that such rulers doth sende,

Whiche earnestly studie that fault to amende;

As by the sharpe punishment of that wicked crime

Wee may see that committed was but of late time.

God direct their heartes they may alwaies continue

Such just execution on sinne to ensue;

So shall be saved the life of many a man,

And God wyll withdrawe his sore plagues from us than.

Theft is but pollicie, perjurie but a face.

Suche is now the worlde, so farre men be from grace.

But what shall I say of religion, and knowledge

Of God, whiche hath ben indifferent in eache age

Before this? howbeit his faltes then it had,

And in some poyntes then was culpable and bad.

Surely this one thinge I may say aright,

God hath rejected us away from him quight,

And geuen us up whollie unto our owne thought,

Utterly to destroy us, and bring us to nought:

For do they not followe the inventions of men?

Looke on the primitive church, and tell mee then

Whether they served God in this same wise,

Or whether they followed any other guyse?

For since Godde's feare decayed, and hypocrisie crept in

In hope of some gaines and lucre to win,

Crueltie bare a stroke, who with fagot and fier,  
 Braught all thinges to passe that hee did desier ;  
 Next avarice spilt all, whiche lest it should be spide,  
 Hypocrisie ensued the matter to hide.

Then brought they in their monsters, their masses, their  
 light,

Their torches at noone, to darken our sight :

Their Popes and their pardones, their purgatories for  
 fowles,

Their smoking of the church, and flinging of cooles.

*Ignorance.*

Stay yet a while, and let us heare more communi-  
 cation.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I can not, by godde's fowle, if I might have all this  
 nation.

Shall I suffer a knave thus to rayle and prate ?

Nay, then I pray God, the devyll breake my pate.

I will be revenged, or hee depart away.

Ah surrah, you have made a feire speake heere to day.

Do you looke for any reward for your deede ?

It were good to beate thee till thy head bleede,

Or to scourge thee welfavouredlie at a carte's taylor,

To teache suche an horeson to blaspheme and rayle

At suche holie misteries, and matters so hie

As thou speakest of nowe, and rayledst at so latelie.

*New custome.*

What meane ye, sir, or to whom do you speake ?

Are you minded on mee your anger to wreake,

Whiche have not offended as farre as I knowe ?

*Perverse doctrine.*

I speake to thee, knave, thou art madde I trowe ;

What meanest thou to raile right now so contemptuously

At the cheifest secretes of all divinitie ?

*New custome*

Verilie I railed not, so farre as I can tell,

I spake, but advisedly, I knowe very well ;

For I wyll stand to it, whatsoever I sayde.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Wilt thou see ? but I will make the well apaide,

To



To recant thy woordes, I holde thee a pounce,  
Before thou departe hence out of this ground.

*New custome.*

Noe that shall you not doe, if I die therefore.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Thou shalt see anone, go too, prattle no more,  
But tell mee th'effect of the woordes whiche were sayde.

*New custome.*

To recite them agayne, I am not afraide :  
I sayde that the Masse, and suche trumperie as that,  
Popery, purgatorie, pardons, were flatt  
Against Godde's woorde and primitive constitution,  
Crept in through covetousnesse and superstition,  
Of late yeres, through blindnes, and men of no knowledge,  
Even suche as have ben in every age.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Now, precious horeson, thou hast made a lie ;  
How canst thou prove that, tell me by and by.

*New custome.*

It needeth small profe, the effect doth appere,  
Neither this is any place for to argue here.  
And for my saying I holde the negative,  
It lyeth you upon to prove the affirmative ;  
To shewe that such thinges were used in antiquitie,  
And then I can easely prove the contrarie.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Stand'st thou with mee on schole poyntes, dost thou  
indeed ?

Thou hadst best to prove mee whether I can reede ;  
Thinkest thou I have no logique, in deed thinkest thou  
foe ?

Yes, prinkockes, that I have, for fortie yeares agoe  
I coulde smatter in a Duns pretellie, I do not jest,  
Better I am sure then an hundred of you, who so ever is  
the best.

*New custome.*

Trulie I beleve you, for in suche fonde bookes  
You spent idellie your time and wried your lookes :  
More better it had ben in bookes of holie scripture,  
Where as vertue is expresse, and religion pure,

To have passed your youth, as the bible and fuche,  
 Then in these trifles to have dolted so much;  
 Not more to have regarded a Duns or a questionist,  
 Then you would the wordes of the holie evangelist.

*Perverse doctrine.*

What, for a childe to meddle with the bible?

*New custome.*

Yea sure, more better than so to be idle.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Is studie then idlenes? that is a new terme.

*New custome.*

They say better to be idle than to do harme.

*Perverse doctrine.*

What harme dothe knowledge? I pray thee, tell mee.

*New custome.*

Knowledge puffeth up, in sancte Paule you may see,

*Perverse doctrine.*

Yee, but what knowledge meaneth hee? tell me  
 that.

*New custome.*

Even such knowledge as yee professe flat;  
 For the truthe and the gospell you have in contempt,  
 And followe such toyes as your selves do invent:  
 Forsaking Godde's lawes, and th'appostle's institution,  
 In all your procedinges, and matters of religion.

*Perverse doctrine.*

By what speakest thou that, let me here thy judgment?

*New custome.*

Not by any gesse, but by that whiche is evident.  
 As for the scriptures, you have abolished cleane;  
 New fashions you have constitute in religion; agayne,  
 Abuse of the sacraments then hath ben tofore,  
 Have you brought, and in nombre have you made them  
 more

Then Christ ever made: wherefore shew your auctoritie:  
 Or els have you done to the church great injurie.  
 Th'appostles never taught your transubstantiation  
 Of bread into fleshe, or any fuche fashion.



Howe be it they were conversant every day and  
howre,

And received that sacrament of Christ our saviour :  
You feigne also that Peter was bishop of Rome,  
And that hee first instituted the seate of your popedome ;  
But, perverse nation, howe dare you for shame,  
Your fancies on Christ, and th'appostles to frame ?

*Perverse doctrine.*

Marie avaunt, Jackesauce, and prating knave,  
I will conjure thy cote if thou leave not to rave.  
With all my harte, and a vengeance come up and be  
nought,

I see wee shall have an heretike of thee, as I thought.  
These things were approved or thou wast borne, dost thou  
not see ?

And shall be when thou art hanged, I warrant thee.

*New custome.*

Ere I was borne! nay sure that is not trewe,  
For in comparison of mee they be but newe.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Of thee ! ha, ha, ha ! what of thee ? thou art mad.

*New custome.*

Surely in my sorte I am both sober and sad.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Whie, how olde art thou ? tell mee, I pray thee  
hartely.

*New custome.*

Elder than you, I perceive.

*Perverse doctrine.*

What, older than I !

The younge knave, by the masse, not fully thirtie;  
Would be elder than I that am above sixtie ?

*New custome.*

A thousande and a halfe, that surely is my age;  
Ask and enquire of all men of knowledge.

*Perverse doctrine.*

A thousand yeares ! godde's precious sowle, I am out  
of my wittes ;

He is possessed of some devyll, or of some evill sprites.

Why thou art a young knave of that sorte, I saye,  
That brought into this realme but the other daye  
This new learning, and these heresies, and suche other  
things moe,

With strange guises invented not long agoe,  
And I pray thee tell me, is not thy name New custome?

*New custome.*

Trewly so I am called of some,  
As of suche as wante both witte and understanding,  
As you do now, I knowe by your talking:  
But woe be to those that make no distinction  
Betweene many thinges of diverse condition;  
As naught to be good, and hotte to be colde,  
And old to be newe, and newe to be olde:  
Wherefore these disceytes you dayly invent,  
The people to seduce unto your advertisement,  
While with tales you assay, and with lies you begyn  
The truth to deface, and your credit to wyn.

*Perverse doctrine.*

What is thy name, then, I pray thee make declaration.

*New custome.*

In faith, my name is Primitive constitution.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Who? who? *Prava constitutio?* even so I thought,  
I wist that it was some suche thinge of nought.  
Like lettuse, like lippes; a scab'd horse for a scald squire.

*New custome.*

Primitive constitution I saide, if you heare,  
Suche orders as in the primitive church heretofore  
Were used, but not now, the more pittie therefore.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Ah, ah! in good time sir, well might you fare, Primitive constitution,  
That is your trewe name, you say, without all delusion.

Primitive constitution (quodes stowe) as muche as my sleeve,

The devill on him which will such liars beleeve;

For



For my parte, if I credite such an hearie mowle,  
The fowle fende of hell fetche mee, bodie and fowle.

*New custome.*

Trueth can not prevaile where Ignorance is in place.

*Ignorance.*

Peace, or I will lay my beades on thie face;  
Hast thou nothing to raile at but Ignorance, I trowe?

*New custome.*

You may use me even at your pleasure, I knowe,  
For Perverse doctrine, that is rooted soe fast,  
That it may not be changed at no heavenlie blast:  
May not heare the contrarie, but beginneth to kicke,  
Like a jade when hee feleth the spurre for to pricke.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Yee! faist thou soe, thou miscreant villaine?  
A little thing would make mee knocke out thy brayne.  
Hence out of my sight, away, packing, trudge,  
Thou detestable heretike, thou caytife, thou drudge;  
If I may take thee, it were as good thou weare  
deade,

For even with this portuse I will battre thy heade.

[*Exit. New cust.*

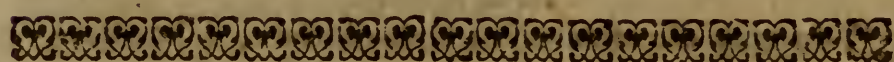
Thoughe I hang therefore, I care not, I,  
So I be revenged on a slave ere I die.  
Sacrament of God! who hath hearde suche a knave?  
Who, after hee had done at Ignorance to rave,  
Perverse doctrine (quod hee) is also rooted so fast,  
That hee may be changed by no heavenly blast:  
No, Godde's fowle, I warrant him, I will see him  
rotten,

Before that my doctrine I shall have forgotten:  
Wherefore it behoveth us some counsell to take,  
Howe wee the stronger our matters may make,  
Against the surprise of this newe invasion,  
Begunne of late by this strange generation,  
Of New custome and his mates, meaning to deface  
Our auncient rightes, and religion, and to place  
Their develishe doctrine the Gospell, and soe  
Our gaines to debate, and our selves to undoe.

I thinke it best therefore that our sister Hypocrisie  
 Do understand fully of this matter by and by.  
 Let us go and seeke her, the case for to shewe,  
 That wee her good counsell may spedely knowe.

*Ignorance.*

I am readie, in following I will not be slowe. [*Exeunt.*]



## Actus 2. Scena 1.

*Light of the Gospel and New custome enter.*

*Light of the gospel.*

**D**oubt you nothing at all, for God will so provide,  
 Who leaveth not his elect to defende and to guide;  
 That where ever I come suche grace you may finde,  
 As shall in each poynte content well your minde,  
 And admit that they call you New custome, what  
 then?

Attribute that follie to the ignorance of men,  
 That followe their fanfies, and know not the right.  
 Well, you knowe where I come once, the light  
 Of the Gospell, whose beames do glister so cleare,  
 Then primitive Constitution in eache place you appeare;  
 And as else where you have ben, so do not mistrust  
 But in this place hereafter be received you must.

*New custome.*

According to your nature, so do you very well  
 To put mee in good hope, bright light of the gospel.  
 And seing you be trewe, I may in no wise  
 Misdeeme you the father or authour of lies:  
 For if trust to the gospell do purchase perpetuaunce  
 Of life unto him who therein hath confidence,  
 What shall the light do? whose beames be so bright,  
 That in eache respect all thinges else of light

Are



Are but very darknes, and eke terrestriall,  
 So the light of the Gospell overshineth them all.  
 Wherefore with great comforte I receive your coun-  
 sell,

With hartie thanks unto you, the light of the Gospell.  
*Light of the gospel.*

Do so, and by faith, then shall you obtaine  
 What so ever you desire, the scripture faith plaine :  
 For *quicquid petieritis in nomine meo*,  
 It must of trueth needes be understode soe :  
 That without faith, what so ever we fortune to crave  
 We may not looke for it our desire to have.  
 Faith moveth mountains, so it be pure faith indeede,  
 By fayth wee obtaine what so ever wee neede :  
 Then faith shall restore to you more thinges then  
 this,

Beleve me, Primitive constitution, what so ever is amisse.  
 But where be those reprobates, devoyde of all grace,  
 Who lately misused you, as you saide, in this place ?

*New custome.*

They be sodenly departed, I wote not well whether,  
 For I left them right now bothe heere together :  
 They cannot be farre hence, I know very well,  
 Where they be, there is none if we ask, but can tell.

*Light of the gospel.*

Do you knowe them agayne if you meete them  
 aright ?

*New custome.*

Yea, sir, that I do, even at the first sight.

*Light of the gospel.*

Then let us not tãrie, but go seek them straite.

*New custome.*

At hande I am readie on you for to wayte.

[*Exeunt.*

## Actus 2. Scena 2.

*Hypocrisie, Perverse doctrine, and Ignorance enter.*

*Hypocrisie.*

**P**erverse doctrine, I say, take heede in any sorte  
That you never beleve what so ever they reporte,  
Though they of the gospell never so muche do preache,  
Every man will not credite what so ever they teache.  
They will not say, all beleve, when they do not, I  
promise thee;

For that time will never come, in this world, trust  
mee.

Tushe, tushe, be thou busied in any case  
To discredite their preachinge in every place.  
If they teache them one thing, then teache thou the  
contrarie;

And if that no scripture for thy place thou have readie,  
In woordes that supplie, which wanteth in reason,  
For ill things applied, sometime, in good season,  
As of better estiones do importe the wayte,  
So they be well ordered by good pollicie and slayght.  
Howbeit their doctrine be founde; yet their vices fynd  
out,

As this is a sloven, or this is a lowte:  
Hee speaketh on envie, such a one for neede;  
This saith it in woordes, but hee thinketh it not in  
deede.

Upon greater occasion they sticke not to rave,  
Saying, this is a whooremaster, villaine, hee an heretike  
knave,

An extorcioner, a theefe, a traytour, a murtherer,  
A covetous person, a common userer.

This hee doth for my mistresse his wyve's sake, by the  
roode,

The better to maintaine and supporte the frenche-  
hooode.

Remember



Remember also, that it weare a great shame,  
 For thee for to have forgotten thy own name.  
 Perverse doctrine, of right, must the trueth so perverte,  
 That hee never let it sinke into any manne's harte,  
 As farre as he can, with diligence withstande,  
 For ever it behoveth thee to be readie at hande,  
 To strenthen thine owne partes, and disprove other  
 doctrine,

What so ever shall be taught that is contrarie to thine;  
 Still pretende religion, what so ever you say,  
 And that shall get thee good credite alwaye,  
 Pleasing the multitude with suche kinde of gear.  
 As with them to the whiche most enclined they are.  
 Square cappes, longe gownes, with tippettes of silke,  
 Brave coopes in the churche, surplices as white as  
 milke,

Beades, and suche like, all these beare the price ;  
 To these thinges applie thy attendant devise :  
 And other likewise, which well you do knowe,  
 Whiche all of great holinesse do set forthe a shewe.  
 Though some of them doubtlesse, be indifferent, what  
 matter,

They furnishe our businesse never the latter.  
 For these of antiquitie, since that they do smell,  
 Our cause must commend right wonderful well :  
 And these be the thinges wherof thou hast neede,  
 The better of thy wyl and purpose to speede.  
 Then geve thy attendance, and so be sure of this,  
 That I will be readie and never wyl misse  
 To assist thee still in working thy purpose,  
 To th'advancing of thee, and depressing thy foes.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Gramercie, good sister, even with all my hearte,  
 For this your good counsell ; and for my parte,  
 What so ever in this case may bee possibly donne,  
 I shall followe your preceptes as a natural sonne.  
 For the matter so standes if wee looke not well about,  
 That we quite perishe shall out of all doubt,  
 Unlesse some such way wee take out of hande,  
 Whereby wee may be able our foes to withstande.

And

And for this cause my brother Ignorance and I ;  
 Lest it should chaunce us to fall into jeoparddie,  
 Through envie of our names in any manne's eare :  
 For this intent, I say, we did diligently care,  
 Our names to counterfaite in suche maner of sorte,  
 That where ever wee goe wee may win good reporte!

*Hypocrisie.*

Of my faith that is very well done in deede.  
 God sende thee a good witt still at thy neede.  
 And that in thy doinges such successe thou maist fynde,  
 That all thinges may chaunce to thee after thy minde,  
 My brother, if thou have ought else for to say,  
 Speake on, or I departe hence away.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Great thanks for your counsel, and if yee chaunce to  
 go thither,  
 You may meete with Ignorance, to hasten him hyther.

*Hypocrisie.*

Farewel he shall be here, you shall see even anon. [*Exit.*]

*Perverse doctrine.*

Alacke, alacke, now my good sifter is gon,  
 Whose presence to enjoye is more pleasant unto mee,  
 Than any thing what so ever in the worlde coulde bee.  
 Good occasion have I suche a sifter to embrace,  
 For by her means I lyve and enjoye this place.  
 Which yet I possesse as longe as I maye,  
 And have heretofore many a faire day.  
 For since these newe heretikes, the devill take them all,  
 In all corners began to barke and to ball  
 At the catholike faith, and the olde religion,  
 Making of them bothe but matters of derision ;  
 Hypocrisie hath so helped at every neede,  
 That but for her, hardly were wee lyke for to speede.  
 For be our case never so nye driven to the worst,  
 Through her meanes by some meane take no place at  
 the first :  
 Yet some meanes doth shee finde, by some meanes at the  
 length,  
 That her waies do prevaile, and her matters get strength.  
 She



Shee can find out a thousand guyles in a trice,  
 For every purpose a newe strong devise.  
 No matter difficile for man to find out,  
 No businesse so daungerous, no person so flowt,  
 But of th'one she is able a solucion to make,  
 And th'others greate peryll and moode for to flake.  
 And in fine, muche matter in fewe woordes to containe,  
 She can finde out a cloke for every rayne.  
 What person is there that beareth more swaie  
 In all maner of matters at this present daye  
 Throughout the whole world, though of symple degree,  
 And of small power to fight shee seeme for to bee?  
 Consider all trades and condicions of lyfe,  
 Then shall you perceiue that Hypocrisie is rise  
 To all kinde of men, and of every age,  
 So farre as their yeeres them therein may give knowledge:  
 Lo, here a large fielde, where at length hee may walke,  
 Who list of this matter at the full for to talke,  
 To declare of what power, and of what efficacie,  
 In every age, countrey and time is Hypocrisie.  
 But I may not about suche small pointes now stande,  
 The affaires they be greater that I have in hande.  
 Ignorance is the cause that I so longe tarie heere,  
 And beholde where the blinde bussard doth appeere.  
 Come on, thou grosse headed knave, thou whorofon asse,  
 I say,  
 Where hast thou ben sence wee departed to day?

*Enter Ignorance.*

*Ignorance.*

Where have I ben, quod you? mary even there I was,  
 Where as I would have geven an hundred pounce, by the  
 Masse,  
 To have ben here; for never sence the day I was borne  
 Was I so neere hande in peeces for to have ben torne.  
 For as I was going up and downe in the streete,  
 To see if I coulde with Hypocrisie meete,  
 Beeholde a farre of I began to espie  
 That heretike Newcustome, with another in his companie.  
 As soone as they sawe mee, they hyde them a pace,  
 Came towards, and met mee full in the face.

*I am*

I am glad wee have founde you then, quod this heretike  
knave,

For you, and your fellowe, this day fought wee have  
In every place, and now can not you flie;

And with these woordes both they came very nie.

Whereat I so feared, I may tell you playne,

That I thought at that howre I should have ben slayne.

This is he, quod the varlet, of whom I tolde you of late,

An enemie of the trewth, and incensed with hate

Against God and his Church, and an impe of Hypocrisie,

A foe to the gospell, and to trewe divinitie.

Thou lyest, heretique, quod I, and naught elles couldé I  
say,

But brake quickly from them, and hither came away.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Who is hee that was with him, Simplicitie, canst thou  
tell?

*Ignorance.*

Not I sure, but some call him the light of the Gospell.

A good personable fellowe, and in countenance so bright,

That I couldé not beholde him in the visage aright.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Goddess precious wounds, that slave! marie fie on  
him, fie!

Body of our Lorde, is he come into the countrey?

I thinke all the heretiques in the worlde have taken in  
hande,

By some solemne othe to pester this lande,

With their wicked scismes, and abhominable sectes,

Now a vengeance on them all, and the devyll breake their  
neckes.

Light of the gospel! light of a straw; yet what ever hee  
bee,

I wolde hee were hanged as hie as I can see.

*Ignorance.*

What, have you hearde of him before this?

*Perverse doctrine.*

Heard of him? yee, that have I often I wis.

If there be any in the worlde, it is this hore on theese,

Belceve me, Simplicitie, that will worke us the mischief.

Hath



Hath that same new Jack gotte him suche a mate?  
 Now with all my heart a pestilence on his pate.  
 I woulde they were both hanged fairely together,  
 Or elles were at the devill, I care not muche whether.  
 For since these *Genevian* doctours came so fast into this  
 lande,

Since that time it was never merie with Englande.  
 First came Newcustome, and hee gave the onsay,  
 And sithens thinges have gone worie every day.  
 But, Simplicitie, dost thou knowe what is mine intent?

*Ignorance.*

Tell mee, and I shall knowe what you have ment.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Our matters with Creweltie our friende to discusse,  
 And to here him what counsell in this case hee will geve  
 us.

And this is the cause I have taried for thee,  
 Because that to him I would have thee goe with mee.  
 But see where hee commeth with Avarice sadly walking,  
 Let us listen, if wee can, whereof they be talkinge.

## Actus 2. Scena 3.

*Creweltie, Avarice entre. Perverse doctrine, and Ignorance tarie.*

*Crueltie.*

**N**AY, by Godde's harte, if I might doe what I list,  
 Not one of them all that should scape my fist.  
 Thus nayles, I would plague them some way or other.  
 I would not misse him, no, if hee were mine owne brother.

With small faultes I might beare as I sawe occasion,  
 And punishe, or forgeve, at mine owne discretion,  
 For I wote that sometime the wisest may fall;

**But**

But heresie, fie on that, that is the greatest of all.  
 Every stockes should be full, every prison and jayle.  
 Some would I beate with roddes, some scorge at a carte's  
 tayle.

Some hoyse their heeles upwarde, some beate in a sacke,  
 Some manickle their fingers, some binde in the racke.  
 Some would I sterue for hunger, some would I hange pri-  
 vilie,

Saying, that themselves so dyed desperately.  
 Some would I accuse of matters of great weight,  
 Openly to hange them as trespassours streight.  
 A thousand mo waies could I tell, and not misse,  
 Whiche here in England, I may say to you, I have prac-  
 tised ere this,

And trust by his woundes, Avarice, some agayne for to  
 trie,

How so ever the world goe before that I die.

*Avarice.*

Now I will tel thee, Crueltie, by Godde's sacrament I  
 have swore,

It were pittie but thou were hanged before.

*Crueltie.*

Ha, ha, ha ; I had as lise they were hanged as I.  
 By the masse, there is one thing makes me laugh hartely,  
 ha, ha, ha.

*Avarice.*

I pray thee what is that ?

*Crueltie.*

What ? ha, ha, ha ; I cannot tell for laughinge, I wold  
 never better pastime desier,

Then to here a dosen of them howling together in the  
 fier ;

Whose noyse, as my thinketh, I could best compare  
 To a crie of houndes folowing after the hare.

Or a rablement of bandogges barking at a beare, ha, ha,  
 ha.

*Avarice.*

I beshrew thy knaves fingers with my very hearte,  
 The devill will reward thee, whose darling thou arte.

But.



But, sirra, I pray thee, if it had chanced me in those daies  
in thy handes to have fel,  
I thinke, sure, thou wouldst have ordred mee well.

*Crueltie.*

His bloud, I would I might have once seene that  
chaunce,  
I would have vext thee with a vengeance, for olde acquaintance.

*Avarice.*

Why so? I was alwaies thy funderer in those daies, I am  
sure.

*Crueltie.*

Yee, but what was the cause? thine owne profit to procure.  
For so that thou mightest vauntage and lucre obtain,  
Thou wouldest not sticke to bring thine owne brother to  
payne.

*Avarice.*

Ha, ha, ha; no, nor father and mother, if there were  
ought to be got,  
Thou mightest sweare, if I could, I would bring them to  
the pot.  
Whereof a like historie I shall tell thee, Crueltie,  
In Englande, which my self plaied in the daies of queene  
Marie.

Twoo brothers there were dwelling, young gentilmen,  
but the heyre

Had substantiall revenewes, his stocke also was faire;  
A man of good conscience, and studious of the gospel.  
Which the other brother perceiving very well,  
Perswaded him by all meanes, since he was so bent,  
To be constant in opinion, and not to relent.  
Which done, he gave notice to the officers about,  
Howe they should come with searche to find his brother  
out;

Who, when hee was once in this sorte apprehended,  
Shortly after his life in the fier hee ended.

The other had the most part of all his lyvinge.

How saist, sir knave? is not this the nere way to thriving?

*Crueltie.*

*Creweltie.*

O unreasonable Avarice, unfaciabie with gayne.

*Avarice.*

What, this ? tushe, it was but a merie trayne.

*Creweltie.*

For luker's sake his owne brother to betraye ?

Hence, Judas, with these doinges I can not awaye.

*Avarice.*

I was ever with him, still readie at hande,  
Continually suggesting of the house and the lande.  
And yet to tell you the trueth, as in deede the thinge is,  
Of my conscience I thinke the best part was his.

*Creweltie.*

By Godde's glorious wounds, hee was worthy of none ;  
But thou to be whipped for thy greedie suggestion.

*Avarice.*

Harte of God, man, be the meanes better or worse,  
I passe not, I, so it be good for the purse, ha, ha, ha.

*Perverse doctrine.*

If you love the purse so well, Avarice, as you say indeed,

Then help mee with your counsell now at-a neede.

*Avarice.*

What, Perverse doctrine, and Ignorance too, were  
you both so neere ?

Wee had thought at our comming that no man had ben  
heere.

*Ignorance.*

Wee have ben in this place ever since that you staide,  
And wee have hearde alio what so ever you have sayde.

*Creweltie.*

Welcome bothe, on my faith, and I am glad it was  
our chaunce

To meet with you here, Perverse doctrine, and Ignorance.  
Whie, how gothe the worlde ? my thinkes you be sad.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Mary, God have mercie, but there is small cause to be glad :  
For excepte you come speedely with your helping hande,  
No doubt wee shall shortly be banished the lande.

*Avarice.*

Whie so, Perverse doctrine ?

*Crew-*



*Crueltie.*

I pray thee, let mee understande.

*Perverſe doctrine.*

Whie ſo ? you knowe howe ſince heriſie came lately  
in place,

And New cuſtome, that vile ſciſmatique, began to deface  
All our olde doings, our ſervice, our rites, that of yore  
Have bene of great price in the olde time before :  
Our ſelves have been enforced almoſt for to flye  
The countrie, or elſe covertly in ſome corner to lye.

*Creweltie.*

By the Maſſe that is trewe, for I dare not appeere,  
Who ſo ever would geve mee twenty pounds in landes by  
the yeere.

*Avarice.*

Ha, ha, ha ; by Godde's foote, and I was never in  
better caſe in my liſ,  
For covetouſnes with the clergie was never ſo riſe.  
Wherefore I have no cauſe in ſuche ſort to be greeved,  
Yet I woulde I could tell, ſirs, how you might be re-  
leeved.

*Perverſe doctrine.*

Nowe, ſirha, to mende up this matter withall :  
Preciouſe God, it frettes mee to the very gall.  
For now of late that ſlave, that varlet, that heretique,  
Lighte of the Goſpell,  
Is come over the ſea, as ſome credibly tell,  
Whom Newcuſtome doth uſe in all matters as a ſtaie,  
The moſt ennemie to us in the worlde alway ;  
Whoſe rancour is ſuche, and ſo great is his ſpight,  
That no doubt hee will ſtraightway baniſhe us quight,  
Unleſſe wee provide ſome remedie for the contrary,  
And with ſpeede ; this is treuth that I tell thee, Crueltie.

*Creweltie.*

His woundes, hart and bloud, is he come without  
any naye ?

*Ignorance.*

Yee verely, for with theſe eyes I ſawe him to daye.

*Crew-*

*Creweltie.*

Now I would hee were here, I woulde so dresse the  
 slave,  
 That I warrant hee should beare mee a marke to his  
 grave.  
 First I woulde buffet him thus, then geve him a fall ;  
 Afterwarde I would dashe out his braynes at the wall.

*Avarice.*

Holde your handes, you rude knave, or by Godde's  
 bodie I sweare,  
 I wyll quickly fetch my fist from your eare.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Tushe, tushe, it availes naught to chafe, or to chide,  
 It were more wisedome with speede some redresse to pro-  
 vide.

*Creweltie.*

Redresse ? nowe by Godde's guttes, I will never staye,  
 Tyll I finde meanes to ridde the beast out of the waye.  
 I wyll cut him of the slampambes, I holde him a crowne,  
 Where so ever I meete him, in countrie, or towne.

*Ignorance.*

What order you will take, it were best make relation,  
 For moe wittes, as you knowe, may do better than one.

*Creweltie.*

I wyll do then what so ever shall come in my head,  
 I force, not I, so the vyllaine were dead.

*Ignorance.*

And of my furtherance, whatsoever I may do you, be  
 sure,  
 Your good state againe, if I can, to procure,  
 With my uttermost help to suppress yonder rascall,  
 For by the masse, you papiests I like best of all.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Then can wee not doo amisse, I conjecture rightly,  
 For where as al these come, Perverse doctrine, Avarice,  
 Ignorance, and Cruelty :

There goeth the hare, except all good lucke goe awrie.  
 But, sirs, it is good, lest your names you diserie,  
 To transpose them after some other kinde,  
 Els bee sure with the people much hatred to finde.



As for Perverſe doctrine, Sounde doctrine; for Ignorance;  
Simplicitee

With theſe coulours, of late, our ſelves cloked have wee.

*Creweltie.*

What then ſhall I, Crueltie, bee called in your judgement?

*Perverſe doctrine.*

Mary, Juſtice with Severitie, a vertue moſt excellent.

*Avarice.*

What will you terme Avarice, I pray you let mee heare?

*Perverſe doctrine.*

Even Frugalitie, for to that vertue it cometh moſt neare.

*Avarice.*

Contente by his woundes, I, but wee muſt look to our feete,

Leaſt wee ſtumble in theſe names when ſo ever wee meete.

*Perverſe doctrine.*

Yea, ſee you take heede to that in any manner of caſe,  
So may you delude the people in every place.

*Creweltie.*

Come then, it is time hence that away wee departe.

*Ignorance.*

Wee are readie to follow with a moſt wylling hart,

*Avarice.*

But, ſirs, becauſe wee have taried ſo longe,  
If you bee good fellowes, let us depart with a ſonge.

*Creweltie.*

I am pleaſed, and therefore let every man  
Follow after in order as well as hee can.

## The firſt SONGE.

Well handled, by the maſſe, on every ſide.

Come, Avarice, for wee twoo will no longer abide.

[Exit Cr. and A.]

*Perverſe doctrine.*

Farewell to you bothe, and God ſend you ſucceſſe,  
Suche as may glad us all in your preſent buſineſſe.

Now they be departed, and wee may not tary,  
 For it lieth us upon all to bee sturring, by S. Mary.  
 New Custome prevayleth much every where,  
 But, no matter, they bee fooles that do geeve him suche  
 eare.

Let old custome prevayle rather, it is better than new,  
 'This all will confesse, that thinke scripture is true.  
 Doo as thy fathers have doone before thee (quoth hee)  
 Then shalt thou bee certayne in the right way to bee.  
 And sure that is better then to followe the trayne  
 That eche man inventeth of his owne proper brayne.  
 Whiche hath brought the worlde to this case, as wee see,  
 That every day wee heere of some notorious heresie.  
 Yet all is the Gospell, whatsoever they say:  
 Well, if it chaunce that a dogge hath a daye,  
 Woe then to Newcustome, and all his mates, tushe, tushe,  
 No man the Gospell will esteeme then a rushe.  
 What will that other heretique do, Light of the gospel, I  
 pray ?

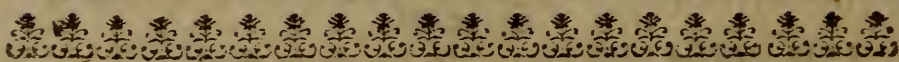
Dare not once shewe his face more than we at this day.  
 But come, Ignorance, let us follow after apace,  
 For wee have abidden all to long in this place.

*Ignorance.*

Let us go then, but by the masse, I am vengeance drie,  
 I pray let us drinke at the ale-house herebie.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Content in fayth, thither with speede let us hie.



### Actus 3. Scena I.

*Light of the Gospell, Newcustome, Perverse doctrine.*

*Light of the gospel.*

**T**HEY be not this way, as farre as I can see :  
 Unlesse they have hidden them selves up privilie.  
 For in presence of Light of the Gospell, and Primative  
 Constitution,  
 Undoubtedly such reprobates can have no habitation.

*New-*



*New custome.*

Verely I do finde it so even as you have saide,  
 For at your sight they all flie away as dismaide.  
 Wherefore I have great cause to geeve you thanks,

*Light*

Of the gospel, that put thus my enemies to flight.

*Light of the Gospel.*

Nay, they be my enemies also, that be enemies to you.  
 In so much as your dealinges be both vertuouse and true.  
 For what is the gospell else, wherof I am Light ?  
 But trewth, equitie, veritie, and right ?  
 They be enemies to God too, and all liers impure,  
 In so much as he is called veritie in the scripture.  
 And the lying lippes with speakers of vanitie,  
 The Lorde him selfe will revenge with extremitie.  
 But see, what is hee that aprocheth so nie ?

*New custome.*

Of whom I tolde you, it is Perverse doctrine verelie.

*Light of the gospel.*

Then let us a little steppe out of the waye,  
 If haplie wee may heare what hee will say.

*Perverse doctrine.*

A firrha, by my trothe there is a very good vaine :  
 Ignorance hath well lyned his cappe for the rayne.  
 I coulde have taried longer there with a good wyll,  
 But as the proverbe saith, it is good to keepe still,  
 One head for the reckning bothe sober and wise,  
 Wherefore in this thinge I have followed that guise.  
 Ignorance is but a dolte, it is I that must drudge,  
 For neede (they say) maketh the olde wife and man both  
 to trudge.

Suche snares wee shall laye for these heretikes, I trust,  
 That Newcustome, and his fellowes, shall soone lye in the  
 dust.

If Crueltie may prevaile, hee will never flake,  
 Tyll hee have brought a thousand of them to a flake.  
 Avarice hath promised to do what in him laye,  
 Who hath ben in greate credite with the worlde alway.

But if Ignorance may get place, then shall wee do well,  
Then adewe all idle heretikes, and vaine talke of the gospell.

For me Perverse doctrine, this shall be my fetche,  
To keepe constant the mindes of all I can cetcher,  
Lest these glosers sometimes they chaunce to heare preaching,

And thereby be converted, and credite their teachinge.  
For I trust shortly to bring it to passe,  
That lesse knowledge of the Gospell shall serve, by the masse.

*Light of the gospel.*

Let us inclose him, that hee may not flie,  
Else wyll hee be gone when hee doth us espie.  
O impe of Antechrist, and seede of the devyll!  
Borne to all wickednesse, and nussed in all evyll.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Nay, thou stinking heretike, art thou there in deed?  
According to thy naughtines thou must looke for to speede.

*New custome.*

Godde's holie woordes in no wise can be heresie,  
Though so you terme it never so falsly.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Yee preciouſe whoreson, art thou there too?  
I thinke you have pretended some harme mee to doo.  
Helpe, helpe, I say, let mee be gone at once,  
Else I will smite thee in the face with my fist, by Godde's bones.

*New custome.*

You must be contented a little season to stay,  
Light of the Gospell, for your profite, hath some thing to say.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I will heare none of your preachinges, I promise you playne,  
For what ever you speake, it is but in vayne.

*Light of the gospel.*

In vayne it shall not be spoken, I know very well.  
For God hath alwaies geven suche power to his gospell,



That where ever, or by whom declared it bee,  
 It shall redounde unto his owne honour and glorie.  
 God is glorified in those whom hee dooth electe,  
 God is glorified in those also whom hee dooth rejecte.  
 The electe are saved, by that in the woorde they beleeve.  
 But the other, because no credence they geeve  
 To the truthe, cannot bee but blameable,  
 Commyttyng a fault of all faultes most damnable.  
 For, *Si ad eos non venissem*, saith Christ our Saviour,  
 If I had not come unto them with the worde, this is sure,  
 In farre better case the unfaithfull had ben,  
 For in this one respect they had had no sinne.  
 But where the trueth is, and yet there contemned,  
 Of Christ his owne mouth all suche are condempned.  
 Thus the gospell of Christ, be it received or no,  
 Sheweth the glory of God where so ever it go.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I were contente to abide, and knowe your pleasure :  
 But for businesse, at this time I have no leysure.

*Light of the gospel.*

What leisure ought a man at all times more to have,  
 Then to endeavour bothe his body and soule for to save?

*New custome.*

For that care, all other cares wee must set a side.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Say on then, for patiently I minde to abide.

*Light of the gospel.*

Not to heare what is spoken is onely sufficient,  
 But to put it in practise with sincere intent  
 What so ever is taught us concerning good doing,  
 Expressing it plainly in our vertuouse lyving.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Whie ? what would you have mee in living expresse ?

*Light of the gospel.*

Even the gospell, which is nothing else, doubtlesse,  
 But amendment of life, and renouncing of sinne :  
 With displeasure toward your selfe for the faultes you were  
 in,

*Perverse doctrine.*

How shall I displease my selfe in sinne I would knowe ?

*Light of the gospel.*

In considering that nothing bringeth man so lowe  
Out of Godde's favour, as sinne ; nothing setteth him so  
hie,

As lothing the same, and calling to him for his mercie.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Verely I am sorie for my forepassed demeanour,  
But that can not availle mee but little, I am sure.

*Light of the gospel.*

Whie think you so ? boldely tell me your minde.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Because Godde's mercie is farre enough behinde.

*Light of the gospel.*

Godde's mercie is at hande, if you repent faithfully.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I repent my sinnes, and for them am sorie hartely ;  
But how shall I be sure mercie for to obtaine ?

*Light of the gospel.*

Credite mee trewly, for my woordes are not vaine,  
I am Light of the gospell, and have full authoritie  
To pronounce to the penitent forgivenesse of iniquitie,  
So that in asking, you put your assurance to speede,  
Then no doubt you have obtained mercie in deede.

*Perverse doctrine.*

This assurance, how cometh it ? declare, I pray  
you.

*Light of the gospel.*

In thinking that Christ his woordes and promises are  
trewe ;

And as hee cannot deceive, so cannot be disceived,  
Which faith of all Christians must nedes be received.

*Perverse doctrine.*

What thing is faith ? I pray you recite.

*Light of the gospel.*

A substance of thinges not appering in sight,  
Yet which wee looke for, for so saincte Paule doth de-  
fine,

To the Hebrews, the eleventh chapter and the first line.

*Perverse*



*Perverse doctrine.*

How to purchase this faith, I would I could tell.

*Light of the gospel.*

Certainly by mee also, the Light of the gospel ;  
For sayth commeth by the woorde, when we reade or  
heare,

As by the same saint Paule it doth plainely eppere.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Geve mee leave then to embrace you, I pray you  
hartely.

*Light of the gospel.*

With all my very heart, I receive you courtesely.

*Perverse doctrine.*

To thee I geve most humble thanks, O God im-  
mortall,

That it hath pleased thee, mee from my wickednesse to  
call ;

And where as I deserved no mercie, but judgement,  
Yet to powre downe thy pardon on mee most aboun-  
dant,

Revoking mee from rebrobates, and members of hell,  
To win mee in societie with the Light of the gospel.

*Light of the gospel.*

Stande up, there is some what else yet behynde.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I wholly yelde my selfe to you, use me after your  
minde.

*Light of the gospel.*

Perverse doctrine, you shall be calde no more after  
this,

But Sincere doctrine, as now I trust your trewe name  
is.

*Perverse doctrine.*

By Godde's grace, while I live, I will so endeavour,  
That mylife and my name may accorde thus for ever.

*Light of the gospel.*

Then all wicked companie you must cleane forsake,  
And flie their societie, as a tode, or a snake.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I abandon them quite, what so ever they bee.

*New custome.*

Well, Sincere doctrine, hearken also unto mee,  
Whom needes you must followe if you wyll do well,  
Since you have imbraced the Light of the gospell.  
I am not New custome, as you have ben misled,  
But am Primitive constitution, from the verie head  
Of the church, which is Christ and his disciples all,  
And from the fathers, at that time, taking originall.  
By mee then you must learne, for your owne behest,  
And for all vocations what is judged the best.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I receave you gladly, with thankses, for your gentlenes,  
At your handes craving earnestly for my trespas forgivenes.

*New custome.*

It is easly forgiven.

*Perverse Doctrine.*

Now as touching my apparell, what councell do you give ?

For I see well that in the constitution primitive,  
They used no suche garment as I have on heare,  
But fashioned it after some other maner.

*New custome.*

So did they trewly, I confesse it in deede;  
But in suche things a man ought not to take so greate heede,  
For the wearing of a gowne, cap, or any other garment,

Surely is a matter, as mee seemeth, indifferent.  
Howbeit, wyse Princes, for a difference to be had,  
Hath commaunded the clargie in suche sorte to be clad;  
But hee who puttes his religion in wearing the thing,  
Or thinkes him selfe more holly for the contrarie doing,  
Shall prove but a foole, of what ever condition  
Hee bee, for sure that is but meere superstition.  
Other things there be which have ben abused,  
Tollerable enough, if well they were used :

Wherefore



Wherefore use your apparell, as is comely and decent,  
And not against scripture any where in my judgement.

*Light of the gospel.*

No sure : for God waieth not, who is a sprite,  
Of any vesture, or outward appearance a mite,  
So the conscience be pure, and to no sin a slave,  
That is all which hee most gladly would have.

*New custome.*

Well, these having declared, and sufficiently taught,  
And I trust on your parte perceaved as they ought :  
By your pacience, I mind to departe for a season.

*Light of the gospel.*

If your businesse bee so, it is but reason.

*New custome.*

With great thanks unto you, Light of the gospel, for  
the gentlenes I have found  
At your handes, as of due desert I am bound.

*Light of the gospel.*

The Lorde be your guide whither so ever you departe.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Humble thanks, sir, I yelde you from the bottome  
of my hearte.

Albeit in this parte so small be my skyll,  
That I may not performe them according to my wyll.

*New custome.*

The peace of God be with you both for ever more.

[Exit.

*Edification entreth.*

Where so ever Light of the gospell goeth before,  
There I Edification do followe incontinent,  
As unto the same a necessary consequent ;  
For though the letter alwaies woorke not that effect :  
Yet surely in the congregation of Godde's elect,  
Where the light and force taketh place, there Edi-  
fication

Of all right must I make my habitation.  
Endevour then alwaies mee to retaine,  
So shall your doctrine not be gyven in vayne.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I receive you most gladly, and I trust in the Lorde,  
That for ever hereafter wee shall well accorde.

*Edification.*

I trust so.

*Light of the gospel.*

Fare you well, now you are not alone,  
For this small while I must needes begone.  
Here, take at my handes this testament booke,  
And in mine absence therein I pray you earnestly  
looke.

*Perverse doctrine.*

Your commandement shalbe done, with thanks for  
your counsel.

*Light of the gospel.*

Then shall yee sure finde great delight in the gospel.

[Exit.

*Affurance entreth.*

Edification without Assurance vayleth not muche.  
Yet where they both do meete, surely there force is  
suche,  
That to Godde's kingdome they open the way,  
The sweete place of rest, and perpetual joye.  
For assurance in Christ Jesus without manne's further  
merite,  
Is fully sufficient Godde's favour to inherite:  
Wherefore, Light of the gospell willed mee foe,  
That to you, Edification, with all speede I should goe:  
So that with Sincere doctrine, wee joyned in unitie,  
Might in short time conduct him to Godde's perfect Fe-  
licitie.

*Perverse doctrine.*

I embrace you, Assurance, that blisse to obtaine.

*Affurance.*

Then bee you assured, that you shall not bee vayne;  
For if that Christe's woordes be faithfull and just,  
Godde's perfect Felicitie is not far hence, I trust.

*Godde's Felicitie entreth.*

Verily, where Edification and Assurance in one are alied,  
Godde's Felicitie is at hande, it may not be denied,  
Which



Which hee promifeth to fuche as unfeinedly crave,  
 With affurance that certainly the fame they fhall have;  
 Which Felicitie in perfon heere I do reprefente,  
 Who by God himfelfe to the faythfull am fent,  
 Prepared for them, as he plainly hath fayde,  
 Since the time that the worlde's foundations were laide;  
 Wherefore great thanks unto hym doubtleffe you owe,  
 That it would please him fuche giftes on you to beftowe,  
 The moft precious thing which manne's reafon doth excell,

No minde can conceive, muche leffe tongue can tell.

*Perverfe doctrine.*

Too him therefore let us geve all maner prayfe,  
 That beareth fuch affection to mankind alwaies.  
 O Lorde, thine honour might be great in heaven fo hie,  
 And throughout the whole earth thie everlafting glorie.  
 Geeve grace to thy people, that after this tranfitorie  
 Life, they maye come to thy perfect felicitie.

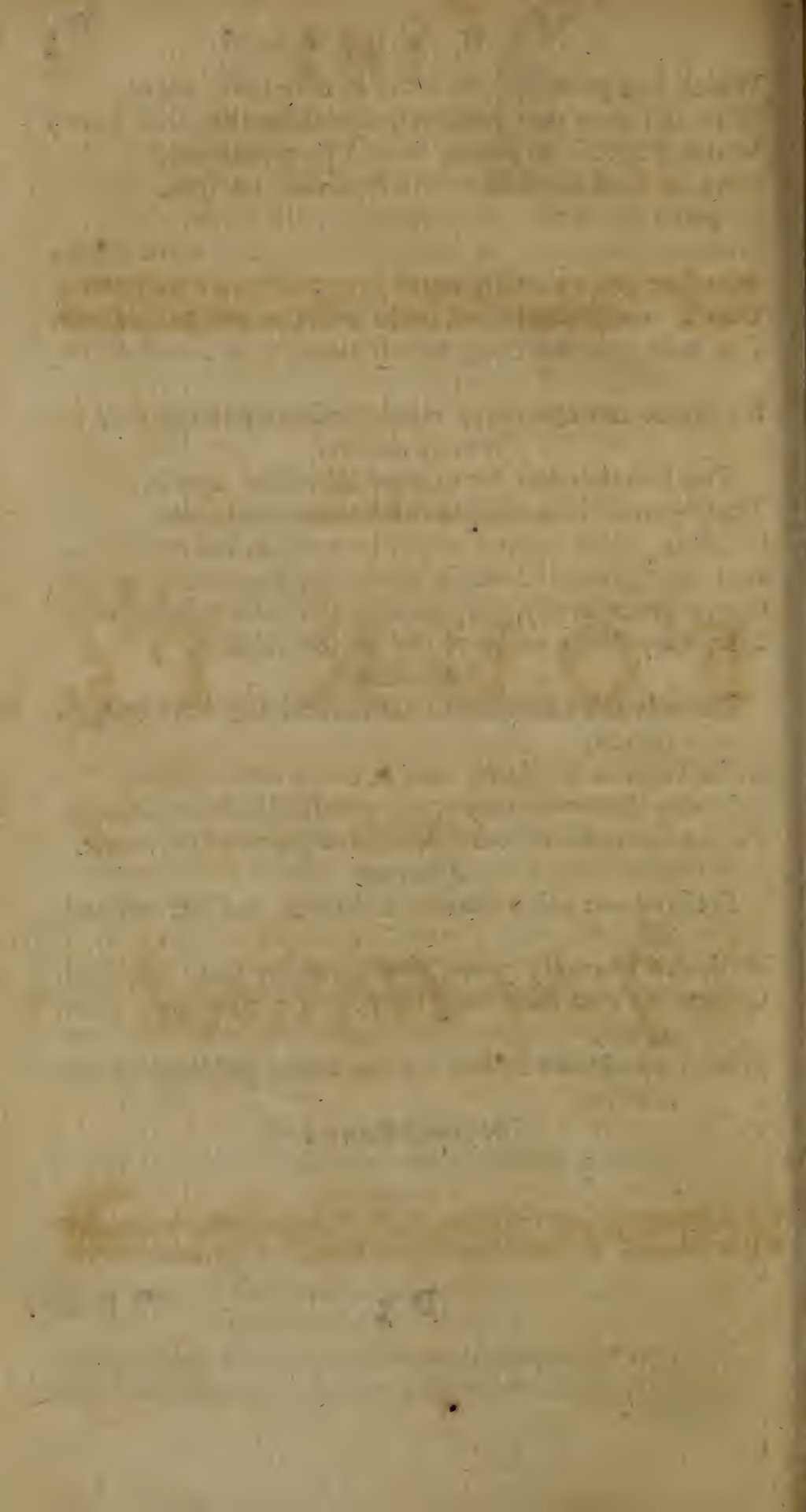
*Edification.*

Defende thy church, O Chrift, and thy holy congregation,  
 Bothe heere in England, and in every other nation.  
 That wee thy trewth may attaine, and ftill followe the fame,  
 To the falvation of our fowles, and glorie of thy name.

*Affurance.*

Preferve our noble queene Elizabeth, and her counsell  
 all,  
 With thy heavenly grace, fent from thy feate supernall.  
 Graunt her and them long to lyve, her to raigne, them  
 to fee,  
 What may alwaies be beft for the weale publique's commoditie.

*The fecond SONGE.*







THE  
FOUR P's.

BY

*John Heywood.*





**J**ohn Heywood *lived in the Reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. He was educated at Oxford, and his Residence afterwards was at North Mims in Hertfordshire. He was a noted Jester, and wrote 500 Epigrams. He was intimate with Sir Thomas Moore; and much encouraged by King Henry the Eighth and Queen Mary: But when Queen Elizabeth came to the Crown, he fled to Mechlin in Brabant, on account of his Religion; and died there about 1565. He is accounted by some, to be the first English dramattick Writer. The Pieces he wrote, besides this, are, the Play between John the Husband and Tibby his Wife; The Play of The Pardoner, the Friar, the Curate, and Neighbour Pratt; the Play of Gentleness and Nobility, in two Parts; the Play of Love; and the Play of All manner of Weathers. Winstanley and some others think the Epigrams were wrote by another John Heywood; but as a Specimen of his Talent that way, take the following Epigram, written on himself, by himself; and which I think will prove, that the Writer of the Plays, and the Epigrams, was the same Person.*

Art thou Heywood, with thy mad merry Wit?

Yea, forsooth, Master, that Name is even hit.

Art thou Heywood, that appliest Mirth more than Thrift?

Yes, Sir, I take merry Mirth a Golden Gift.

Art



Art thou *Heywood*, that hast made many mad Plays?  
 Yea, many Plays, few good Works in my Days.  
 Art thou *Heywood*, that hath made Men merry  
 long?

Yea, and will if I be made merry among.  
 Art thou *Heywood*, that wouldst be made merry  
 now?  
 Yes, Sir, help me to it now, I beseech you.



A very



A very merry Enterlude of

A PALMER,  
A PARDONER,  
A POTICARY,  
A PEDLER.



THE





THE  
FOUR P's.

---

*almer speaketh.*



OW-God be heer ; who keepeth this place?  
 Now by my faith, I cry you mercy ;  
 Of reason I must sue for grace,  
 My rudenes sheweth me so homely.  
 Wherof your pardon askt and wun,  
 I sue now, as curtesy dooth me binde,  
 To tel this whiche shalbe begun,  
 In order as may come best in minde.  
 I am a Palmer, as you see,  
 Whiche of my life muche part have spent  
 In many a far and fair cuntrie,  
 As pilgrims doo of good intent.  
 At Jerusalem have I been,  
 Before Christe's blessed sepulture :  
 The mount of Calvary I have seen,  
 A holy place ye may be sure.  
 To Josaphat and Olivete,

On

On foot, God wote, I went right bare :  
 Many a falte tear did I swete,  
 Before this carkas would come thare.  
 Yet have I been at Room also,  
 And gone the stations all a rowe ;  
 Saint Peter's shrine and many mo,  
 Than if I tolde all ye do knowe.  
 Except that there be any suche,  
 That hath been there, and diligently  
 Hath taken heed, and marked muche,  
 Then can they speak as muche as I.  
 Then at the Rhodes also I was ;  
 And round about to Amias.  
 At saint Toncomber and saint Tronion :  
 At saint Botulphe and saint Anne of Buckstone.  
 On the hils of Armeny, where I saw Noe's ark ;  
 With holy Job, and saint George in Southwark ;  
 At Waltam and at Walsingham ;  
 And at the good rood of Dagnam ;  
 At saint Cornelie's ; at saint James in Gales ;  
 And at saint Winefred's well in Wales ;  
 At our lady of Boston ; at saint Edmund's Bury ;  
 And streight to saint Patrick's purgatory ;  
 At Ridibone, and at the blood of Hailes,  
 Where pilgrimes paines right muche availes ;  
 At saint Davies, and at saint Denice ;  
 At saint Mathew, and saint Mark in Venice ;  
 At maister John Shorne in Canterbury ;  
 The great God of Kateward, at king Herry.  
 At Saint Saviour's ; at our Lady of Southwel ;  
 At Crome, at Wilsdome, and at Muswel ;  
 At saint Richard, and at saint Roke ;  
 And at our Lady that standeth in the oke.  
 To these, with other many one,  
 Devoutly have I prayed and gone,  
 Praying to them, to pray for me  
 Unto the blessed Trinitie.  
 By whose prayers and my dayly pain,  
 I trust the sooner to obtain



For my saluacion, grace and mercy.  
 For be ye sure I think assuredly,  
 Who seeketh saints for Christe's sake,  
 And namely suche as pain doo take  
 On foot, to punishe their frail body,  
 Shall therby merite more hiely  
 Then by any thing doon by man.

*Pardoner.*

And when ye have gone as far as you can,  
 For all your labour and ghostely intent,  
 Ye will come home as wise as ye went.

*Palmer.*

Why, sir, dispise ye pilgrimage ?

*Pardoner.*

Nay, fore God, sir, then did I rage ?  
 I think ye right wel occupide,  
 To seek these saints on every side.  
 Also your paines I not dispraise it ;  
 But yet I discommend your wit :  
 And ere we go even so shall ye,  
 If you in this wil answere me.  
 I pray you shew what the cause is.  
 Ye went all these pilgrimages ?

*Palmer.*

Forsooth, this life I did begin,  
 To rid the bondage of my sin :  
 For whiche these saints reherfed or this :  
 I have both sought and seen, I wis ;  
 Beseeching them to bear record  
 Of all my pain, unto the Lord,  
 That giveth all remission,  
 Upon eche man's contrition :  
 And by their good mediation,  
 Upon my humble submission,  
 I trust to have in very deed,  
 For my soule helth the better speed.

*Pardoner.*

Now is your own confession likely  
 To make you a fool quickly.

For

For I perceive ye would obtain  
 No other thing for all your pain,  
 But only grace your soule to save :  
 Now mark in this what wit ye have.  
 To seek so far, and help so nie ;  
 Even heer at home is remedy :  
 For at your door my self doth dwel,  
 Who could have saved your soule aswel,  
 As all your wide wandring shall doo,  
 Though ye went thrice to Jerico.  
 Now since ye might have sped at home,  
 What have ye won by running to Rome ?

*Palmer.*

If this be true that you have mooved,  
 Then is my wit in deed reprooved.  
 But let us hear first what ye are ?

*Pardoner.*

Truly I am a Pardoner.

*Palmer.*

Truly a Pardoner, that may be true ;  
 But a true Pardoner dooth not insue.  
 Right feld is it seen, or never,  
 That truthe and Pardoners dwel together.  
 For be your pardons never so great,  
 Yet them to enlarge ye wil not let,  
 With suche lies, that oft times, Christe wot,  
 Ye seem to have that ye have not.  
 Wherefore I went my self to the self thing  
 In every place, and without fayning :  
 Had as muche pardon there assuredly,  
 As ye can promise me heer doutfully.  
 How be it, I think ye do but scoffe :  
 But if ye had all the pardon ye speak of,  
 And no whit of pardon graunted  
 In any place, where I have haunted ;  
 Yet of my labour I nothing repent ;  
 God hath respect how eche time is spent.  
 And as in his knowledge all is regarded ;  
 So by his goodnes all is rewarded.

*Pardoner.*



*Pardoner.*

By this first part of this last tale,  
 It seemeth ye came of late from the ale.  
 For reason on your side so far dooth fail,  
 That ye leve reasoning, and begin to rail.  
 Wherin you forget your owne part cleerly  
 For you be as untrue as I:  
 And in one point ye are beyond me,  
 For you may lie by authoritie,  
 And all that have wandered so far,  
 That no man can be their controler.  
 And where you esteem your labour so much;e;  
 I say yet again my pardons are fuche,  
 That if there were a thousand soules on a heap,  
 I would bring them all to heaven, as good cheap,  
 As ye have brought your self on pilgrimage,  
 In the last quarter of your voyage,  
 Whiche is far a this side heaven, by God:  
 There your labour and pardon is od.  
 With small cost and without pain,  
 These pardons bring them to heaven plain.  
 Give me but a penny or two pence,  
 And assoon as the soule departeth hence,  
 In half an houre, or three quarters at the moste,  
 The soule is in heaven, with the Holy Ghoste.

*Poticary.*

Send ye any souls to heaven by water?

*Pardoner.*

If we doo, sir, what is the matter?

*Poticary.*

By God, I have a dry soule should thither;  
 I pray you let our soules go to heaven together,  
 So busy you twain be in soule helth;  
 May not a Poticary come by stelh?  
 Yes, that we wil, by saint Antony,  
 And by the leve of this company,  
 Prove ye false knaves bothe, ere we go,  
 In parte of your sayings; as this, lo,  
 Thou, by thy travail, thinkest heaven to get:

*[To the Palmer.*

And

And thou by pardons and reliques countest no let,  
*[To the Pardoner.]*

To send thine own soule to heaven sure;  
 And all other whom thou list to procure.  
 If I took an action, then were they blank;  
 For like theeves they rob away my thank.  
 All soules in heaven, having releefe,  
 Shall they thank your crafts? nay, mine cheef.  
 No soule, ye knowe, entreth heaven gate,  
 Til from the body he be separate:  
 And whom have ye knowen die honestly,  
 Without help of the Poticary?  
 Nay, all that commeth to our handling,  
 Except ye hap to come to hanging;  
 That way, perchaunce, ye shall not misfer,  
 To go to heaven without a glister.  
 But be ye sure I would be wo,  
 That ye should chaunce to begile me so.  
 As good to lie with me a night,  
 As to hang abrode in the moon light.  
 There is no choice to flie my hand;  
 But, as I said, into the band.  
 Since of our soules the multitude  
 I send to heaven, when all vewd,  
 Who should but I then all together,  
 Have thank of all their comming thither?

*Pardoner.*

If ye kil'd a thousand in an houre space,  
 When come they to heaven dying out of grace?

*Poticary.*

But if a thousand pardons about your necks were tyed;  
 When come they to heaven, if they never dyed?

*Palmer.*

Long life after good woorks in deed,  
 Dooth hinder man's receipt of meed.  
 And death before one duty doon,  
 May make us think we die too soon.  
 Yet better tary a thing and have it;  
 Then go too soon, and vainly crave it..

*Pardoner.*



*Pardoner.*

The longer ye dwel in communication,  
The lesse shall ye like this imagination.  
For you may perceive at the first chop,  
Your tale is trapt in suche a stop,  
That, at the least, ye seem woorse than we.

*Poticary.*

By the masse, I holde us nought all three.

*Pedler.*

By our lady, then have I gone wrong ;  
And yet to be heer I thought it long.

*Poticary.*

Brother, ye have gone wrong no whit,  
I praise your fortune and your wit,  
That can direct you so discretely,  
To plant you in this company.  
Thou a Palmer, and thou a Pardoner,  
I a Poticary.

*Pedler.*

And I a Pedler.

*Poticary.*

Now, on my faith, ful wel watched ;  
Where the devil were we foure hatched ?

*Pedler.*

That maketh no matter, since we be matched,  
I could be mery if that I had catched  
Some money for part of the ware in my pack.

*Poticary.*

What the devil hast thou there at thy back ?

*Pedler.*

Why doost thou not knowe, that every Pedler  
In all kinde of trifles must be a medler ?

Specially in women's triflings ;

Those use we cheefly above all things.

Whiche things to se, if ye be disposed,

Beholde what ware heer is disclosed,

This geer sheweth it self in suche beautie,

That eche man thinks it faith come buy me.

Look where your self can like to be chofer,

Your self shall make price, though I be a loser.

Is there nothing for my father Palmer?  
 Have ye not a wanton in a corner?  
 For all your walking to holy places,  
 By Christe, I have heard of as straunge cases.  
 Who liveth in love, and love would win,  
 Even at this pack he must begin.  
 Wherin is right many a proper token,  
 Of whiche by name part shal be spoken:  
 Gloves, pinnes, combes, glasses unspotted,  
 Pomaunders, hooks, and laces unknotted;  
 Brooches, rings, and all maner of beads:  
 Laces round and flat for women's heads;  
 Nedles, thred, thimbles, and suche other knacks,  
 Where lovers be, no suche thing lacks:  
 Sipers, swathbonds, ribands and sleeve laces,  
 Girdles, knives, purses, and pincaces.

*Poticary.*

Doo women buy their pincaces of you?

*Pedler.*

Yea, they do, I make God a vow.

*Poticary.*

So mote I thrive then for my part,  
 I beshrew thy knave's naked hart,  
 For making my wives pincace so wide,  
 The pinnes fall out, they cannot abide:  
 Yet pinnes she must have, one or other;  
 If she lose one, she wil finde another.  
 Wherein I finde cause to complain;  
 New pinnes to her plesure, but to my pain.

*Pardoner.*

Sir, ye seem wel seen in women's causes;  
 I pray you tel me, what causeth this:  
 That women after their uprising,  
 Be so long in their appareling?

*Pedler.*

Forsooth, women have many lets,  
 And they be masked in many nets:  
 As frontlets, fillets, partlets, and bracelets:  
 And then their bonets and their poynets.

By



By these lets and nets, the let is fuche ;  
That speed is small, when hafte is much.

*Poticary.*

Another cause why they come not forward,  
Whiche maketh them dayly to draw backward ;  
And it is a thing they cannot forbear ;  
The trimming and pinning up of their gere ;  
Specially their fidling with the tail pin ;  
And when they would have it prickt in,  
If it chaunce to double in the cloth,  
Then they be wood, and fwere an othe.  
Til it stand right they wil not forsake it,  
Thus though it may not, yet wil they make it.  
But be ye sure they doo but defar it ;  
When they wuld make it, oft times they marre it ;  
But prick them and pin them as nie as ye wil,  
And yet wil they look for pinning stil.  
So that I durst holde with you a joint,  
Ye shall never have them at a ful point.

*Pedler.*

Let women's matters paffe, and marke mine :  
What ever their points be, these points be fine.  
Wherefore if ye be willing to buy,  
Lay down money, come of quickly.

*Palmer.*

Nay, by my trouth, we be like fryers ;  
We are but beggars, we be no buyers.

*Pardoner.*

Sir, you may shew your ware for your minde,  
But I think you shall no profite finde.

*Pedler.*

Wel, though this journey acquite no cost,  
Yet think I not my labour lost :  
For by the faith of my body,  
I like ful wel this company.  
Up shal this pack, for it is plain  
I came not hither all for gain.  
Who may not play one day in a week,  
May think his thrift far to seek.

Devise

Devise what pastime that ye think best,  
And make ye sure to finde me prest.

*Poticary.*

Why ? be you so universall,  
That you can doo what so ever you shall ?

*Pedler.*

Sir, if you list for to appose me ;  
What I can doo, then shall you see.

*Poticary.*

Then tel me this, are you perfit in drinking ?

*Pedler.*

Perfit in drinking, as may be wisht by thinking.

*Poticary.*

Then after your drinking, how fall ye to winking ?

*Pedler.*

Sir, after drinking, while the shot is tincking ;  
Some heds be fwinking, but mine will be sinking,  
And upon drinking, my eyes wil be pinking :  
For wincking to drinking, is alway linking.

*Poticary.*

Then drinck and sleep you can wel do ;  
But if you were desired therto,  
I pray you tell me, can you sing ?

*Pedler.*

Sir, I have some sight in singing.

*Poticary.*

But is you brest any thing sweet ?

*Pedler.*

What ever my brest be, my voice is meet.

*Poticary.*

That answer sheweth you a right singing man.  
Now what is your wil, good father, than ?

*Palmer.*

What helpeth wil, where is no skil ?

*Pardoner.*

And what helpeth skil, where is no wil ?

*Poticary.*

For wil or skil what helpeth it,  
Where froward knaves be lacking wit ?



Leve of this curiositie ;  
And who that list, sing after me.

[Here they sing.

*Pedler.*

This liketh me wel, so mote I thee.

*Pardoner.*

So help me God, it liketh not me.  
Where company is met and wel agreed,  
Good pastime dooth right wel in deed.  
But who can sit in daliance,  
Men sit in suche a variance?  
As we were set, or ye came in,  
Whiche strife this man did first begin ;  
Alledging that suche men as use  
For love of God, and not refuse  
On foot to go from place to place  
A pilgrimage, calling for grace,  
Shall in that pain, with penitence,  
Obtain discharge of conscience :  
Comparing that life for the best  
Enduction to your endles rest.  
Upon these woords our matter grue :  
For if he could avow them true,  
As good to be a gardener,  
As for to be a Pardoner.  
But when I heard him so far wide,  
I then approched and replide :  
Saying this, that 'tis indulgence,  
Having the foresaid penitence,  
Dischargeth man of all offence,  
With mucche more profite then this pretence.  
I aske but two pence at the mooste :  
I wis this is not very great cost,  
And for all pain without dispair,  
My soule for to keep even in his chair.  
And when he dyeth, he may be sure  
To come to heaven even at pleasure.  
And more then heaven he may not get,  
How far so ever he list to jet.

Then is his pain more then his wit,  
 To walke to heaven, fith he may sit.  
 Sir, as we were in this contention,  
 In came this daw with his invention;  
 Revyling us; himself advaunting,  
 That all the foules to heaven ascending,  
 Are moſte bound to the Poticary,  
 Becauſe he helpeth moſte men to die:  
 Before whiche death he ſaith in deed,  
 No ſoule in heaven can have his meed.

*Pedler.*

Why, do Poticaries kill men?

*Poticary.*

By God, men ſay ſo now and then.

*Pedler.*

And I thought you would not have miſt  
 To make them live as long as you liſt.

*Poticary.*

As long as we liſt? nay, as long as they can.

*Pedler.*

So might we live without you than.

*Poticary.*

Yea; but it is very neceſſary  
 For to have a Poticary:  
 For when you feel your conſcience ready,  
 I can ſend you to heaven very quickly.  
 Wherefore concerning our matter heer,  
 Above theſe twain I am beſt, cleer;  
 And if ye liſt to take me ſo,  
 I am content you, and no mo,  
 Shal be our judge, as in this caſe,  
 Whiche of us three ſhall take the beſt place.

*Pedler.*

I neyther wil judge the beſt nor wuſt;  
 For be ye bleſt or be ye curſt,  
 Ye knowe it is no whit my ſleight,  
 To be a judge in matters of weight.  
 It behoveth no Pedlers nor proctours,  
 To take on them judgement as doctours



But if your mindes be onely set  
 To woork for foule helth, ye be wel met ;  
 For eche of you somewhat dooth shoue  
 That foules toward heven by you doo growe.  
 Then if ye can so wel agree,  
 To continue together all three ;  
 And all you three obay one wil,  
 Then all your mindes ye may fulfil.  
 As if ye came all to one man,  
 Who should go on pilgrimage more then he can ?  
 In that you Palmer, as deputie,  
 May cleerly discharge him, pardie.

*[To the Palmer.]*

And for all other sinnes, once had contrition,  
 Your pardon giveth him ful remission.

*[To the Pardoner.]*

And then you, maister Poticary,  
 May send him to heaven by and by.

*[To the Poticary.]*

*Poticary.*

If he taste of this boxe nie about prime ;  
 By the masse, he is in heaven or even-song time.  
 My craft is suche, that I can right wel  
 Send my freends to heaven, and my self to hel.  
 But, sirs, mark this man, for he is wise ;  
 Who could devise such a devise ?  
 For if we three may be as one,  
 Then were we as lords everychone ;  
 Between us all could not be mist,  
 To save the foules of whom we list.  
 But for good order, at a woord,  
 Twain of us must wait on the third.  
 And unto that I do agree,  
 For both you twain shall wait on me.

*Pardoner.*

What chaunce is this, that suche an elf  
 Commaund two knaves beside himself ?  
 Nay, nay, my freend, that wil not be ;  
 I am too good to wait on thee.

E. 2

*Palmer.*

*Palmer.*

By our lady, and I would be lothe  
To wait on the better of you bothe.

*Pedler.*

Yet be ye sure, for all this dout,  
This wayting must be brought about.  
Men cannot prosper wilfully led;  
All things decay where is no hed.  
Wherfore doubtles, mark what I say,  
To one of you three, twain must obey.  
And since ye cannot agree in voice,  
Who shal be head, there is no choice,  
But devise some maner of thing,  
Wherin ye all be like cunning:  
And in the same who can do best,  
The other twain to make them prest,  
In every thing of his intent,  
Holy to be at commaundement.  
And now I have found one maistry,  
That ye can doo indifferently;  
And is neither selling or buying,  
But even onely very lying.  
And all ye three can lie as wel,  
As can the falsest devil in hel.  
And though afore ye heard me grudge,  
In greater matters to be your judge;  
Yet in lying I can boste some skil,  
And if I shall be judge, I wil.  
And be you sure without flattery,  
Where my conscience findeth the maistry,  
There shall my judgement straight be found,  
Though I might win a thousand pound.

*Palmer.*

Sir, for lying though I can doo it;  
Yet am I lothe for to go to it.

*Pedler.*

Ye have no cause to fear, beholde,  
For ye may lie uncontrolde.  
And ye in this have good advauntage,  
For lying is your common usage.

And



And you in lying be wel sped,  
For all your craft dooth stand in falshed.  
Ye need not care who shall begin ;  
For eche of you may hope to win.  
Now speak all three even as ye finde :  
Be ye agreed to followe my minde ?

*Palmer.*

Yea, by my trowth, I am content.

*Pardoner.*

Now, in good faith, and I assent.

*Poticary.*

If I denied, I were a nody :  
For all is mine, by God's body.

[*Heer the Poticary hoppeth.*

*Palmer.*

Heer were a hopper to hop for the ring !  
But, sirs, this geer goeth not by hopping.

*Poticary.*

Sir, in this hopping I wil hop so weel,  
That my tung shall hop better then my heel :  
Upon whiche hopping, I hope and not dout it ;  
To hop so, that ye shall hop without it.

*Palmer.*

Sir, I wil neither boſte nor brall,  
But take ſuch fortune as may fall :  
And if ye win this maiſtery,  
I wil obay you quietly ;  
And ſure I think that quietnes  
In any man is great riches.  
In any manner of company,  
To rule or to be rulde indifferently.

*Pardoner.*

By that boſte thou ſeemeſt a begger indeed,  
What can thy quietnes help us at need?  
If we ſhould ſtarve, thou haſt not, I think,  
One peny to buy us one pot of drink.  
Nay if riches might rule the roſte,  
Beholde what cauſe I have to boſte :  
Lo, heer are pardons half a doſen,  
For ghofteſly riches they have no coſen.

And moreover to me they bring  
 Sufficient succour for my living.  
 And heer are reliques of suche a kinde,  
 As in this world no man may finde.  
 Kneel down all three, and when ye leve kissing,  
 Who list to offer, shall have my blissing.  
 Freends, heer shall you see even anone,  
 Of All-halowes the blessed jaw-bone,  
 Kisse it hardly with good devotion.

*Poticary.*

This kisse shall bring us muche promotion.  
 Fogh, by saint Saviour I never kist a warfe;  
 Ye were as good to kisse All-halowe's arse;  
 For by All-halowes, yet me thinketh,  
 That All-halowe's breath stinketh.

*Palmer.*

You judge All-halowes breath unknown;  
 If any breath stink, it is your own.

*Poticary.*

I knowe my own breathe from All-halowes,  
 Or els it were time to kisse the gallowes.

*Pardoner.*

Nay sirs, beholde, heer may ye see  
 The great toe of the Trinitie,  
 Who to this toe any money vowth,  
 And once may role it in his mouth,  
 All his life after, I undertake,  
 He shall never be vext with the tooth ake.

*Poticary.*

I pray you turn that relique about:  
 Either the Trinity had the gout,  
 Or els, because it is three toes in one,  
 God made it asmuche as three toes alone.

*Pardoner.*

Wel, let that passe, and look on this;  
 Heer is a relique that dooth not misse,  
 To help the least as wel as the mooste;  
 This is a buttock-bone of Pentecost.

*Poticary.*



*Poticary.*

By Christe, and yet for all your boste,  
This relique hath beshitten the roste.

*Pardoner.*

Mark wel this, this relique heer is a whipper,  
My freend unfayned, this is a flipper  
Of one of the seven sleepers be sure ;  
Doutles this kisse shall doo you great plesure :  
For all these two days it shall so ease you,  
That none other savours shall displease you.

*Poticary.*

All these two dayes ! nay, all these two yeer ;  
For all the savours that may come heer  
Can be no wurse ; for at a wurd,  
One of the seven sleepers trode in a turd.

*Pedler.*

Sir, me thinketh your devotion is but small.

*Pardoner.*

Small ! mary me thinketh he hath none at all.

*Poticary.*

What the devil care I what ye think ?  
Shall I praise reliques when they stink ?

*Pardoner.*

Heer is an eye-tooth of the great Turk :  
Whose eyes be once set on this peece of wurk,  
May happely leese part of his eye-sight,  
But not all til he be blinde outright.

*Poticary.*

What so ever any man seeth,  
I have no devotion unto Turks teeth :  
For although I never saw a greater,  
Yet me thinketh I have seen many better.

*Pardoner.*

Heer is a boxe ful of humble bees,  
That stung Eve as she sat on her knees,  
Tasting the frute to her forbidden :  
Who kisseth the bees within this hidden,  
Shall have asmuche pardon of right,  
As for any relique he kist this night.

*Palmer.*

Sir, I wil kisse them with all my hart.

*Poticary.*

Kisse them again, and take my part,  
For I am not woorthy; nay let be,  
Those bees that stung Eve shall not sting me.

*Pardoner.*

Good freends, I have yest heer in this glasse,  
Whiche on the drinck at the wedding was  
Of Adam and Eve undoubtedly:  
If ye honour this relique devoutly,  
Although ye thirst no whit the lesse,  
Yet shall ye drinck the more, doubtles.  
After whiche drinking ye shalbe as meet  
To stand on your hed as on your feet.

*Poticary.*

Yea mary, now I con you thanck;  
In presence of this the rest be blanck.  
Would God this relique had come rather;  
Kisse that relique wel, good father.  
Suche is the pain that ye Palmers take,  
To kisse the pardon bole for the drinck's sake.  
O holy yest, that look'st ful soure and stale,  
For God's body, help me to a cup of ale.  
The more I see thee, the more I thirst;  
The oftner I kisse thee, the more like to burst.  
But sith I kisse thee so devoutely,  
Hire me and help me with drinck til I die.  
What, so muche praying and so little speed?

*Pardoner.*

Yea, for God knoweth when that it is need  
To send folke drinck; but by saint Antony,  
I ween he hath sent you to muche allready.

*Poticary.*

If I have never the more for thee,  
Then be thy reliques no riches to me;  
Nor to thy self, except they be  
More beneficiall then I can see.  
Richer is one boxe of this treacle,  
Then all thy reliques, that doo no miracle.



If thou hadst prayed but half somuche to me,  
 As I have prayed to thy reliques and thee,  
 Nothing concerning mine occupation,  
 But streight shuld have wrought one operation.  
 And as in valew I passe you an ace,  
 So heer lyeth muche riches in a little space.  
 I have a boxe of rubarb heer,  
 Whiche is as daintie as it is deer.  
 So help me God, and hollydam,  
 Of this I would not give a dram  
 To the best freend I have in England's ground,  
 Though he would give me twentie pound.  
 For though the stomack doo it abhor,  
 It purgeth you clene from the choler;  
 And maketh your stomache soe to walter,  
 That ye shall never come to the halter.

*Pedler.*

Then is that medicen a soverain thing,  
 To preserve a man from hanging.

*Poticary.*

If you wil taste but this crum that you see,  
 If ye be hanged never trust me.  
 Heer have I Diapompholicus,  
 A speciall oyntment, as doctours discusse,  
 For a fistula or for a canker,  
 This oyntment is even shot anker.  
 For this oyntment helpeth one and other,  
 Or brings them in cace that they need no other.  
 Heer is a *Sirapus de Bizansis*,  
 A little thing is enough of this;  
 For even the weight of one scripple,  
 Wil make you as strong as a cripple.  
 Heer are other, as Diosfialos,  
 Diagalanga and Sticados.  
 Blanka, Manna, Diospolion,  
 Mercury subline, and Mitridaticon;  
 Pellitory, and Assa fetida;  
 Cassi, and Colloquintida.  
 These are the thinges that break all strife  
 Between man's sicknes and his life.

From all paine these shall you deliver,  
 And set you even at rest for ever.  
 Heer is a medicine no mo like the same ;  
 Whiche commonly is called thus by name,  
 Alikakabus or Alkagengy :  
 A good thing for dogges that are maungy.  
 Suche be these medicines, that I can  
 Help a dog as wel as a man.  
 Not one thing heer particulerly,  
 But woorketh universally.  
 For it dooth me as muche good when I sel it,  
 As all the buyers that taste it, or smel it.  
 Now sith my medicines be so speciall,  
 And in one operation so generall,  
 And ready to woork when so ever they shall,  
 So that in riches I am principall :  
 If any reward may intreat ye,  
 I beseeche your mast'ship be good unto me,  
 And you shall have a boxe of marmelade,  
 So fine that you may dig it with a spade.

*Pedler.*

Sir, I thank you, but your rewarde  
 Is not the thing that I regarde.  
 I must and wilbe indifferent :  
 Wherefore procede in your intent.

*Poticary.*

Now if I wist this wishe no sin ;  
 I would to God I might begin.

*Pardoner.*

I am content that thou lie first.

*Palmer.*

Even so am I ; now say thy wurst.  
 Now let us hear of all thy lyes,  
 The greatest lie thou maist devise.  
 And in the fewest words thou can.

*Poticary.*

Forsooth, you are an honest man.

*Pedler.*

There said he muche, but yet no lie.



*Pardoner.*

Now lie ye bothe, by our Lady.  
Thou liest in boste of his honestie ;  
And he hath lyed in affirming thee.

*Poticary.*

If we bothe lie, and you say true,  
Then of these lies your part adue.  
And if you win, make none advaunt ;  
For you are sure of one il servant.  
You may perceive by the woords he gave,  
He taketh your maship but for a knave.  
But who tolde truthe or lyed in deed,  
That wil I knowe ere we proceed.  
Sir, after that I first began  
To praise you for an honest man,  
Then you affirm'd it to be a lie :  
Now, by your faith, speak even truly ;  
Thought you your affirmation true ?

*Palmer.*

Yea mary, for I would you knew,  
I think my self an honest man.

*Poticary.*

What thought you in the contrary than ?

*Pardoner.*

In that I said the contrary,  
I think from trouth I did not vary.

*Poticary.*

And what of my woords ?

*Pardoner.*

I thought you lyed.

*Poticary.*

And so thought I, by God that dyed.  
Now have you twain eche for him self laid,  
That one hath lyed, but bothe true said.  
And of you twain none have denyed,  
But bothe affirmed that I have lyed.  
Now sith bothe ye the truthe confesse,  
How that I lyed, doo, bear witnes,  
That twain of us may soon agree,  
And that the lyer the winner must be.

Who could provide suche evidence,  
 As I have doon in this pretence ?  
 Me thinke this matter sufficient  
 To cause you to give judgement ;  
 And to give me the maistry :  
 For you perceiue these knaves cannot lie.

*Palmer.*

Though neyther of us as yet had lyed ;  
 Yet what we can doo is untryed.  
 For as yet we have deuised nothing,  
 But answered and given you hearing.

*Pedler.*

Therfore I have deuised one way ;  
 Wherby all three your minds may say.  
 For eche of you one tale shall tell,  
 And which of you telleth moſte marvel,  
 And moſte unlikeſt to be true,  
 Shall moſte prevail, what euer inſue.

*Poticary.*

If ye be ſet on mervayling,  
 Then ſhall ye hear a mervaylous thing.  
 And though in deed all be not true,  
 Yet ſure the moſte part ſhalbe new.  
 I did a cure no longer ago,  
 But in *Anno Domini Milleſimo*,  
 On a woman yung and ſo fayer,  
 That never have I ſeen a gayer.  
 God ſave all women of that likenes.  
 This wanton had the falling ſicknes,  
 Whiche by diſcent came lineally,  
 For her mother had it naturally.  
 Wherefore this woman to recure,  
 It was more hard you may be ſure.  
 But though I boſte my craft is ſuche,  
 That in ſuche things I can doo muche ;  
 How oft ſhe ſel were muche to reporte,  
 But her hed ſo giddy and her heeles ſo ſhorte,  
 That with the twinckling of an eye,  
 Down would ſhe fall even by and by.



But ere she would arise again,  
I shewed much cunning, but to my pain.  
For the tallest man within this town,  
Could not with ease have broken her swoun.  
Although for life I did not dout her,  
Yet I did take more paines about her,  
Then I would take with mine owne sister :  
Sir, at the last I gave her a glister.  
I thrust a thampion in her tewel,  
And bad her keep it for a jewel.  
But I knew it was to heavy to cary,  
That sure I was it would not tary :  
For where gunpouder is once fiered,  
The thampion there wil no longer be hiered ;  
Whiche was wel seen in time of this chaunce,  
For when I had charged this ordinance,  
Sudently, as it had thunder'd,  
Even at a clap losed her bumberd.  
Now mark, for heer beginneth the revel :  
This thampion flue ten long mile level,  
To a faire castle of lime and stone,  
For strength I know not suche a one ;  
Whiche stood upon an hil ful hie,  
At foot wherof a river ran by,  
So deep til chaunce had it forbidden,  
Wel might the regent there have ridden.  
But when this thampion at this castle did light,  
It put the castle so far to flight,  
That down they came eche upon other,  
No stone left standing, by God's mother,  
But roled down so fast the hil  
In suche a number, and so did fil  
From bottome to brim, from shore to shore,  
This foresaid river, so deep before,  
That who list now to walke thereto,  
May wade it over and wet no shoe.  
So was this castle laid wide open,  
That every man might see the token.  
But in a good houre may this be spoken :

After the thampion on the walles was wroken,  
 And peece by peece in peeces broken,  
 And she delivered, with suche violence,  
 Of all her inconvenience,  
 I left her in good helth and lust ;  
 And so she dooth continue, I trust.

*Pedler.*

Sir, in your cure I can nothing tel ;  
 But to your purpose you have said wel.

*Pardoner.*

Wel sir, mark what I can say.  
 I have been a pardoner many a day,  
 And doon more cures ghostely,  
 Then ever he did bodely.  
 Namely this one, whiche ye shall hear,  
 Of one departed within this seven yeer,  
 A freend of mine, and likewise I  
 To her again was as freendly ;  
 Who fel sick so suddenly,  
 That dead she was even by and by,  
 And never spake with preest nor clark,  
 Nor had no whit of holy wark.  
 For I was thence, it could not be ;  
 Yet heard I say she asked for me.  
 But when I bethought me how this chaunced,  
 And that to heaven I have advaunced  
 So many soules to me but straungers,  
 And could not keep my freend from daungers,  
 But she to die so daungerously,  
 For her soule helth specially ;  
 That was the thing that greeved me so,  
 That nothing could release my wo,  
 Til I had tryed even out of hand,  
 In what estate her soule did stand.  
 For whiche tryall, short tale to make,  
 I took this journey for her sake.  
 Give ear, for heer beginneth the story :  
 From hence I went to purgatory,  
 And took with me this geer in my fist,  
 Wherby I may doo there what I list.

I knoc-



I knocked and was let in quickly ;  
But Lord, how the foules made curtsy !  
And I to every soule again  
Did give a beck them to retain,  
And asked them this question than,  
If that the soule of suche a woman  
Did late among them there appeer ?  
Wherto they said, she came not heer.  
Then fear'd I muche it was not wel ;  
Alas, thought I, she is in hel.  
For with her life I was so acquainted ;  
That sure I thought she was not fainted.  
With this it chaunced me to snees :  
Christe help, quod a soul that lay for his fees.  
Those woords, quod I, thou shalt not lees :  
Then with these pardons of all degrees,  
I payd his tole and set him so quit,  
That streight to heaven he took his flight,  
And I from thence to hel that night,  
To help this woman if I might.  
Not as who saith by authoritie,  
But by the way of intreatie.  
And first to the devil that kept the gate  
I came, and spake after this rate.  
All hail, sir devil, and made lowe curtsy :  
Welcome, quod he, thus smilingly.  
He knew me wel, and I at last  
Remembred him sith long time past.  
For as good hap would have it chaunce,  
This devil and I were of olde acquaintance ;  
For oft, in the play of Corpus Christi,  
He hath playd the devil at Coventrie.  
By his acquaintance and my behaviour,  
He shewed to me right freendly favour.  
And to make my return the shorter,  
I sayd to this devil, good maister porter,  
For all olde love, if it lie in your power,  
Help me to speak with my lord and your.  
Be sure, quod he, no tung can tel,  
What time thou couldst have come so wel.

For as on this day Lucifer fel,  
Whiche is our festival in hel,  
Nothing unreasonable craved this day,  
That shall in hel have any nay.  
But yet be ware thou come not in,  
Til time thou maist thy pasporte win.  
Wherefore stand stil, and I wil write,  
If I can get thy safe condite.  
He taryed not, but shortly got it  
Under seal, and the devils hand at it,  
In ample wise, as ye shall hear :  
Thus it began ; I Lucifer,  
By the power of God cheef devil of hel,  
To all the devils that there doo dwel,  
And to every of them we send greeting,  
Under straight charge and commaunding,  
That they ayding and assistant be  
To suche a Pardoner, and named me,  
So that he may at libertie  
Passe safe without any jeopardie,  
Till that he be from us extinct,  
And cleerly out of helle's precinct.  
And his pardons to keep in savegarde ;  
Me wil they lie in the porter's warde.  
Given in the fiery fornace of our palice,  
In our high court of matters of malice,  
Suche a day and yeer of our reign.  
God save the devil, quoth I, amain.  
I trust this writing to be sure :  
Then put thy trust, quod he, in cure.  
Sith thou art sure to take no harm,  
This devil and I walked arme in arme,  
So far, til he had brought me thither,  
Where all the devils of hel together  
Stood in aray, in suche apparel  
As for that day there meetly fel.  
Their hornes wel giit, their clawes ful clene,  
Their tayles welkempt, and, as I ween,  
With suthery butter their bodies anointed ;  
I never saw devils so wel appointed.



The maister devil sat in his jacket ;  
And all the foules were playing at racket.  
None other rackets had they in hand,  
Save every foule a good fire brand ;  
Wherwith they played so pretely,  
That Lucifer laughed merely.  
And all the residue of the feends,  
Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends.  
But of my freend I saw no whit,  
Nor durst not aske for her as yet.  
Anon all this rout was brought in silence,  
And by an usher brought to presence  
Of Lucifer ; then lowe, as wel I could,  
I kneeled, whiche he so wel aloud,  
That thus he beckt, and by saint Antony  
He smiled on me welfavouredly,  
Bending his browes as brode as a barn doore's,  
Shaking his eares as rugged as burres ;  
Roling his eyes as round as two bushels ;  
Flashing the fire out of his nosethrils ;  
Gnashing his teeth so vaingloriously,  
That me thought time to fall to flattery.  
Wherwith I tolde, as I shall tel :  
O plesant picture ! O prince of hel !  
Feutred in fashion abhominable,  
And since that it is inestimable  
For me to praise thee woorthely,  
I leve of praise, as unwoorthy  
Go give thee praise, beseeching thee  
To hear my sute, and then to be  
So good to graunt the thing I crave ;  
And to be short, this would I have.  
The soule of one which hither flitted,  
Deliver hence, and to me remitted.  
And in this dooing though all be not quit,  
Yet in some parte I wil deserve it ;  
As thus, I am a pardoner,  
And over foules as contrroller,  
Throughout the earth my power dooth stand,  
Where many a soule lyeth on my hand,

That

That speed in matters as I use them,  
As I receive them or refuse them.  
Wherby, what time thy plesure is,  
Ye shall require any part of this,  
The least devil heer that can come thither,  
Shall chose a soule and bring him hither.  
Ho, ho, quod the devil, we are wel pleased ;  
What is his name thou wouldest have cased ?  
Nay, quod I, be it good or evil,  
My conning is for a shee devil.  
What calist her (quod he) thou whoorson ?  
Forsooth (quod I) Margery Coorson.  
Now by our honour, said Lucifer,  
No devil in hel shall with holde her ;  
And if thou wouldst have twentie mo,  
Wert not for justice, they should go.  
For all the devils within this den  
Have more to doo with two women,  
Then with all the charge we have beside :  
Wherfore if thou our freend wilt be tride,  
Apply thy pardons to women so,  
That unto us there come no mo.  
To doo my best I promised by othe ;  
Which I have kept, for as the faith gothe  
At this day, to heaven I procure  
Ten women to one man, you may be sure.  
Then of Lucifer my leave I took,  
And streight unto the maister cook  
I was had, into the kitchen,  
For Margerie's office was therein.  
All things handled there discretely,  
For every soule beareth office meetly :  
Whiche might be seen to see her sit  
So busely turning of the spit.  
For many a spit heer hath she turned ;  
And many a good spit hath she burned ;  
And many a spit ful hote hath tosted ;  
Before the meat could be half rosted.  
And ere the meat were half rosted in deed,  
I took her then from the spit with speed.

But



But when she saw this brought to passe,  
To tel the joy wherein she was ;  
And of all the devils, for joy how they  
Did rore at her delivery,  
And how the chaines in hel did ring,  
And how the soules therin did sing,  
And how we were brought to the gate,  
And how we took our leve therat,  
Be sure lack of time suffereth not  
To reherse the twentie part of that.  
Wherefore this tale to conclude breefly ;  
This woman thanked me cheefly,  
That she was rid of this endles death,  
And so we departed on Newmarket heath.  
And if any man doo minde her ;  
Who list to seek her, there shall he finde her.

*Pedler.*

Sir, you have sought her wunderous wel,  
And where you found her as you tel,  
To hear the chaunce ye had in hel,  
I finde you were in great peril.

*Palmer.*

His tale is all muche perilous ;  
But part is muche more mervaylous.  
As where he said the devils complain,  
That women put them to suche pain.  
Be their conditions so crooked and crabbed,  
Frowardly fashioned, so wayward and wrabbed,  
So far in devision, and stirring suche strife,  
That all the devils be wery of their life ?  
Thus in effect he tolde of trueth ;  
Wherby muche marvel to me ensueth ;  
That women in hel suche shrewes can be,  
And heer so gentle as far as I see.  
Yet have I seen many a mile,  
And many a woman in the while.  
Not one good cittie, town or borough  
In christendome, but I have been thorough,  
And this I would ye should understand,  
I have seen women five hundred thousand ;

And

And oft with them have long time taried.  
 Yet in all places where I have been,  
 Of all the women that I have seen,  
 I never saw nor knew in my conscience,  
 Any one woman out of patience.

*Poticary.*

By the masse, there is a great lie.

*Pardoner.*

I never heard greater, by our Lady.

*Pedler.*

A greater ! nay, know ye any so great ?

*Palner.*

Sir, whither that I lose or get,  
 For my part judgement shall be prayd.

*Pardoner.*

And I desire as he hath said.

*Poticary.*

Proceed, and you shal be obeyed.

*Pedler.*

Then shall not judgement be delayed.  
 Of all these three, if eche man's tale  
 In Paule's churchyard were set on sale,  
 In some man's hand that hath the sleight,  
 He sure should sel these tales by weight :  
 For as they wey, so be they woorth,  
 But whiche weyeth best, to that now soorth.  
 Sir, all the tale that you did tel,  
 I bear in minde, and yours as wel.  
 And as ye saw the mater meetly,  
 So lyed ye bothe wel and discreetly.  
 Yet were your lies with the least, trust me ;  
 For if you had said that you had made flee  
 Ten thampions out of ten women's tayles,  
 Ten times ten mile to ten castles or jayles,  
 And fild ten ryvers ten times so deep,  
 As ten of that whiche your castle stones did keep :  
 Or if you ten times had bodely,  
 Fet ten soules out of purgatory ;  
 And ten times so many out of hel :  
 Yet, by these ten bones, I could right wel,



Ten times sooner all that have beleevd,  
Then the tenth part of that he meevd.

*Poticary.*

Two knaves before one, lacks two knaves of five;  
Then one, and then one, and bothe knaves alive.  
Then two, and then two, and three at a cast,  
Thou knave, and thou knave, and thou knave at last.  
Nay knave, if ye trim by number,  
I wil as knavishely you encumber.  
Your minde is all on your privy tithe:  
For all in ten me thinks your wit lyeth.  
Now ten times I beseeche him that hie sits,  
Thy wives ten com. may ferche thy five wits.  
Then ten of my turds in ten of thy teeth:  
And ten on thy nose, whiche every man seeth;  
And twentie times ten, this wishe I would  
That thou hadst been hanged at ten yeer old;  
For thou goest about to make me a slave;  
I wil thou knowe I am a gentle knave.  
And heer is another shall take my part.

*Pardoner.*

Nay first I beshrew your knave's hart,  
Or I take part in your knavery,  
I wil speak fair, by our Lady.  
Sir, I beseeche your masship to be  
As good as you may be unto me.

*Pedler.*

I would be glad to doo you good;  
And him also, be he never so wood.  
But dout you not I wil now doo  
The thing my conscience leadeth me to.  
Bothe your tales I take far unpossible,  
Yet take I his farther incredible.  
Not onely the thing it self aloweth it;  
But also the boldenes therof avoweth it.  
I knowe not where your tale to try;  
Nor yours, but in hel or purgatory.  
But his boldenes hath faced a lie,  
That may be tryed even in this company.  
As if ye list to take this order,  
Among the women in this border.

Take

Take three of the yungest, and three of the oldest,  
 Three of the whotest, and three of the coldest.  
 Three of the wisest, and three of the shrewdest :  
 Three of the chastest, and three of the lewdest.  
 Three of the lowest, and three of the highest.  
 Three of the farthest, and three of the nighest :  
 Three of the fayrest, and three of the maddest,  
 Three of the foulest, and three of the saddest :  
 And when all these threes be had a sunder,  
 Of each three, two justly by number  
 Shalbe found shrewes, except this fall,  
 That ye hap to finde them shrewes all.  
 Him self for truthe all this dooth knowe ;  
 And oft hath tryed some of this rowe.  
 And yet he swereth by his conscience,  
 He never saw woman break her patience,  
 Wherefore considered with true intent,  
 His lie to be so evident,  
 And to appear so evidently,  
 That bothe you affirmed it a lie ;  
 And that my conscience so deeply,  
 So deep hath sought this thing to try,  
 And tryed it with minde indifferent ;  
 Thus I awarde by way of judgement.  
 Of all the lies ye all have spent,  
 His lie to be most excellent.

*Palmer.*

Sir, though ye were bound of equitie  
 To doo as ye have doon to me ;  
 Yet doo I thanke you of your pain,  
 And wil requite some part again.

*Pardoner.*

Mary, fir, ye can no lesse doo,  
 But thank him asmuche as it commeth to ;  
 And so wil I doo for my part ;  
 Now a vengeance on thy knave's hart,  
 I never knew a Pedler a judge before,  
 Nor never will trust pedling knave more.  
 What doost thou there, thou whoreson nody ?



*Poticary.*

By the masse, learn to make curtesy,  
Curtesy before, and curtesy behinde him,  
And then on eche side, the devil blinde him.  
Nay, when ye have it persfely,  
You shall have the devil and all of curtsy.  
But it is not soon learned, gentle brother,  
One knave to make curtsy to another.  
Yet when I am angry, that is the wurst,  
I shall call my maister knave at the first.

*Palmer.*

Then would some maister perhaps clout you,  
But as for me, ye need not dout you :  
For I had rather be without you,  
Then to have suche busines about you.

*Poticary.*

So help me God, so were ye better ;  
What should a begger be a jetter ?  
It were no whit your honestie,  
To have us twain jet after ye.

*Pardoner.*

Sir, be you sure he telleth you true,  
If we should wait, this would ensue :  
It would be said, trust me at a wurd,  
Two knaves make curtsy to the third.

*Pedler.*

Now, by my trouth, to speak my minde,  
Sith they be so loth to be assinde,  
To let them lose I think it best :  
And so shall you live the better in rest.

*Palmer.*

Sir, I am not on them so fond,  
To compel them to keep their bond.  
And sith ye list not to wait on me,  
I cleerly of wayting doo discharge ye.

*Pardner.*

Mary, sir, I hartely thank you.

*Poticary.*

And likewise I, to God I vow.

*Pedler.*

Now be ye all even as ye begun ;  
No-man hath lost, nor no man hath won.

Yet

Yet in the debate wherewith ye began ;  
By way of advice I wil speak as I can.  
I doo perceive that pilgrimage  
Is cheefest thing ye have in usage ;  
Whereto in effect, for the love of Chrifte,  
Ye have, or should have been entiste.  
And who so dooth with suche intent,  
Dooth wel declare his time wel spent.  
And so doo ye in your pretence,  
If ye procure this indulgence  
Unto our neighbours charitably,  
For love of them in God onely.  
All this may be right wel applyed  
To shew you both well occupied.  
For though you walke not bothe one way,  
Yet walking thus, this dare I say,  
That bothe your walkes come to an end ;  
And so for all that doo pretend  
By ayd of God's grace to insue  
Any maner kinde of vertue.  
As some, great almous for to give :  
Some, in wilful povertie to live :  
Some, to make hie wayes and suche like warks ;  
And some, to maintaine preefts and clarks,  
To sing and say the service appointed :  
These, with all other vertues wel marked,  
Although they be of sundry kindes,  
Yet be they not used with sundry mindes :  
But as God onely dooth all those move,  
So every man onely for his love,  
With love and drede obediently  
Worketh in these vertues uniformly.  
Thus every vertue if we list to skan,  
Is plesant to God and thankful to man.  
And who that by grace of the Holy Ghoste  
To any one virtue is moved mozte,  
That man by that grace that one must apply,  
And therein serve God mozte plenteously.  
Yet that one so far wide to wrest,  
So liking the same to milike the rest.



For who so wresteth his woork is vain ;  
 And even in that cace I perceiue ye twain,  
 Liking your vertue in suche wise,  
 That eche other's vertue ye doo dispise.  
 Who walketh this way for God and wuld finde him,  
 The farther they seek him, the farther behinde him.  
 One kind of vertue to dispise another,  
 Is like as the sister might hang up the brother.

*Poticary.*

For fear lest suche pannels to me might fall,  
 I thank God I use no vertue at all.

*Pedler.*

That is of all the very wurst way ;  
 For more hard it is, as I have heard say,  
 To begin vertue where none is pretended,  
 Then where it is begun th' abuse to be mended.  
 How be it, ye are not all to begin,  
 One signe of virtue ye are entred in.  
 As this, I suppose you did say true  
 In that you said you use no vertue.  
 In the whiche woords I dare wel reporte,  
 You are wel beloved of all this sorte.  
 By your rayling heer openly  
 At pardons and reliques so leudly.

*Peticary.*

In that I think my faut not great :  
 For all that he hath I knowe is counterfait.

*Pedler.*

For his, and all other that ye know fayned,  
 You be not counsailld nor constraind  
 To any suche thing in any cace,  
 To give any reverence in suche place.  
 But where ye dout, the truthe not knowing,  
 Beleving the best, good may be growing,  
 In judging the best, no harme at the least ;  
 Judging the wurst, no good at the best.  
 But best in these things it seemeth to me,  
 To take no judgement upon ye.  
 But as the church dooth judge or take them,  
 So doe ye receive or forsake them.

And so be you sure ye cannot er ;  
But may be a fruteful follower.

*Poticary.*

Go you before, and as I am true man,  
I wil followe as fast as I can.

*Pardoner.*

And so wil I, for he hath said so well,  
Reason would we should followe his counsel.

*Palmer.*

Then, to our reason, God give us his grace,  
That we may followe with faith so firmly  
His commaundements, that we may purchase  
His love, and so consequently  
To beleve his church, fast and faithfully ;  
So that we may, according to his promise,  
Be kept out of errour in any wise.  
And all that hath escapte us heer by negligence,  
We cleerly revoke and forsake it ;  
To passe the time in this without offence,  
Was the cause why the maker did make it ;  
And so we humbly beseeche you to take it.  
Beseeching our Lord to prosper you all,  
In the faith of his church universall.







A

Right Pithy, Pleasant and Merry

COMEDY:

INTITULED,

*Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

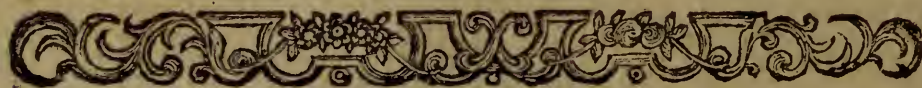
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Written by Mr. S. Master of Arts.





**I** CAN get no farther light concerning who was the Author of this Piece, than what is collected from the Title Page. The Edition I printed from is that of 1661, which tells us that it was written by Mr. S——, Master of Arts, and play'd at Cambridge about 100 Years before.







The Names of the Speakers of this  
C O M E D Y.

**D** I C C O N, the Bedlam.  
*Hodge*, Gammer Gurton's servant.  
*Tyb*, Gammer Gurton's Maid.  
 Gammer Gurton.  
*Cock*, Gammer Gurton's Boy.  
 Dame Chat.  
 Doctor Rat, the Curate.  
 Mayster Baily.  
*Doll*, Dame Chat's Mayd.  
*Scapethryft*, Mayster Bailye's servant.

M U T E S.





T H E  
P R O L O G U E.

**A** 3 Gammer Gurton, with many a wide sicke,  
 Sat pesing and patching of Hodge her man's briche ;  
 By chance or misfortune, as she her gear toft,  
 In Hodge lether briches her nedle she lost.  
 When Diccon the bedlam had hard by report,  
 That good Gammer Gurton was rob'd in this sort,  
 He quietlie perswaded with her in that stound,  
 Dame Chat her dear gossip this nedle had found.  
 Yet knew she no more of this matter (alas)  
 Then knoweth Tom our clarke what the priest saith at masse.  
 Hereof there ensued so fearful a fray,  
 Mas Doctor was sent for these gossips to stay ;  
 Because he was curate, and esteemed full wise,  
 Who found that he sought not, by Diccon's device.  
 When all things were tumbled and clean out of fassion,  
 Whether it were by fortune, or some other constellation,  
 Sodenlie the nedle Hodge found by the pricking,  
 And drew out of his buttocke, where he found it sticking.  
 Their hearts then at rest with perfect security,  
 With a pot of good nale they stroak up their plaudity.





## Gammer GURTON's Needle.

The first Act. The first Scean.

*Diccon.*



Any a mile have I walked, divers and sundry  
waies,

And many a good man's house have bin at  
in my days.

Many a gossip's cup in my time have I tasted,  
And many a broche spite have I both turned and basted.  
Many a peece of bacon have I had out of their balkes,  
In running over the country, with long and wery walkes.  
Yet came my foot never within those door cheekes,  
To seek flesh or fish, garlike, onions or leekes,  
'That ever I saw a sort in such a plight,  
As here within this house appeareth to my sight,  
'There is howling and scowling, all cast in a dumpe,  
With whewling and pewling, as though they had lost a  
trump.

Sighing and sobbing, they weep and they wail.

I marvel in my mind, what the devil they ail.

The old trot sits groning, with alas, and alas,

And Tib wrings her hands, and takes on in worse case.

128 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

With poor Cocke their boy, they be driven in such fits;  
I fear me the folkes be not well in their wits.

Ask them what they ail, or who brought them in this  
stay?

They answer not at all, but alacke and welaway.

When I saw it booted not, out at doors I hied me,

And caught a slip of bacon, when I saw that none spied  
me,

Which I intended not far hence, unles my purpose fail,  
Shall serve for a shoinghorn to draw on two pots of ale.

The first Act. The second Scean.

*Hodge. Diccon.*

*Hodg.* **S**E so cham arayed with dabling in the durt!  
She that set me to ditching, ich wold she had  
the squirt.

Was never poor soul that such a life had?

Gog's bones, this vilthy glay hase drest me too bad.

God's soul, see how this stufte tears!

Ich were better to be a bareward, and set to keep bares.

By the masse, here is a gasshe, a shamefull hole in dead,

And one stich tear funder, a man may thrust in his head.

*Dic.* By my father's soul, Hodge, if I shuld now be  
sworn,

I cannot chuse but say thy breech is soul betorn.

But the next remedy in such a case and hap,

Is to plaunche on a piece as brod as thy cap.

*Hodg.* Gog's soul man, 'tis not yet two daies fully end-  
ed,

Since my dame Gurton (cham sure) these breches amend-  
ed.

But cham made such a drudge to trudge at every need,

Chwold rend it, though it were stitched wath sturdy  
packthreed.

*Dic.*



*Dic.* Hodge, let thy breeches go, and speak and tell me soon,

What devil aileth gammer Gurton, and Tib her maid to frown.

*Hodg.* Tush, man, th'art deceived, 'tis their daily looke: They cover so over the coles, their eies be blear'd with smooke.

*Dic.* Nay, by the masse, I perfectly perceived as I came hether,

That either Tib and her dame hath been by the ears together,

Or els as great a matter, as thou shalt shortly see.

*Hodg.* Now ich beseech our Lord they never better agree.

*Dic.* By Gog's soul, there they sit as still as stoncs in the street,

As though they had been taken with some faries, or els with some ill spreet.

*Hodg.* Gog's hart, I durst have laid my cap to a crown, Ch'would learn of some prancome as soon as ich cham to town.

*Dic.* Why, Hodge, art thou inspired? or didst thou thereof here?

*Hodg.* Nay, but ich saw such a wounder, as ich saw not this seven year.

Tome Tankard's cow (be gog's bones) she set me up her sail,

And flinging about his halfe aker, fisking with her tail, As though there had been in her arse a swarm of bees; And chad not cryed tphrowh hoor, shea'd lept out of his lees.

*Dic.* Why, Hodge, lies the conning in Tom Tankard's cowe's tail?

*Hodg.* Well, ich chave hard some say such tokens do not fail.

But ca'ft thou not tell, in faith, Diccon, why she frowns, or whereat?

Hath no man stohn her ducks, or hens, or gelded Gib her cat?

*Dic.* What devil can I tell, man, I cold not have one word,

They gave no more heed to my talke then thou woldst to a lord.

*Hodg.* Ich cannot still but muse, what mervailous thing it is :

Chill in and know my selfe what matters are amise.

*Dic.* Then fare well, Hodge, a while, sin ce thou doest inward hast,

For I will into the good wife Chat's, to feel how the ale doth tast.

## The first Acte. The third Sceane.

*Hodge. Tib.*

*Hodg.* **C**Ham agast, by the masse, ich wot not what to do.

Chad need blesse me well before ich go them to.

Perchaunce some fellon spirit may haunt our house indeed.

And then chwere but a noddy to venter cha no need.

*Tib.* Cham worse then mad, by the masse, to be at this stay.

Cham chid, cham blamd, and beaten all th'oure on the day.

Lamed and hunger storved, pricked up all in jagges,

Having no patch to hide my backe, save a few rotten ragges.

*Hodg.* May, Tib, if thou be Tib, as I trow sure thou be,

What devil make-a-do is this between our dame and thee ?

*Tib.* Gog's bread, Hodge, thou had a good turn thou wart not here this while.

It had ben better for some of us to have ben hence a mile.

My Gammer is so out of course, and frantike all at ones,

That Cocke, our boy, and I poor wench, have felt it on our bones.

*Hodg.*



*Hodg.* What is the matter, say on, Tib, whereat she  
taketh so on ?

*Tib.* She is undone, she saith, (alas) her joy and life  
is gone.

If she here not of some comfort, she saith she is but dead,  
Shall never come within her lips, on inch of meat ne bread.

*Hodg.* By'r ladie, cham not very glad to see her in  
this dumpe ;

Chold a noble her stole hath fallen, and she hath broke her  
rumpe.

*Tib.* Nay, and that were the worst, we wold not great'y  
care,

For bursting of her huckle bone, or breaking of her chair.  
But greater, greater, is her grief, as (Hodge) we shall all  
feel.

*Hodg.* Gog's wounds, Tib, my gammer has never lost  
her neele ?

*Tib.* Her neele,

*Hodg.* Her neele ?

*Tib.* Her neele ; by him that made me, it is true,  
Hodge, I tell thee.

*Hodg.* Gog's sacrament ! I would she had lost th'arte  
out of her belly.

The devil, or els his dame, they ought her sure a shame.  
How a murriion came this chaunce, (say, Tib) unto our  
dame ?

*Tib.* My gammer fat her down on the pes, and bad  
me reach thy breches,

And by and by (a vengeance on it) or she had take two  
stitches

To clout upon thine ars, by chaunce aside she lears,  
And Gib our cat, in the milk-pan, she spied over head  
and ears.

Ah hoor, out theef, she cried aloud, and swapt the bree-  
ches down,

Up went her staffe, and out leapt Gib at doors into the  
town.

And since that time was never wight cold fet their eies  
upon it.

Gog's malison, chaye Cocke and I bid twentie times light  
on it.

*Hodg.* And is not then my breches sewid up, to morrow that I shuld wear ?

*Tib.* No, in faith, Hodge, thy breches lie, for all this never the near.

*Hodg.* Now a vengeance light on al the sort, that better shold have kept it ;

The cat, the house, and Tib our maid, that better shold have swep it.

Se where she cometh crawling ! come on, in twenty devils way ;

Ye have made a fair daie's worke, have you not ? pray you say.

## The first Act. The fourth Sceane,

*Gammer. Hodge. Tib. Cocke.*

*Gam.* **A** Las, alas, I may well curse and ban  
This day, that ever I saw it, with Gib and the milke pan.

For these, and ill lucke together, as knoweth Cock my boie,

Have tacke away my dear neele, and rob'd me of my joie.

My fair long straight neele, that was mine onely treasure,

The first day of my sorrow is, and last of my pleasure.

*Hodg.* Might ha kept it when ye had it ; but fools will be fools still :

Lose that is vast in your hands ? ye need not, but ye will.

*Gam.* Go hie thee, Tib, and run thou hoor to th'end here of the town.

Didst carry out dust in thy lap ? seek where thou porest it down ;

And as thou sawest me roking in the ashes where I morned,

So see in all the heap of dust thou leave no straw unturned.

*Tib.*



*Tib.* That chal, Gammer, swithe and tite, and sone be here again.

*Gam.* Tib, stoop and loke down to the ground to it, and take some pain.

*Hodg.* Here is a pretty matter, to see this gere how it goes :

By gog's soul, I think you wold loes your arse, and it were loose.

Your neele lost ? it is pitie you shold lack care and endles sorrow.

Gog's deth, how shall my breches be sewid ? shall I go thus to morow ?

*Gam.* Ah, Hodge, Hodge, if that ich cold find my neele, by the reed,

Ch'ould sow thy breches ich promise the, with full good double threed,

And set a patch on either knee, shull last this month's twain,

Now God and saint Sithe, I pray to send it back again.

*Hodg.* Whereto served your hands and eies, but your neele to keep ?

What devil had you els to do ? ye keep, ich wot, no sheep.

Cham sain abrodeto dig and delve, in water, mire and clay,

Soffing and possing in the durt still from daie to daie.

A hundred things that be abrod, cham set to see them weel ;

And four of you sit idle at home, and cannot keep a neele.

*Gam.* My neele, alas, ich lost, Hodge, what time ich me up hasted,

To save milk set up for the, which Gib our cat hath wasted.

*Hodg.* The devil he burst both Gib and Tib, with all the rest ;

Cham alwaies sure of the worst end, whoever have the best.

Where ha you ben fidging abrod, since you your neele lost ?

*Gam.* Within the house, and at the door, sitting by this same post ;

Where

Where I was looking a long hour, before these folke came here;

But, welawaie ! all was in vain, my neele is never the near.

*Hodg.* Set me a candle, let me seek, and grope where ever it be.

*Gog's* heart, ye be foolish (ich think) you know it not when you it see.

*Gam.* Come hether, Cocke, what Cocke, I say.

*Cock.* How, Gammer ?

*Gam.* Go, hie thee soon, and grope behind the old brosse pan,

Which thing when thou hast done,

There shalt thou find an old shoo, wherein, if thou looke well,

Thou shalt find lieng an inche of white tallow candell;  
Light it, and bring it rite away.

*Cock.* That shalbe done anone.

*Gam.* Nay, tary, Hodge, till thou hast light, and then weel seek ich one.

*Hodg.* Cum away, ye horson boy, are ye asleep ? ye must have a crier.

*Cock.* Ich cannot get the candle light, here is almost no fire.

*Hodg.* Chil hold the peny, chil make thee come if ich may catch thine ears.

Art deffe, thou horson boy ? *Cock,* I say, why canst not hear's ?

*Gam.* Beat him not, Hodge, but helpe the boy, and come you two together.

## The First Acte. The Fifth Sceane.

*Gammer. Tib. Cocke. Hodge.*

*Gam.* **H**OW now, Tib ! quick, lets here what news thou hast brought hether ?

*Tib.*



*Tib.* Chave toft and tumbled yonder heap over and over again,

And winowed it through my fingers, as men wold winow grain ;

Not fo much as a hen's turd, but in pieces I tare it,

Or what fo ever clod or clay I found, I did not spare it.

Looking within and eke without, to find your neele  
(alas)

But all in vain, and without help, your neele is where it was.

*Gam.* Alas, my neele we shall never meet ! adue, adue for aye.

*Tib.* Not fo, Gammer, we might it finde, if we knew where it lay.

*Cock.* Gog's crosse, Gammer, if ye will laugh, look in but at the door,

And fee how Hodge lieth tomblinge and tossing amids the floure,

Raking there, fome fyre to find among the ashes dead,

Where there is not one sparke fo big as a pin's head :

At laft in a dark corner two sparkes he thought he fees,

Which where indede nought elfe, but Gib our cat's two eyes.

Puffe, quod Hodge, thinking thereby to have fyre without doubt ;

With that Gib fhut her two eyes, and fo the fyre was out ;

And by and by them opened, even as they were before,

With that the sparkes appered even as they had done of yore ;

And even as Hodge blew the fire as he did thinck,

Gib, as ſhe felt the blaſt, ſtraight way began to wincke ;

Till Hodge fell of ſwering, as came beſt to his turn,

The fier was ſure bewicht, and therefore would not burn :

At laſt Gib up the ſtayers, among the old poſtes and pins,

And Hodge he hied him after, til broke were both his ſhins :

Cuſing and ſwearing oths, were never of his making,

That Gib would fire the houſe, if that ſhe were not taken.

*Gam.*

136 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Gam.* See here is all the thought that the foolish urchin  
taketh !

And Tib methink at his elbow, almost as mery mak-  
eth.

This is all the wit ye have when others make their  
mone.

Come down Hodge, where art thou ? and let the cat  
alone.

*Hodg.* Gogs heart, help and come up, Gib in her  
taile hath fire,

And is like to burn all if she get a little hier :

Cum down (quoth you ?) nay, then you might count me  
a patch,

The house cometh down on your heads if it take ons  
the thatch.

*Gam.* It is the cat's eyes, fool, that shineth in the  
dark.

*Hodg.* Hath the cat, do you think, in every eye a  
spark ?

*Gam.* No, but they shine as like fire as ever man see.

*Hodg.* By the mass, and she burn all, yoush bear the  
blame for me.

*Gam.* Cum down and help to seek here our neel that  
it were found ;

Down, Tib, on thy knees, I say, down Cock to the  
ground,

To God I make a vow, and so to good saint Anne,

A candel shall they have a peece, get it where I can,

If I may my neel finde in one place or in other.

*Hodg.* Now a vengeaunce on Gib light, on Gib and  
Gib's mother,

And all the the generation of cats both far and ne're.

Look on the ground, horson, thinks thou the neel is  
here ?

*Cock.* By my trouth, Gammar, me thought your nedle  
here I saw,

But when my fingers toucht it, I felt it was a straw.

*Tib.* See, Hodge, what 'tis ; may it not be within it ?

*Hodg.* Break it, fool, with thy hand, and see and  
thou canst finde it,

*Tib,*

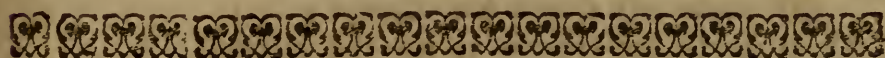


*Tib.* Nay, break it you, Hodge, according to your word.

*Hodg.* Gog's fides, fie! it stincks: it is a cat's tourd:  
It were well done to make thee eat it, by the mass.

*Gam.* This matter amendeth not, my neel is still  
where it wafs.

Our candle is at an end, let us all in quight,  
And come another time, when we have more light.



## The Second Acte.

### *First a S O N G.*

Back and side go bare, go bare,  
booth foot and hand go colde:  
But belly, God send thee good ale ynoughe,  
whether it be new or old.

**I** Can not eat, but little meat,  
my stomack is not good;  
But sure I think, that I can drink  
with him that weares a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
I am nothing a colde;  
I stuffe my skin so full within,  
of joly good ale and old.  
Back and side, go bare, go bare,  
booth foot and hand go cold:  
But belly, God send the good ale inoughe,  
whether it be new or old.

I love no rost, but a nut-brown toste,  
and a crab laid in the fire,  
A little bread shall do me stead,  
much bread I not desire.

No frosste nor snow, no winde, I trow;  
 can hurte mee if I wolde,  
 I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt  
 of joly good ale and old.  
 Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib my wife, that as her life  
 loveth well good ale to seek,  
 Full ofte drinkes shee, till ye may see  
 the teares run down her cheeke;  
 Then dooth she trowle to me the bowle,  
 even as a mault worm shuld;  
 And faith, sweet heart, I took my part  
 of this joly good ale and old.  
 Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,  
 even as good fellows should do,  
 They shall not misse to have the blisse  
 good ale doth bring men to:  
 And all poor souls that have scowred boules,  
 or have them lustely triolde,  
 God save the lives of them and their wives,  
 whether they be yong or old.  
 Back and side go bare, &c.

## The first S C E A N E.

*Diccon and Hodge.*

*Dic.* **W**ELL done, by Gog's malt, well song and  
 well said:

Come on, mother Chat, as thou art a true maid.  
 One fresh pot of ale let's see, to make an end  
 Against this cold wether, my naked arms to defend:  
 This gere it warms the soul, now wind blow on thy  
 worst,

And let us drink and swill till that our bellies burste,  
 Now



Now were he a wise man, by cunning cold define  
Which way my journey lyeth, or where Diccon will  
dine :

But one good turn I have, be it by night or day,  
South, east, north or west, I am never out of my way.

*Hodg.* Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you  
thincke ?

Chad a goodly dinner for all my sweate and swincke ;  
Neither butter, cheese, milk, onyons, flesh nor fish,  
Save this poor piece of barly bread, tis a pleasant costly  
dish.

*Dic.* Hail, fellow Hodg, and well to fare with thy  
meat, if you have any :

But by thy words, as I them smeled, thy daintrails be not  
many.

*Hodg.* Daintrels, Diccon ! Gogs soul man, save this pece  
of dry horsbred,

Chat byt no bit this live-long day, no crome come in  
my hed :

My guts they yawle, crawle, and all my belly rum-  
bleth,

The puddings cannot lie still, ech one over other tum-  
bleth.

By gog's hart cham so vexte, and in my belly pend,  
Chould one peece were at the spittlehouse, another the  
castel's end.

*Dic.* Why Hodg, was there none at home thy dinner  
for to set ?

*Hodg.* Gogs bread, Diccon, ich came to late, was no-  
thing ther to get :

Gib (a fowl seind might on her light) lickt the milk pan  
so clen ;

See Diccon, 'twas not so well washt this seven yere, as  
ich wene.

A pestilence light on al ill luck, chad thought yet for all  
this

Of a morsel of bacon behind the dore, at worst should not  
mifs ;

But

140 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

But when ich fought a slip to cut, as ich was wont to do,

Gogs souls, Diccon, Gib our cat had eat the bacon to !

*[Which bacon Diccon stole, as is declared before.*

*Dic.* Ill luck, quod he? may fwere it, Hodg, this day the truth to tell,

Thou rose not on thy right side, or else blest thee not well.

Thy milk slopt up ! thy bacon filch'd ! that was to bad luck, Hodg.

*Hodg.* Nay, nay, there was a fowler fault, my Gammer ga me the bodg :

Seest not how cham rent and torn, my heels, my knees, and my breech?

Chad thought as ich sat by the fire, help here and there a stitch ;

But there ich was powpte indeed.

*Dic.* Why, Hodg ?

*Hodg.* Bootes not, man, to tell,

Cham so drest amonst a sort of fooles, chad better be in hell,

My Gammar (cham ashamed to say) by God, served me not weel.

*Dic.* How so, Hodg ?

*Hodg.* Hase she not gone, trowest now thou, and lost her neele ?

*Dic.* Her eeel, Hodg ! who fisht of late ? that was a dainty dish.

*Hodg.* Tush, tush, her neele, her neele, her neele, man, tys neither flesh nor fish,

A lytle thing with an hole in the end, as bright as any fyller,

Small, long, sharp at the point, and straight as any pillar.

*Dic.* I know not what a devil thou menest, thou bringst me more in doubt.

*Hodg.* Knowest not what Tom tailer's man sits broching through a clout ?

A neele,



A neele, a neele, a neele, my Gammer's neele is gone.

*Dic.* Her neele! Hodg, now I smell thee, that was a chaunce alone:

By the mass thou hadst a shameful loss, and it were but for thy breches.

*Hodg.* Gog's soul, man, chould give a crown, chad it but three stiches.

*Dic.* How say'st thou, Hodg? what shuld he have again thy nedle got?

*Hodg.* Be'm vather's soul, and chad it, chould give him a new grot.

*Dic.* Canst thou keep counsaile in this case?

*Hodg.* Els chwold my tong were out.

*Dic.* Do thou but then by my advise, and I wil fetch it without doubt.

*Hodg.* Chyll run, chyll ride, chyll dygge, chyll delve, chyll toyle, chyll trudge, chyll see;

Chyll hold, chyll draw, chyll pull, chyl pynch, chyll kneel on my bare knee;

Chyll scrape, chyll scratch, chyll syfte, chyll seek, chyll bow, chyll bend, chyll sweat,

Chyll stoop, chyll stur, chyll cap, chyl knele, chyll crep on hands and feet;

Chyll be thy bondman, Diccon, ich swear by sun and moon,

And channot sumwhat to stop this gap, cham utterly undone.

[*Pointing behind to his torn breeches.*]

*Dic.* Why, is ther any special cause thou takest here-at such sorow?

*Hodg.* Kirstian Clack, Tom Simson's maid, by the mass come hether to morrow;

Cham not able to say, between us what may hap, She smiled on me the last Sunday when ich put off my cap.

*Dic.* Well, Hodg, this is a matter of weight, and mult be kept close,

It might els turn to both our costes, as the world now gose.

Shalt sware to be no blab, Hodg.

*Hodg.*

142 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Hodg.* Chill, Diccon.

*Dic.* Then go to,

Lay thine hand here, say after me, as thou shalt here me do.  
Hast no book?

*Hodg.* Cha no book, I.

*Dic.* Then needs must force us both,  
Upon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take  
thine oth.

*Hodg.* I Hodg breecheless,  
Swear to Diccon recheless  
By the cross that I shall kifs,  
To keep his counsaile close,  
And always me to dispose  
To work that his pleasure is.

*[Here he kisseth Diccon's breech.]*

*Dic.* Now, Hodg, see thou take heed,  
And do as I thee bid;  
For so I judge it meet,  
This nedle again to win,  
There is no shift therein,  
But conjure up a spreet.

*Dic.* What the great devil, Diccon, I say?

*Dic.* Yea, in good faith, that is the way,  
Fet with some prety charm.

*Hodg.* Soft, Diccon, be not to hasty yet,  
By the mass, for ich begin to sweat,  
Cham afraid of some harm.

*Dic.* Come hether then, and stur the nat  
One inche out of this cyrcle plat,  
But stand as I thee teach.

*Hodg.* And shall ich be here safe from their clawes?

*Dic.* The mayster devil with his longe pawes  
Here to thee cannot reache.  
Now will I settle me to this geare.

*Hodg.* I say Diccon, hear me, hear:  
Go softly to this matter.

*Dic.* What devil, man, art afraid of nought?

*Hodg.* Canst not tarry a little thought  
Till ich make a curtesie of water?

*Dic.* Stand still to it, why shuldest thou fear him?

*Hodg.*



*Hodg.* Gog's sides, Diccon, me think ich hear him,  
And tarry chall mare all.

*Dic.* The matter is no worfe then I told it.

*Hodg.* By the masse, cham able no longer to hold it ;  
So bad, ich must beraye the hall.

*Dic.* Stand to it, Hodge, sture not, you horson.  
What devil, be thine ars stringes brusten?

Thy self a while but stay,  
The devil, I smell him, will be here anone.

*Hodg.* Hold him fast, Diccon, cham gone, cham gone,  
Chil not be at that fraye.

## The Second Acte. The Second Sceane.

*Diccon, Chat.*

*Dic.* **F**Y, shitten knave, and out upon thee!  
Above all other loutes, fie on thee!

Is not here a clenly prancke?

But thy matter was no better,  
Nor thy presence here no sweter,  
To flye I con thee thank.

Here is a matter worthy glosing  
Of Gammer Gurton's nedle losing,  
And a foul peece of wark:

A man, I thincke, might make a play  
And nede no word to this they say,  
Being but halfe a clark.

Soft, let me alone, I will take the charge,  
This matter further to enlarge  
Within a time short;

If ye will mark my tōyes, and note,  
I will give ye leave to cut my throte  
If I make not good sport,

Dame, Chat, I say, where be ye, within?

*Chat.* Who have we there maketh such a din?

*Dic.* Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger.

*Chat.* What, Diccon? come nere, ye be no straunger:  
We be fast set at trump, man, hard by the fire;  
Thou shalt set on the king, if thou come a little nyer.

*Dic.*

144 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Dic.* Nay, nay, there is no tarying: I must be gone again;

But first for you in council I have a word or twain.

*Chat.* Come hether Dol; Dol, sit down and play this game,

And as thou sawest me do, see thou do even the same:  
There is five trumps besides the queen, the hindmost  
thou shalt finde her,

Take hede of Sim Glover's wife, she hath an eye behind  
her.

Now, Diccon, say your will.

*Dic.* Nay, soft a little yet,

I would not tell my sifter, the matter is so great,  
There I will have you swear by our dere lady of  
Bullaine,

Saint Dunstone and saint Donnyke, with the three kings  
of Kullain,

That ye shall keep it secret.

*Chat.* Gog's bread, that will I doo,

As secret as mine own thought, by God and the devil  
too.

*Dic.* Here is Gammer Gurton, your neighbour, a sad  
and hevy weight,

Her goodly fair red cock at home, was stole this last  
night.

*Chat.* Gog's soul! her cock with the yelow legs, that  
nightly crowed so just?

*Dic.* That cock is stollen.

*Chat.* What, was he fet out of the hen's ruste?

*Dic.* I can not tell where the devil he was kept, under  
key or lock,

But Tib hath tikled in Gammer's ear, that you should  
steal the cock.

*Chat.* Have I? strong hoor, by bread and salt —

*Dic.* What soft, I say be still.

Say not one word for all this geare.

*Chat.* By the mass, that I will,

I wil have the yong hore by the head, and the old trot  
by the throte.

*Dic.*



*Dic.* Not one word, dame Chat, I say, not one word for my cote.

*Chat.* Shal such a begar's brawl as that, thinkest thou, make me a thief?

The pocks light on her hores sides, a pestilence and mischeefe.

Come out, thou hungry nedy bytche; O that my nails be short!

*Dic.* Gog's bred, woman, hold your peace, this gere wil els pass sport;

I wold not for an hundred pound, this matter shuld be known

That I am auctor of this tale, or have abrode it blowen. Did ye not swear ye wold be ruled, before the tale I told?

I said ye must all secret keep, and ye said sure ye woide.

*Chat.* Wold you suffer your self Diccon, such a sort to revile you

With slanderous words to blot your name, and so to defile you?

*Dic.* No, good wife chat, I wold be loth such drabs shuld blot my name;

But yet ye must so order all, that Diccon bare no blame.

*Chat.* Go to then, what is your rede, say on your mind, ye shall me rule herein.

*Dic.* Godamercy dame Chat, in faith thou must the gere begin:

It is twenty pound to a goose turd my gammar will not tary.

But hither ward she comes as fast as legs can her cary, To brawle with you about her cock, for wel I hard Tib say,

The cock was rosted in your house, to breakfast yesterday: And when he had the carcas eaten, the fethers ye out flunge,

And Doll, your maid, the legs she hid a foot depe in the dung.

*Chat.* O gracious God, my heart it burstles!

*Dic.* Well, rule your self a space,

146 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

And gammar Gurton when she cometh anon into this place,

Then to the quean let's see ye tell her your mind, and spare not,

So shall Diccon blameless bee; and then go to, I care not.

*Chat.* Then hoor, beware her throte, I can abide no longer :

In faith, in faith, old witch, it shall be seen which of us two be stronger ;

And Diccon, but at your request, I wold not stay one hour.

*Dic.* Well, keep it in till she be here, and then out let it pour.

In the mean while get you in, and make no words of this ;

More of this matter within this hour to here you shall not miss.

Because I know you are my friend, hide it I could not, doubtless :

Ye know your harm, see ye be wise about your own business.

So fare ye well.

*Chat.* Nay, soft Diccon, and drink: what, Doll, I say, Bring here a cup of the best ale, let's see, come quickly away.

*Enter Hodg. Diccon.*

*Dic.* Ye see, masters, that one end tapt of this my short devise,

Now must we broche t'other to, before the smoke arise, And by the time they have a while run,

I trust ye need not crave it,

But loke what lieth in both their harts, ye are like sure to have it.

*Hodg.* Yea, Gog's soul, art alive yet? what Diccon, dare ich come?

*Dic.* A man is wel hied to trust to thee, I wil say nothing but mum.

But and ye come any nearer, I pray you see all be sweet,

*Hodg.*



Hodg. Tush man, is gammer's neele found? that chould gladly weete.

Dic. She may thank the it is not found, for if you had kept thy standing,  
The devil he wold have fet it out, ev'n Hodg, at thy commanding.

Hodg. Gog's hart! and cold he tel nothing where that neele might be found?

Dic. Ye foolish dolt, ye were to seek, ere we had got our ground;

Therefore his tale so doubtful was, that I cold not perceive it.

Hodg. Then ich se wel somthing was said, chope one day yet to have it.

But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devil cry, ho, ho, ho?

Dic. If thou hadst taried where thou stood'st, thou woldest have said so.

Hodg. Durst swere of a boke, chard him more, streight after ich was gone;

But tell me Diccon, what said the knave, let me here it anon.

Dic. The horson talked to me, I know not well of what:

One while his tonge it ran, and paltered of a cat,

Another while he stammered still upon a rat;

Last of all there was nothing but every word chat, chat;

But this I well perceived before I wolde him rid,

Betweene chat and the rat, and the cat the nedle is hid:

Now whether Gib our cat have eat it in her mawe,

Or doctor Rat our curat have found it in the straw,

Or this dame Chat your neighbour have stollen i God he knoweth,

But by the morrow at this time, we shall learn how the matter goeth.

Hodg. Canst learn to night man, see'st not what is here?

[Pointing behind to his torn breeches.

Dic. Tis not possible to make it sooner appere.

Hodg. Alas Diccon, then chave no shift; but least ich tary to long,

Hie me to Sim Glover's shop, there to seek for a thonge,  
Therewith this breech to tatche and tye as ich may.

*Dic.* To morrow, Hodg, if we chaunce to meet, shall  
see what I will say.

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## The Second Acte. The Third Sceane.

*Diccon. Gammer.*

*Dic.* **N**OW this gere must forward go, for here  
my Gammer cometh :

Be still a while and say nothing, make here a little  
rometh.

*Gam.* Good lord! shall never be my luck my neele  
again to spie?

Alas, the while tys past my help; where 'tis, still it  
must lie.

*Dic.* Now, Jesus, gammer Gurton, what driveth you  
to this sadnes?

I fear me, by my conscience, you will sure fall to madness.

*Gam.* Who is that? what Diccon? cham lost, man:  
fye, fye.

*Dic.* Mary, fye on them that be worthy; but what  
shuld be your troble?

*Gam.* Alas, the more ich think on it, my sorrow it  
waxeth doble.

My goodly tossing Sporiars neele, chave lost ich wot  
not where.

*Dic.* Your neele! when?

*Gam.* My neele (alas!) ich might full ill it spare,  
As God himself he knoweth nere one beside chave.

*Dic.* If this be all, good gammer, I warrant you all  
is save.

*Gam.* Why, know you any tidings which way my neele  
is gone?

*Dic.* Yea, that I do, doubtless, as ye shall here anone,  
A see a thing this matter toucheth, within these twenty  
hours,



Eyen at this gate, before my face, by a neighbour of yours;

She stooped me down, and up she toke a needle or a pin,

I durst be sworn it was even yours, by all my mother's kin.

*Gam.* It was my neele, Diccon, ich wot; for here even by this post

Ich sat, what time as ich up start, and so my neele it lost :  
Who was it, leive son? speke ich pray the, and quickly tel me that.

*Dic.* A futtle quean as any in the town,  
your neighbour here, dame Chat.

*Gam.* Dame Chat! Diccon, let me be gone, chil thither in post haste.

*Dic.* Take my councel yet, or ye go, for fear ye walk in wast.

It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleased,  
And ye take not the better way, your nedle yet ye lose it :  
For when she took it up, even here before your doors,  
What soft, dame Chat (quoth I) that same is none of yours.

Avaunt (quoth she) fir knave, what pratest thou of that I find?

I wold thou hadst kist me! wot whear : (she ment I know behind)

And home she went as brag as it had ben a bodelouce,  
And I after her, as bold as it had ben the goodman of the house:

But there and ye had hard her, how she began to scolde,  
The tonge it were on patins, by him that Judas solde;  
Ech other word I was a knave, and you a hore of hores,  
Because I spake in your behalf, and said the neele was yours.

*Gam.* Gogs bread! and thinks the callet thus to keep my neele me fro?

*Dic.* Let her alone, and she minds none other, but even to dres you so.

150 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Gam.* By the mass, chil rather spend the cots that is  
on my backe.

Thinks the false quean by such a slight that chill my  
neele lack?

*Dic.* Slip not your gere, I counsel you, but of this  
take good hede,

Let not be known I told you of it, how well soever ye  
spede.

*Gam.* Chil in, Diccon, a cleene aperne to take, and  
set before me;

And ich may my neele once see, chil sure remember the.

The Second Acte. The Fifth Sceane.

*Diccon.*

*Dic.* **H**ERE will the sport begin, if these two once  
may meet,

Their chere, durst lay money, will prove scarfly sweet.

My gammer sure intends to be upon her bones,

With staves, or with clubs, or els with coble stones.

Dame Chat on the other side, if she be fare behinde,

I am right far deceived, she is geven to it of kinde.

He that may tarry by it a while, and that but short,

I warrant him trust to it, he shall see all the sport.

Into the town will I, my frendes to vyfit there,

And hether straight again to see th'end of this gere.

In the mean time, felowes, pype up your fiddles, I say  
take them,

And let your friendes here such mirth as ye can make  
them.

The



The Third Acte. The First Sceane.

*Hodg.*

*Hodg.* **S**YM Glover! yet gramercy cham meetley well  
sped now,  
Th'art even as good a fellow as ever kiste a cowe.  
Here is a thong in dede, by the mass though ich speak it,  
Tom Tankard's great bald curtal, I think could not  
break it.

And when he spyed my neede, to be so straight and hard,  
Hays lent me here his naul, to set the gib forward.  
As for my gammer's neele, the flyenge feind go weet,  
Chill not now go to the door again with it to meet.  
Chould make shifst good enough, and chad a candle's end,  
The cheefe hole in my breeche, with these two chill  
amend.

The Third Acte. The Second Sceane.

*Gammer. Hodg.*

*Gam.* **H**OW, Hodg! mayst now be glad, cha news  
to tell thee,

Ich know who hais my neele, ich trust soon shalt it see.

*Hodg.* The devil thou does: hast hard gammer in deed,  
or dost but jest?

*Gam.* Tis as true as steel, Hodg.

*Hodg.* Why, know'st well where didst leese it?

*Gam.* Ich know who found it, and took it up, shalt  
see or it be long.

*Hodg.* God's mother dere, if that be true, farwel both  
naul and thong.

But who has it, gammer, say? one chould fain here it  
disclosed.

*Gam.* That false fixen, that same dame Chat, that  
counts her self so honest.

*Hodg.* Who told you so?

*Gam.* That same did Diccon the bedlam, which saw it done.

*Hodg.* Diccon ! it is a vengeable knave, gammer, 'tis a bonable horson,

Can do mo things than that, els cham deceyved evil :

By the mafs ich saw him of late call up a great black-devil.

O, the knave cryed ho, ho, roared and he thundred,  
And ye'ad bene there, cham sure you'ld murrenly ha wondred.

*Gam.* Was not thou afraid, Hodg, to see him in this place ?

*Hodg.* No, and chad come to me, chould have laid him on the face,

Chould have promised him.

*Gam.* But Hodg, had he no horns to push ?

*Hodg.* As long as your two arms. Saw ye never fryer Rushe

Painted on a cloth, with a side long cowe's taylor,

And crooked cloven feet, and many a hoked nayle ?

For al the world (if I shuld judg) chould reckon him his brother :

Loke even what face frier Rush had, the devil had such another.

*Gam.* Now Jesus mercy, Hodg, did Diccon in him bring ?

*Hodg.* Nay, gammer (heare me speak) chil tell you a greater thing.

The devil, when Diccon had him (ich hard him wondrous weel)

Said plainly (here before us) that dame Chat had your neele.

*Gam.* Then let us go, and ask her wherefore she minds to keep it,

Seing we know so much, 'twere madnes now to slepe it.

*Hodg.* Go to her, gammer, see ye not where she stands in her doors ?

Bid her geve you the neele, 'tis none of hers but yours.



The Third Acte. The Third Sceane.

*Gammer. Chat. Hodge.*

*Gam.* **D**Ame Chat, chold pray the fair, let me have  
that is mine,

Chil not this twenty yeres take on fart that is thine;  
Therefore give me mine own, and let me live beside the.

*Chat.* Why, art thou crept from home hether to mine  
own doors to chide me ?

Hence, doting drab, avaunt, or I shall fet the further.  
Intends thou and this knave, mee in my house to mur-  
ther ?

*Gam.* Tush ! gape not so ; no woman, shalt not yet  
eat mee,

Nor all the friends thou hast, in this shall not intreat  
mee ;

Mine own Goods I will have, and ask the no beleve :  
What woman ; pore folks must have right, though the  
thing you agreve.

*Chat.* Give thee thy right, and hang the up, with all  
thy begger's broode ;

What, wilt thou make me a theefe, and say I stole thy  
good ?

*Gam.* Chil say nothing (ich warrant thee) but that  
ich can prove it well,

Thou fet my good even from my door, cham able this  
to tell.

*Chat.* Did I (old witch) steal oft was thine ?  
how should that thing be known ?

*Gam.* Ich can not tell, but up thou tokest it as though  
it had bin thine own.

*Chat.* Mary, fy on thee, thou old Gib, with all my  
very hart.

*Gam.* Nay, fy on thee thou rampe, thou rig, with  
al that take thy part.

154 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Chat.* A vengeance on those lips that layeth such things to my charge.

*Gam.* A vengeance on those callets hips, whose conscience is so large.

*Chat.* Come out, hogge.

*Gam.* Come out, hog, and let have me right.

*Chat.* Thou argant witche.

*Gam.* Thou bawdie bitche, chil make thee curse this night.

*Chat.* A bag and a wallet.

*Gam.* A carte for a callet.

*Chat.* Why wenest thou thus to prevaile?

I hold thee a grote,

I shall patche thy coat.

*Gam.* Thou wart as good kifs my tayl,  
Thou flut, thou kut, thou rakes, thou jakes, will not shame make the hide the?

*Chat.* Thou skald, thou bald, thou roten, thou glotton, I will no longer chide the;

But I will teache the to keep home.

*Gam.* Wilt thou, drunken beast?

*Hodg.* Stick to her, gammer, take her by the head,  
chil warrant you this feast.

Smite, I say, gammer,

Bite, I say, gammer,

I trow ye will be keene:

Where be your nails? claw her by the jawes, pull me out both her eyen.

Gog's bones, gammer, hold up her head.

*Chat.* I trow, drab, I shall dresse thee.

Tary, you knave, I hold the a grote, I shall make these hands blefs thee.

Take thou this, old hore, for amends, and learn thy tonge well to tame,

And say thou met at this bickering, not thy fellow but thy dame.

*Hodg.* Where is the strong stued hore? chil ge'r a hore's mark:

Stand out one's way, that ich kill none in the dark.

Up,



Up, gammer, and ye be alive, chil feight now for us both.

Come no nere me, thou scalde callet, to kill the ich wer loth.

*Chat.* Art here again, thou hoddypeke ? what Doll, bring me out my spitte.

*Hodg.* Chill broche thee with this, by'm father's foul, chill conjure that foule sprete.

Let dore stand, Cock, why comes indeed ? keep dore, thou horson, boy.

*Chat.* Stand to it, thou dastard, for thine ears, ise teche the a fluttish coy.

*Hodg.* Gog's wounds, hore, chill make the avaunt.  
Take heed, Cock, pull in the latche.

*Chat.* I faith, fir loose-breche, had ye taried ye shold have found your match.

*Gam.* Now ware thy throte, losel, thoese pay for all.

*Hodg.* Well said, gammer, by my foul.

Hoise her, fouse her, bounce her, trounce her, pull her throte houle.

*Chat.* Comst thou behind me, thou withered witch ? and I get once on foot.

Thouse pay for all, thou old tarlether, ile teach the what long to it.

Take the this to make up thy mouth, till time thou come by more.

*Hodg.* Up, gammer, stand on thy feet, where is the old hore ?

Faith, would chad her by the face,  
choulde crack her callet crown.

*Gam.* Ah Hodg, Hodg, where was thy help, when fixen had me down ?

*Hodg.* By the mass, Gammer, but for my stasse,  
Chat had gone nye to spyl you.

Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com,  
to kil you.

But shall we loose our neele thus ?

*Gam.* No, Hodg, chwarde lothe doo soo.

Thinkest thou chill take that at her hand ? no Hodge,  
ich tell the no.

*Hodg.* Chold yet this fray wer wel take up, and our own neele at home.

'Twill be my chaunce els some to kil, where ever it be or whom.

*Gam.* We have a parson, (Hodge) thou knowest, a man esteemed wise,

Mast doctor Rat, chil for him send, and let me hear his advise,

He will her thrive for all this gere, and geve her penance strait,

Wese have our neele, els dame Chat comes nere with in heaven gate.

*Hodg.* Ye mary, gammer, that ich think best: will you for him now send?

The sooner Doctor Rat be here, the sooner wese ha an end.

And here gammer, Diccon's devil (as ich remember well) Of Cat and Chat, and doctor Rat, a felloneus tale did tell,

Chold you forty pound, that is the way your neele to get again.

*Gam.* Chil ha him strait; call out the boy, wese make him take the pain.

*Hodg.* What Cock, I say, come out; what devil can't not here?

*Cock.* How now, Hodg, how does, gammer? is yet the wether clear?

What wold chave me to doo?

*Gam.* Come hether, Cock, anon.

Hence swithe to doctor Rat, hye the that thou were gone, And pray him come speke with me, cham not well at ease,

Shalt have him at his chamber, or els at mother Bee's, Els seek him at Hobfilcher's shop; for, as charde it reported,

Thers is the best ale in all the town, and now is most reforted.

*Cock.* And shall ich bring him with me, Gammer?

*Gam.* Yea, by and by, good Cock.

*Cock.* Shalt see that shall be here anone, els let me have on that dock.

*Hodg.*



*Hodg.* Now, gammer, shall we two go in, and tary for his coming?

What devil, woman, pluck up your hart, and leve of al this gloming.

Though she were stronger at the first, as ich think ye did find her.

*Gam.* Yet there ye drest the drunken fow, what time ye cam behind her.

Nay, nay, cham sure she lost not all, for set them to the beginning,

And ich doubt not, but she wil make smal boist of her winning.

## The Third Acte. The Third Sceane.

*Tib. Hodg. Gammer. Cock.*

*Tib.* **S**E gammer, gammer, Gib our cat, cham afraid what she ayleth,

She standes me gasping behind the door,

as though her winde her faileth.

Now let ich doubt what Gib shuld mean, that now she doth so dote.

*Hodg.* Hold hether, ichould twenty pound, your neele is in her throte.

Grope her, ich say, me thinks ich feele it; does not prick your hand?

*Gam.* Ich can feele nothing.

*Hodg.* No! ich know thar's not within this land A muriner cat then Gib is, betwixt the Tems and Tine, Shafe as much wit in her head almost as chawe in mine.

*Tib.* Faith, shafe eaten some thing, that will not easely down,

Whether she gat it at home, or abroad in the town, Ich cannot tell.

*Gam.* Alas! ich fear it be some crooked pin, And then farewell Gib, she is undone, and lost all save the skin,

*Hodg.*

158 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Hodg.* 'Tis your neele, woman, I say: Gog's soul,  
geve me a knife,  
And chil have it out of her maw, or else chal lose my  
life.

*Gam.* What! nay, Hodg, fy, kill not our cat, 'tis  
al the cats we ha now.

*Hodg.* By the mass, dame Chat, hays me so moved,  
ich care not what I kill, ma God a vowe.  
Go to then, Tib, to this geare, hold up her tayle and  
take her,  
Chil se what devil is in her guts, chil take the pains to  
rake her.

*Gam.* Rake a Cat, Hodg! what wouldst thou do?

*Hodg.* What thinck'st that cham not able?  
Did not Tom Tankard rake his curtal toore day standing  
in the stable?

*Gam.* Soft, be content, let's here what news  
Cock bringeth from maister Rat.

*Cock.* Gammer, chave ben ther as you bad, you wot  
well about what.

\*Twill not be long before he come, ich durst swear of a  
book,  
He bids you see ye be at home, and there for him to  
look.

*Gam.* Where didst thou finde him, boy? was he not  
wher I told thee?

*Cock.* Yes, yes, even at Hobfilcher's house, by him  
that bought and sold me:

A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fier.  
Chad much a do to go and come, all was so full of mier:  
And, gammer, one thing I can tell, Hobfilcher's naule  
was losse,

And doctor Rat found it again, hard beside the door  
poste.

Ichould a penny can say something, your neele again to  
set.

*Gam.* Cham glad to hear so much, Cock, then trust  
he will not let



To help us herein best he can; therefore till time he  
come,  
Let us goe in, if there be ought to get thou shall have  
some.

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The Fourth Acte. The First Sceane.

*Doctor Rat. Gammer Gurton.*

*D. Rat.* **A** Man were better twenty times be a bandog  
and barke,

Then here among such a sort, be parish priest or clarke.  
Where he shall never be at rest, one pissing while a day,  
But he must trudge about the towne, this way, and that  
way.

Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his shoes to tear and  
rent,

And that which is worst of all, at every knave's com-  
mandment.

I had not fit the space to drinke two pots of ale,  
But gammer Gurton's sory boy was straite way at my  
taile;

And she was sicke, and I must come, to do I wot not  
what :

If once her fingers end but ake, trudge, call for doctor  
Rat.

And when I come not at their call, I only thereby loose,  
For I am sure to lacke therefore a tythe pyg or a goose.  
I warrant you when truth is known, and told they have  
their tale,

The matter where about I come,

is not worth a half penny worth of ale :

Yet must I talke so sage and smothe, as though I were  
a glosser,

Els or the yer come at an end, I shall be sure the loser.  
What worke ye, gammer Gurton? now here is your friend  
doctor Rat.

*Gam.* A good Mr. doctor, cha troubled, cha troubled  
you, chwot wel that.

*D. Rat.*

*D. Rat.* How do ye, woman? be ye lustie, or be ye not well at ease?

*Gam.* By gys master cham not sick, but yet chawe a diseafe.

Chad a foule turne now of late, chill tell it you by gigs.

*D. Rat.* Hath your browne cow cast her calfe, or your sandy sowe her pigs?

*Gam.* No, but chad ben as good as they had, as this, ich wot weel.

*D. Rat.* What is the matter?

*Gam.* Alas, alas, cha lost my good neele.

My neele, I say, and wot ye what? a drab came by and spied it,

And when I asked her for the same, the filth flatly denied it.

*D. Rat.* What was she that —

*Gam.* A dame, ich warrant you: we began to scold and brawle;

Alas, alas, come hether, Hodge; this wretche can tell you all.

## The Fourth Act. The Second Sceane.

*Hodg. Doctor Rat. Gammer. Diccon. Chat.*

*Hodg.* **G** O D morow, gaffer Vicar.

*D. Rat.* Come on fellow, let us heare.

Thy dame hath said to me, thou knowest of all this geare, Let's see what thou canst say?

*Hodg.* By'm fay, sir, that ye shall, What matter soever here was done, ich can tell your masship:

My gammer Gurton here, see now,  
sat her down at this door, see now,  
And as she began to stir her, see now,  
her neele fell in the floore, see now,



And while her staffe she took, see now,  
 at Gib her cat to fling, see now,  
 Her neele was lost in the floore, see now ;  
 is not this a wondrous thing, see now ?  
 Then came the quean dame Chat, see now,  
 to ask for hir black cup, see now :  
 And even here at this gate, see now,  
 she took the neele up, see now.  
 My gammer then she yeede, see now,  
 hir neele again to bring, see now,  
 And was caught by the head, see now ;  
 is not this a wondrous thing, see now ?  
 She tare my gammer's cote, see now,  
 and scratched hir by the face, see now,  
 Chad thought sh'ad stopt her throte, see now ;  
 is not this a wondrous case, see now ?  
 When ich saw this, ich was wroth, see now,  
 and start between them twain, see now,  
 Els ich durst take a book othe, see now,  
 my gammer had been slain, see now.

*Gam.* This is even the whole matter, as Hodg hath  
 plainly told.

And chould fain be quiet for my part, that chould.  
 But help us good master, beseech ye that ye doo,  
 Els shall we both be beaten, and lose our neele too.

*D. Rat.* What wold ye have me to doo? tell me, that  
 I were gone,

I do the best that I can, to set you both at one.  
 But be ye sure dame Chat hath this your neele found ?

*Gam.* Here comes the man, that see her take it up  
 off the ground,

Ask him your self, master Rat, if ye believe not me,  
 And help me to my neele, for God's sake, and saint  
 Charitie.

*D. Rat.* Come nere, Diccon, and let us hear what  
 thou can exprefs.

Wilt thou be sworne, seeft dame Chat this woman's neele  
 have ?

*Dic.* Nay, by S. Benit will I not, then might ye think  
 me rave.

*Gam.*

162 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Gam.* Why did'st not thou tell me so even here ? canst thou for shame deny it ?

*Dic.* I mary, gammer : but I said I wold not abide by it.

*D. Rat.* Will you say a thing, and not sticke to it to trie it ?

*Dic.* Stick to it, quoth you, master Rat ? marry, sir, I defy it.

Nay, there is many an honest man, when he suche blastes hath blowne

In his friende's ears, he woulde be loth the same by him were knowne :

If such a toy be used oft among the honestie,

It may beseme a simple man, of your and my degree.

*D. Rat.* Then we be never the nearer, for all that you can tell.

*Dic.* Yes, mary sir, if ye will do by mine advise and counsaile.

If mother Chat se al us here, she knoweth how the matter goes,

Therefore I rede you three go hence, and within keep close ;

And I will into dame Chat's house, and so the matter use,

That or ye cold go twice to church, I warrant you here news.

She shall looke well about her, but I durst lay a plege, Ye shall of gammer's neele have shortly better knowledge.

*Gam.* Now, gentle Diccon, do so ; and, good sir, let us trudge.

*D. Rat.* By the masse, I may not tarry so long to be your judge.

*Dic.* Tys but a little while man, what take so much paine ;

If I here no newes of it, I will come sooner againe.

*Hodg.* Tary so much, good master Doctor, of your gentlenes.

*D. Rat.* Then let us hie inward, and Diccon speede thy busines.

*Dic.*



*Dic.* Now, firs, do you no more, but kepe my counsaile just,

And doſter Rat ſhall thus catch ſome good, I truſt ;  
But mother Chat, my goſſap, talke firſt with all I muſt,  
For ſhe muſt be chief captain to lay the Rat in the duſt.  
God deven, dame Chat, in faith, and well met in this place.

*Chat.* God deven, my friend Diccon, whether walke ye this pace ?

*Dic.* By my truth even to you, to learne how the world goeth.

Hard ye no more of the other matter, ſay me now by your troth ?

*Chat.* O yes, Diccon : here the olde hoore, and Hodge that great knave.

But in faith, I would thou hadſt ſene, O Lord ! I dreſt them brave.

She bare me two or three ſouſes behind, in the nape of the necke,

Till I made her olde weſen to anſwer again, kecke.

And Hodge, that dirty daſtard, that at her elbow ſtandes, If one paire of legs had not bene worth two paire of hands,

He had had his beard ſhaven, if my nayles wold have ſerved,

And not without a cauſe, for the knave it well deſerved.

*Dic.* By the maſſe, I con the thank, wench, thou didſt ſo well acquite the.

*Chat.* And th'adſt ſeene him, Diccon, it wold have made the beſhite the

For laughter : the horſen dolt at laſt caught up a club, As though he wold have ſlaine the maſter devil, Belſabub ;

But I ſet him ſoone inwarde.

*Dic.* O Lord ! there is the thing,  
That Hodge is ſo offended, that makes him ſtarte and flyng.

*Chat.* Why, makes the knave any moyling, as ye have ſeene or hard ?

*Dic.* Even now I ſawe him laſt, like a mad man he ſarde,

164 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

And fware by heaven and hell, he would a wreake his  
forrow,

And leve you never a hen alive by eight of the clock to  
morow :

Therefore mark what I say, and my wordes see that  
ye trust,

Your hens be as good as dead, if ye leave them on the  
ruste.

*Chat.* The knave dare as well go hang himself, as  
go upon my ground.

*Dic.* Wel, yet take hede, I say, I must tell you my  
tale round:

Have you not about your house, behind your furnace or  
leade,

A hole where a crafty knave may creep in for neade ?

*Chat.* Yes, by the masse, a hole broke down even  
within these two dayes.

*Dic.* Hodg, he intends this same night to slip in  
there awayes.

*Chat.* O Christ, that I were sure of it ! in faith he  
shuld have his mede.

*Dic.* Watch wel, for the knave wil be there as sure as  
is your crede ;

I wold spend my selfe a shilling to have him swung well.

*Chat.* I am as glad as a woman can be of this thing  
to here tell ;

By gog's bones, when he cometh, now that I know the  
matter,

He shall sure at the first skip, to leape in scalding water:  
With a worse turne besides, when he will, let him come.

*Dic.* I tell you as my sister, you know what meaneth  
mum.

Now lake I but my Doctor, to play his part againe.

And lo; where he cometh towards, peradventure to his  
paine.

*D. Rat.* What good newes, Diccon ? fellow, is mother  
Chat at home ?

*Dic.* She is fyr, and she is not; but it please her to  
whome :

Yet



Yet did I take her tardy, as subtile as she was.

*D. Rat.* The thing that thou went'st for, hast thou brought it to passe?

*Dic.* I have done that I have done, be it worse, be it better,

And dame Chat at her wyt's ende, I have almost set her.

*D. Rat.* Why, hast thou spied the neele? quickly I pray thee tell.

*Dic.* I have spied it in faith, sir, I handled my selfe so well;

And yet the crafty queane had almost take my trumpe;  
But or all came to an ende, I set her in a dumpe.

*D. Rat.* How so, I pray thee, Diccon?

*Dic.* Mary, sir, will ye heare?

She was clapt downe on the backside, by Cock's mother dere,

And there she sat sowing a halter, or a bande,  
With no other thing, but gammer's nedle in her hande;  
As soon as any knocke, if the filth be in doubt,  
She needes but once puffed, and her candle is out:  
Now I, sir, knowing of every doore the pin,  
Came nicely, and said no worde, till time I was within,  
And there I saw the neele, even with these two eyes.  
Who ever say the contrary, I will sweare he lyes.

*D. Rat.* O Diccon, that I was not there then in thy steade!

*Dic.* Well, if ye will be ord'red, and do by my reade,  
I will bring you to a place, as the house standes,  
Where ye shall take the drab with the neele in her handes.

*D. Rat.* For God's sake, do so, Diccon, and I will gage my gowne,  
To geve the a full pot of the best ale in the towne.

*Dic.* Follow me but a little, and mark what I say,  
Lay downe your gown beside you, go to, come on your way:

Se ye not what is here? a hole wherein ye may creepe  
Into the house, and sodenly unawares among them leape;  
There shal ye find the bich-fox, and the neele together.  
Do as I bid you, man, come on your ways hether.

*Dic.*

*D. Rat.* Art thou sure, Diccon, the swel-tub standes not here about ?

*Dic.* I was within my selfe, man, even now, there is no doubt.

Go softly, make no noise, give me your foote, sir John, Here will I waite upon you, till you come out anon.

*D. Rat.* Help, Diccon, out alas, I shall be slain among them.

*Dic.* If they give you not the nedle, tel them that ye wil hang them.

Ware that, how my wenches, have ye caught the foxe, That used to make revel among your hennes and Cocks ? Save his life yet for his order, though he susteine some paine.

Gog's bread, I am afraide, they will beat out his braine.

*D. Rat.* Wo worth the houre that I came heare ;  
And wo worth him that wrought this geare,  
A sort of drabs and queans have me blest,  
Was ever creature halfe so evil drest ?  
Who ever it wrought, and first did invent it,  
He shall, I warrant him, ere long repent it.  
I will spend all I have without my skin,  
But he shall be brought to the plight I am in ;  
Master Bayly I trow, and he be worth his cares,  
Will snaffle these murderers, and all that them beares :  
I will surely neither byte nore suppe,  
Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take up.



## The Fifth Acte. The First Sceane.

*Master Bayly. Doctor Rat.*

*Bayly.* **I** Can perceive none other, I speak it from my heart,  
But either ye are all in the fault, or els in the greatest part.

*D. Rat.*



*D. Rat.* If it be counted his fault, besides all his greeves,  
When a poor man is spoyled, and beaten among theeves,  
Then I ontess my fault herein, at this season;  
But I hope you will not urge so much against reason.

*Bayly.* And me thinkes by your own tale, of all that  
ye name,  
If any plaid the theefe, you were the very same:  
The women they did nothing, as your words made  
probation,

But stoutly withstood your forcible invasion,  
If that a theefe at your window to enter should begin,  
Wold you hold forth your hand, and help to pull him in?  
Or wold you kepe him out? I pray you answer me.

*D. Rat.* Mary hope him out: and a good cause why.  
But I am no theefe, sir, but an honest learned clarke.

*Bayly.* Yea, but who knoweth that, when he meets  
you in the dark?

I am sure your learning shines not out at your nose.  
Was it any marvaile, though the poor woman arose,  
And strat up, being afraide of that was in hir purse?  
Me thinke you may be glad that your lucke was no worse.

*D. Rat.* Is not this evil ynough, I pray you thinke?

[*Shewing his broken head.*]

*Bayly.* Yea, but a man in the darke, if chaunces do  
wincke,

As soone meets his father as any other man,  
Because, for lacke of light, decerne him he ne can.  
Might it not have bene your lucke with a spit to have  
bene slain?

*D. Rat.* I thinke I am little better, my scalpe is cloven  
to the brain:

If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the knockes.

*Bayly.* By my truth, and well worthy besides to kisse  
the stockes.

To come in on the backe side, when ye might go about,  
I know non such, unles they long to have their braines  
knockt out.

*D. Rat.* Well, will you be so good, sir, as talke with  
dame Chat,

And know what she intended, I aske no more but that.

*Bayly.*

*Bayly.* Let her be called, fellow, because of master doctor,  
 I warrant in this case, she will be hir owne proctor :  
 She will tell hir owne tale in metter or in prose,  
 And byd you seeke your remedy, and so go wype your nose.

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## The Fifth Acte. The Second Sceane.

*M. Baily, Chat, D. Rat. Gammer, Hodge, Diccon.*

*Baily.* **D**Ame Chat, master doctor upon you here complained,

That you and your maides shuld him much misorder,  
 And taketh many an oth, that no word be fained,  
 Laying to your charge, how you thought him to murder :

And on his part againe, that same man saith further,  
 He never offended you in word nor intent ;

To heare you answer hereto, we have now for you sent.

*Chat.* That I wold have murdered him ! fye on him wretch,

And evil mought he thee for it, our Lord I beseech.

I will swere on all the bookes that opens and shuttes

He faineth this tale out of his owne guttes.

For this seven weekes with me, I am sure, he sat not downe ;

Nay ye have other minions in the other end of the town,

Where ye were liker to catch such a blow

Then any where els, as farre as I know.

*Baily.* Be like then, master doctor, your stripe there ye got not.

*D. Rat.* Think you I am so mad, that where I was bet I wot not ?

Will ye beleve this queane, before she hath try'd it ?

It is not the first dede she hath done, and afterward de-  
 nide it.



*Chat.* What man, will you say I broke your heade?

*D. Rat.* How canst thou prove the contrary?

*Chat.* Nay, how provest thou that I did the deade?

*D. Rat.* Too plainly, by S. Mary.

This profe, I trow, may serve, though I no word spoke.  
[*Showing his broken head.*]

*Chat.* Because thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?

I saw thee, Rat, I tel thee, not once within this fortnight.

*D. Rat.* No, mary, thou sawest me not; for why? thou hadst no light;

But I felt thee for all the darke, beshrew thy smothe cheekes!

And thou groped me, this wil declare any day this six weekes.  
[*Showing his head.*]

*Bayly.* Answer me to this, M. Rat, when caught you this harme of yours?

*D. Rat.* A while a go, fir, God he knoweth; within les then these two hours.

*Bayly.* Dame Chat, was there none with you (confesse I faith) about that season?

What woman, let it be what it wil, 'tis neither felony nor treason.

*Chat.* Yes, by my faith, master Bayly, there was a knave not farre,

Who caught one good philup on the brow with a dore-barre.

And well was he worthy, as it semed to me;

But what is that to this man, since this was not he?

*Bayly.* Who was it then? let's here.

*D. Rat.* Alas, fir, ask you that?

Is it not made plain inough by the own mouth of dame Chat?

The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong cannot lie;

Only upon a bare nay, she faith it was not I.

*Chat.* No mary was it not indeed, ye shall here by this one thing,

This afternoon a friend of mine, for good-will gave me warning,

And bad me wel loke to my rusle, and all my capons  
pennes;

For if I toke not better heed, a knave wold have my  
hennes.

Then I, to save my goods, toke so much pains as him  
to watch;

And as good fortune served me, it was my chance him for  
tocatch.

What strooks he bare away, or other what was his  
gains,

I wot not, but sure I am he had something for his pains.

*Bayly.* Yet telles thou not who it was

*Chat.* Who it was? A false theefe,

That came like a false foxe, my pullain to kil and mis-  
cheefe.

*Bayly.* But knowest thou not his name?

*Chat.* I know it, but what than?

It was that crafty cullyon Hodge, my gammer Gurton's  
man.

*Bayly.* Cal me the knave hether, he shall sure kisse  
the stockes.

I shall teach him a lesson for filching hens or cocks.

*D. Rat.* I marvail, master Bayly, so bleared be your  
eyes!

An egge is not so full of meat, as she is full of lies:

When she hath plaid this pranke, to excuse all this  
geare,

She layeth the fault on such a one, as I know was not  
there.

*Chat.* Was he not there? loke on his pate; that shal-  
be his witnes.

*D. Rat.* I wold my head were halfe so hole, I wold  
seek no redresse.

*Baily.* God blesse you, gammer Gurton.

*Gam.* God dilde you, master mine.

*Baily.* Thou hast a knave within thy house, Hodge, a  
servant of thine.

They tell me that busie knave is such a filching one,

That hen, pig, goose, or capon, thy neighbour can  
have none.

*Gam.*



*Gam.* By god cham mnch ameved, to hear anie such report :

Hodge was not wont, ich trow, to have him in that sort.

*Chat.* A theevisher knave is not on live, morefilching, nor more false ;

Manie a truer man than he has been hanged up by the halfe. And thou his dame, of all his theft thou art the sole receiver ;

For Hodge to catch, and thou to keep, I never knew none better.

*Gam.* Sir, reverence of your masterdom, and you were out of door,

Chold be so bold, for all hir brags, to call hir arrant whore.

And ich knew Hodge so bad as tow, ich wish me endlesse sorrow,

And chould not take the pains to hang him up before to morrow.

*Chat.* What have I stoln from the or thine, thou il-favor'd old trot ?

*Gam.* A great deal more (by God blest) then chever by the got,

That thou knowest well, I need not say it.

*Baily.* Stoppe there I say,

And tell me here, I pray you, this matter by the waie : How chaunce Hodge is not here ? him wold I fain have had.

*Gam.* Alas, fir, heel be here anon ; ha be handled too bad.

*Chat.* Master Baily, fir, ye be not such a fool, well I know,

But ye perceive by this lingring there is a pad in the straw. [*Thinking that Hodg his head was broke, and that gammer wold not let him come before them.*]

*Gam.* Chil shew you his face, ich warrant the, —— lo now where he is !

*Baily.* Come on, fellow ; it is told me thou art a shrew I wyffe ;

Thy neighbour's hens thou takest, and plaies the two  
legged foxe ;

Their chickens, and their capons too, and now and then  
their cocks.

*Hodg.* Ich defy them all that dare it say ; cham as true  
as the best.

*Baily.* Wart not thou take within this hour in dame  
Chat's hens nest ?

*Hodg.* Take there ! no master, chould not do't for a  
house ful of gold.

*Chat.* Thou art the devil in thy cote ; fware this I  
dare be bold.

*D. Rat.* Swear me no swearing, quean, the devil he  
geve the sorrow ;

As is not worth a gnat, thou canst swear till to morrow.  
Where is the harme he hath ? shew it ; by God's bread,  
Ye beat him with a witnes, but the stripes light on my  
head.

*Hodg.* Bet me ! Gog's blessed bodie, chold first ich trow  
have burst the ;

Ich think, and chad my hands, loose callet, chould have  
crust the.

*Chat.* Thou shitten knave, I trow, thou knowest the  
ful weight of my fist.

I am fowlie deceived, unles thy head and my door-bar  
kiste.

*Hodg.* Hold thy chat, hore ; thou criest so loud, can no  
man els be hard ?

*Chat.* Well, knave, and I had the alone, I wold sure-  
lie rap thy costard.

*Baily.* Sir, answer me to this, Is thy head whole or  
broken ?

*Chat.* Yea, master Baily, blest be everie good token.

*Hodg.* Is my head whole ? ich warrant you, 'tis neither  
scurvy nor scald :

What, you foul beast, does think 'tis either pild or  
bald ?

Nay, ich thank God, chil not for all that thou maist  
spend,

That chad one scab on my narfe as brode as thy finger's  
end.

*Baily.*



*Baily.* Come nearer here.

*Hodg.* Yes, that ich dare.

*Baily.* By our lady, here is no harme ;  
Hodge's head is hole enough, for all dame Chat's  
charme.

*Chat.* By Gog's blest, however the thing he clockes or  
smolders,  
I know the blows he bare awaie, either with head or  
shoulders.

Camest thou not, knave, within this hour, creeping into  
my pens,  
And there was caught within my house, groping among  
my hens ?

*Hodg.* A plage both on thy hens and thee ! a cart,  
whore, a cart ;  
Should I were hanged as hie as a tree, and chware as false  
as thou art.

Geve my gammer again her washical thou stole away  
in thy lap.

*Gam.* Yea, master Baily, there is a thing you know  
not on mayhap :  
This drab she kepes away my good, (the devil he might  
her snare)

Ich pray you, that ich might have a right action on  
her.

*Chat.* Have I thy good, old filth, or any such old  
fowe's ?

I am as true, I wold thou knew, as skin between thy  
browes,

*Gam.* Many a truer hath been hang'd, though you  
escape the danger.

*Chat.* Thou shalt answer (by God's pitie) for this thy  
foul flaunder.

*Baily.* Why, what can ye charge hir withal ? to say so  
ye do not wel.

*Gam.* Mary, a vengeance to hir hart, the whore has  
stoln my neele.

*Chat.* Thy nedle, old witch ! how so ? it were alms  
thy scul to knock ;

So didst thou say, the other day, that I had stoln thy cock,

174 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

And rosted him to my breakfast, which shall not be forgotten ;

The devil pul out thy lying tong, and teeth that be rotten.

*Gam.* Geve me my neele ; as for my cocke, chould be verie loth,  
That chuld here tell he shuld hang on thy false faith and troth.

*Baily.* Your talke is such, I can scarfe learn who shuld be most in fault.

*Gam.* Yet shall ye find no other wight, save she, by bred and salt.

*Baily.* Kepe ye content a while, se that your tonges ye hold ;

Methinks you shuld remember, this is no place to scolde.  
How knowest thou, gammer Gurton, dame Chat thy nedle had ?

*Gam.* To name you, sir, the partie, chould not be very glad.

*Baily.* Yea, but we must needs hear it, and therefore saie, it boldlie.

*Gam.* Such one as told the tale, full soberlie and coldlie,

Even he that loked on, will swear on a booke,  
What time this drunken gossip my fair long neele up tooke :

Diccon (master) the bedlam, cham very sure ye know him.

*Baily.* A false knave, by God's pitie ! ye were but a fool to throw him.

I durst adventure well the price of my best cap,  
That when the end is known, all will turn to a jape.  
Told he not you that besides, she stole your cocke that tide ?

*Gam.* No master, no indeed, for then he shuld have lied ;

My cocke is, I thanke Christ, safe and well a fine.

*Chat.* Yea, but that ragged colt, that whore, that Tib of thine,

Said



Said plainlie thy cocke was stolne, and in my house wa<sup>s</sup>  
eaten ;

That lying cut is lost, that she is not swinged and beaten.  
And yet for all my good name, it were a small amends ;  
I picke not this geare (hear'st thou) out of my fingers  
ends.

But he that hard it told me, who thou of late didst  
name,

Diccon, whom all men knows, it was the verie same.

*Baily.* This is the case ; you lost your nedle about the  
dores ;

And she answers again, she hase no cocke of yours ;  
Thus in your talke and action, from that you do in-  
tend,

She is whole five mile wide from that she doth defend.

Will you say she hath your cocke ?

*Gam.* No, mary sir, that chil not.

*Baily.* Will you confesse hir neele ?

*Chat.* Will I ? no, sir, will I not.

*Baily.* Then there lieth all the matter.

*Gam.* Soft master, by the way,

Ye know she could do little, and she could not say naie.

*Baily.* Yea, but he that made one lie about your cocke  
stealing,

Will not flicke to make another, what time lies be in  
dealing.

I weene, the end will prove this brawle did first arise  
Upon no other ground, but only Diccon's lies.

*Chat.* Though some be lies, as you belike have espied  
them ;

Yet other some be true, by prooffe I have wel tried  
them.

*Baily.* What other thing beside this, dame Chat ?

*Chat.* Mary sir, even this,

The tale I tulde before, the selfe same tale it was his ;  
He gave me, like a frende, warning against my losse,  
Els had my hens been stoln eche one, by God's crosse.  
He told me Hodg wold come, and in he came indeed ;  
But as the matter chaunfed, with greater hast then  
speed.

This truth was said, and true was found, as trulie I report.

*Baily.* If doctör Rat be not deceived, it was o' another fort.

*D. Rat.* By God's mother, thou and he be a cople of futtle foxes ;

Between you and Hodge, I bear awaie the boxes.

Did not Diccon appoint the place, where thou shuld'st stand to meet him ?

*Chat.* Yes, by the masse; and if he came, bad me not sticke to speet hym.

*D. Rat.* God's sacrament! the villain knave hath dress'd us round about ;

He is the cause of all this brawl, that dirty shitten loute.

When gammer Gurton here complained, and made a ruful mone,

I heard him swear that you had gotten hir nedle that was gone.

And this to try he further said, he was full loth ; how be it

He was content with small ado to bring me where to see it, And where ye sat, he saith ful certain, if I wold follow his read,

Into your house a privy waie he wold me guid and lead,

And where ye' had it in your hands, sewing about a clowt,

And set me in the backe hole, therebie to finde you out :

And whiles I sought a quietnes, creeping upon my knees, I found the weight of your door-bar, for my reward and fees.

Such is the lucke that some men gets, while they begin to mel,

In setting at one such as were out, minding to make all well.

*Hodg.* Was not well blest, gammer, to scape that scour? and chad been there,

Then chad ben dress'd, belike, as ill (by the masse) as gaffer vicar.

*Baily.*



*Baily.* Mary, sir, here is a sport alone ; I looked for  
such an end ;

If Diccon had not plaied the knave, this had ben sone  
amend.

My gammer here he made a fool, and drest hir as she  
was ;

And goodwife Chat he set to scold, till both parties  
cried, alas !

And doctor Rat was not behind, whiles Chat his crown  
did pare ;

I wold the knave had ben starke blind, if Hodge had  
not his share.

*Hodg.* Cham meetlie wel sped alredie among's, cham  
drest like a coult ;

And chad not had the better wit, chad been made a  
dout.

*Baily.* Sir knave, make hast Diccon were here ; fetch  
him where ever he be.

*Chat.* Fie on the villain, fie, fie, that makes us thus  
agree !

*Gam.* Fie on him, knave, with all my hart, now fie,  
and fie again !

*D. Rat.* Now fie on him, may I best saie, whom he  
hath almost slain.

*Baily.* Lo where he commeth at hand, belike he was  
not fare.

Diccon, here be two or three thy companie cannot  
spare.

*Dic.* God blesse you, and you maie be blest so manie  
all at once.

*Chat.* Come knave, it were a good deed to gled the,  
by cockes bones.

Seest not thy handiwarke ? sir Rat, can you forbear  
him ?

*Dic.* A vengeance on those hands life, for my hands  
cam not neer him.

The horsen priest hath lift the pot in some of these ale-  
wives chaires,

That his head wold not serve him, belike, to come down  
the staires.

178 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Baily.* Nay, soft, thou maist not plaie the knave, and  
have this language to ;  
If thou thy tong bridle a while, the better maist thou  
do.

Confesse the truth as I shall ask, and cease a while to  
fable,

And for thy fault, I promise the, thy handling shalbe  
reasonable.

Hast thou not made a lie or two, to set these two by the  
ears ?

*Dic.* What if I have ? five hundred such have I seen  
within these seven years :

I am sory for nothing else, but that I see not the sport  
Which was between them when they met, as they them-  
selves report.

*Baily.* The greatest thing, master Rat, ye se how he  
is drest.

*Dic.* What devil need he be groping so deep in good-  
wife Chat's hen's nest ?

*Baily.* Yea, but it was thy drift to bring him into the  
briars.

*Dic.* God's bread ! hath not such an old fool wit to  
save his ears ?

He showeth himself herein, you see, so very coxe,  
The cat was not so madly alured by the foxe,  
To run into the snares was set for him doubtlesse ;  
For he leapt in for mice, and this sir John for madness.

*D. Rat.* Well, and ye shift no better, ye losel, lither,  
and lasie,

I will go near for this to make ye leape at a dasie.  
In the king's name, master Baily, I charge you set him  
fast.

*Dic.* What ! fast at cards, or on sleep ? it is the thing  
I did last.

*D. Rat.* Nay, fast in fetters, false varlet, according  
to thy deeds.

*Bayly.* Master doctor, there is no remedy, I must in-  
treat you needs

Some other kinde of punishment,

*D. Rat.*



*D. Rat.* Nay, by all halows,  
His punishment, if I may judge, shalbe naught els but the  
gallous.

*Baily.* That were too fore ; a spiritual man to be so  
extream !

*D. Rat.* Is he worthy any better, sir ? how do you  
judge and deam ?

*Baily.* I graunt him worthy punishment, but by no  
wise so great.

*Gam.* It is a shame, ich tell you plain, for such false  
knaves intreat.

He has almost undone us all, that is as true as steel :  
And yet for all this great ado, cham never the nere my  
neele.

*Baily.* Canst thou not say any thing to that, Diccon,  
with least or most ?

*Dic.* Yea, mary sir, thus much I can say well, the  
neele is lost.

*Baily.* Nay, canst not thou tell which way that nedle  
may be found ?

*Dic.* No, by my say, sir, though I might have an  
hundred pound.

*Hodg.* Thou lier lickdish, didst not say the neele wold  
be gitton ?

*Dic.* No, Hodge ; by the same token you were at  
that time beshitten,

For fear of hobgobling, you wot well what I mean ;  
As long as it is sence, I fear me yet ye be scarce clean.

*Baily.* Well, master Rat, you must both learn, and  
teach us to forgeve,  
Since Diccon hath confession made, and is so clean  
shreve :

If ye to me consent to amend this heavie chaunce,  
I will injoin him here some open kind of penance :  
Of this condition, where ye know my fee is twenty  
pence,

For the bloodshed, I am agreed with you here to dis-  
pence ;

Ye shall go quite, so that you graunt the matter now to run,  
To end with mirth emong us all, even as it was begun.

130 *Gammer GURTON's Needle.*

*Chat.* Say ye, maister vicar, and he shall sure confes to  
be your detter,

And all we that be here present will love you much the  
better.

*D. Rat.* My part is the worst; but since you all hereon  
agree,

Go even to maister Baily, let it be so for me.

*Baily.* How saiest thou, Diccon, art content this shall  
on me depend?

*Dic.* Go to, mr. Baily, say on your mind, I know ye  
are my frend.

*Bayly.* Then marke you well; to recompence this thy  
former action,

Because thou hast offended all, to make them satisfaction,  
Before their faces here kneel down, and as I shall the  
teach,

For thou shalt take an othe on Hodge's leather breach;  
First for maister doctor, upon pain of his curse,  
Where he will pay for al, thou never draw thy pursse:  
And when ye meet at one pot, he shall have the first pull;  
And thou shalt never offer him the cup, but it be full.  
To goodwife Chat thou shalt be sworn, even on the same  
wife,

If she refuse thy money once, never to offer it twice.  
Thou shalt be bound by the same here, as thou dost  
take it,

When thou maist drinke of free cost, thou never forsake it.  
For gammer Gurton's sake again sworn thou shalt be,  
To help hir to hir nedle again, if it do lie in thee;  
And likewise be bound, by the vertue of that,  
To be of good abeting to Gib, hir great cat.  
Last of all for Hodge, the othe to scanne,  
Thou shalt never take him for fine gentleman.

*Hodg.* Come on, fellow Diccon, chalbe even with thee  
now.

*Baily.* Thou wilt not sticke to do this, Diccon, I trow?

*Dic.* No, by my father's skin, my hand down I  
lay it;

Loke, as I have promised, I will not deny it;

But,



But, Hodge, take good heed now, thou do not besmite me. [*And gave him a good blow on the buttocks.*]

Hodg. Gog's hart, thou false villain, dost thou bite me?

Baily. What, Hodge, doth he hurt the or ever he begin?

Hodg. He thrust me into the buttocke with a bodkin or a pin,

I say, gammer, gammer!

Gam. How now, Hodge, how now?

Hodg. God's malt, gammer Gurton —

Gam. Thou art mad, ich trow.

Hodg. Will you see the devil, gammer?

Gam. The devil, sonne! God blesse us.

Hodg. Chould iche were hanged, gammer.

Gam. Mary, se ye might dresse us.

Hodg. Chave it, by the masse, gammer.

Gam. What, not my neele, Hodge?

Hodg. Your neele, gammer, your neele.

Gam. No, fie, dost but dodge.

Hodg. Cha found your neele, gammer, here in my hand be it.

Gam. For all the loves on earth, Hodge, let me see it.

Hodg. Soft, gammer.

Gam. Good Hodge.

Hodg. Soft, ich say, tarie a while.

Gam. Nay, sweet Hodge, say truth, and not me begile.

Hodg. Cham sure on it; ich warrant you, it goes no more astray.

Gam. Hodge, when I speak so fair, wil still say me nay?

Hodg. Go near the light, gammer, this well in faith good lucke:

Chwas almost undone, 'twas so far in my buttocke.

Gam. 'Tis mine own dear neele, Hodge, fikerly I wot.

Hodg. Cham I not a good sonne, gammer, cham I not?

Gam. Christ blessing light on thee, hast made me for ever.

Hodg. Ich knew that ich must finde it, els chould a had it never.

*Chat.* By my troth, gossip Gurton, I am even as glad,  
As though I mine own selfe as good a turn had.

*Baily.* And I by my conscience, to see it so come  
forth,

Rejoyce so much at it, as three nedles be worth.

*D. Rat.* I am no whit sorry to see you so rejoyce.

*Dic.* Nor I much the glader for all this noice.

Yet say gramercie, Diccon, for springing of the game.

*Gam.* Gramercie, Diccon, twenty times ; o how glad  
cham !

If that chould do so much, your masterdome to come  
hether,

Master Rat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon together ;

Cha but one halspeny, as far as ich know it,

And chil not rest this night, till iche bestow it.

If ever ye love me, let us go in and drinke.

*Baily.* I am content, if the rest thinke as I thinke.

Master Rat, it shal be best for you if we so do,

Then shall you warme you and drest your selfe too.

*Dic.* Soft, sirs, take us with you, the company shal  
be the more ;

As proude comes behinde, they say, as anie goes before.

But now, my good masters, since we must be gone,

And leave you behinde us here all alone :

Since at our last ending, thus mery we be,

For gammer Gurton's nedle sake, let us have a plaudity.





[ 183 ]



A pleasant conceyted

COMEDIE

OF

*George a Greene,*

THE

PINNER of WAKEFIELD.



I CAN



**I** CAN give no Account of the Author of this Piece. The Story seems to have its Foundation in History; or at least in the particular Traditions of the Town of Wakefield. And by the Stile, it does not appear to have been wrote much before the time it was printed, which was in 1599. It is said in the Title Page to have been acted by the Earl of Suffex's Servants. It is ascrib'd, by Phillips and Winstanley, to John Heywood, the Author of the Interludes: But I believe any Reader of Judgment will easily perceive they must be mistaken.

P







## Dramatis Personæ.

Edward, *King of England*  
 James, *King of Scotland*  
 Earl of Kendall  
 Lord Warwick  
 Lord Bonfield  
 Lord Humes  
 Sir Gilbert Armstrong  
 Sir Nicholas Mannering  
 George a Greene  
 Old Musgrove  
 Young Cuddie, *his Son*  
 Mr. Grime  
 Bettris, *his Daughter*  
 Robin Hood  
 Jenkin, *a Clown*  
 Wily  
 Much, *the Miller's Son*  
 Maid Marion  
 Scarlet  
 A Justice  
 A Townsman  
 John  
 Jane a Barley  
 A Shoemaker, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

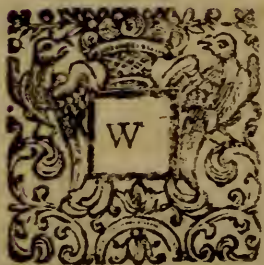


T H E  
PINNER *of* WAKEFIELD.  
A  
C O M E D Y.

---

*Enter the Earl of Kendall, with him the Lord Bonfield,  
Sir Gilbert Armstrong, and John.*

*Earl of Kendall.*



E L C O M E to Bradford, martial gentlemen,  
L. Bonfield, and sir Gilbert Armstrong both,  
And all my troupes, even to my basest groome,  
Courage and welcome ; for the day is ours.

Our cause is good, it is for the land's avayle :  
Then let us fight, and die for England's good.

*Omnes.* We will, my lord.

*Kendall.* As I am Henrie Momford, Kendal's earle,  
You honour me with this assent of yours ;

And



And here upon my sword I make protest,  
For to relieve the poore, or dye my selfe.  
And know, my lords, that James, the king of Scots,  
Warres hard upon the borders of this land :  
Here is his post ; say, John Taylour,  
What news with king James ?

*John.* Warre, my lord, I tell ; and good news I trow ;  
For king James vowes to meet you the twenty sixth of this  
month,

God willing ; marie doth he, fir.

*Kendall.* My friends, you see what we have to winne.  
Well, John, commend me to king James,  
And tell him, I will meet him the twenty sixth of this  
month,

And all the rest ; and so farewell. [Exit John.

*Bonfild.* Why stand'st thou as a man in dumps ?  
Courage ; for if I winne, Ile make thee duke.  
I Heny Momford will be king my self,  
And I will make thee duke of Lancaster,  
And Gilbert Armstrong lord of Doncaster.

*Bonfild.* Nothing, my lord, makes me amazde at all,  
But that our souldiers finde our victuals scant.  
We must make havocke of those countrey swaynes ;  
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,  
And humbly send provision to your campe.

*Gilb.* My lord Bonfild gives good advice ;  
They make a scorn and stand upon the king :  
So what is brought, is sent from them perforce ;  
Aske Mannering else.

*Kend.* What sayest thou, Mannering ?

*Man.* When as I shew'd your high commission,  
They made this answer,  
Onely to send provision for your horses.

*Kend.* Well, hye thee to Wakefield, bid the towne  
To send me all provision that I want ;  
Least I, like martial Tamberlaine, lay waste  
Their bordering countries,  
Leaving none alive that contradicts my commission.

*Man.* Let me alone, my lord, Ile make them  
Vayle their plumes ; for whosoever he be,

The proudest knight, or justice, or other, that gainsayeth  
Your word, I clap him fast, to make the rest to feare.

*Kend.* Doe so, Nick ; hie thee thither presently,  
And let us heare of thee to morrowe.

*Man.* Will you not remove, my Lord ?

*Kend.* No I will lye at Bradford all this night,  
And all the next. Come, Bonfild, let us goe,  
And listen out some bonny lasses here. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter the Justice, a Townesman, George a Green, and Sir  
Nicholas Mannering with his commission.*

*Justice.* M. Mannering, stand aside, whilest we conferre  
What is best to doe.

Townesmen of Wakefield, the earle of Kendall  
Here hath sent for victuals ;

And in ayding him, we shewe our selves

No lesse than traytours to the king ;

Therefore let me heare, townesmen,

What is your consents.

*Town.* Even as you please we are all content.

*Justice.* Then M. Mannering we are resolv'd——

*Man.* As howe ?

*Just.* Marrie, sir, thus.

We will sende the earl of Kendall no victuals,

Because he is a traytour to the king.

And in ayding him we shewe our selves no lesse.

*Man.* Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde,  
That present danger cannot whet your wits,  
Wisely to make provision of your selves ?

The earl is thirtie thousand men strong in power,

And what towne so ever him resist,

He layes it flat and levell with the ground :

Ye silly men, you seek your owne decay :

Therefore send my lord such provision as he wants,

So he will spare your town, and come no neerer

Wakefield then he is.

*Justice.* Master Mannering, you have your answere,  
You may be gone.

*Man.* Well, Woodroffe, for so I gesse is thy name,  
Ile make thee curse thy overthwart deniall ;

And



And all that sit upon the bench this day,  
Shall rue the houre they have withstood my lord's  
Comission.

*Justice.* Doe thy worst, we feare thee not.

*Man.* See you these seales? before you passe the towne,  
I will have all things my lord doth want,  
In spite of you.

*Geo.* Proud dapper Jack, vayle bonnet to the bench  
That represents the person of the king;  
Or, sirra, Ile lay thy head before thy feet.

*Man.* Why, who art thou?

*Geo.* Why, I am George a Green,  
True liegeman to my king,  
Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these,  
Should brooke the braves of any trayterous squire.  
You of the bench, and you my fellowe friends,  
Neighbours, we subjects all unto the king;  
We are English born, and therefore Edward's friends,  
Voude unto him even in our mothers wombe,  
Our mindes to God, our hearts unto our king;  
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcases,  
Be all king Edward's. Then, sirra, we have  
Nothing left for traytours, but our swordes,  
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,  
And dye against you, before we send you any victuals.

*Justice.* Well spoken, George a Green!

*Town.* Pray let George a Green speak for us.

*Geo.* Sirra, you get no victuals here,  
Not if a hoof of beefe would save your lives.

*Man.* Fellowe, I stand amaze at thy presumption.  
Why, what art thou that darest gaynsay my lord,  
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?  
Why, my friend, I come not barely of my self;  
For see, I have a large commission.

*Geo.* Let me see it, sirra.  
Whose seales be these?

*Man.* This is the earl of Kendal's seale at armes;  
This lord Charnel Bonfield's;  
And this sir Gilbert Arnestrong's.

*Geo.* I tell thee, sirra, did good king Edward's sonne  
Seale

Seale a commission against the king his father,  
Thus would I teare it in despite of him.

[*He tears the commission.*]

Being traitour to my soveraigne.

*Man.* What ! hast thou torn my lord's commission ?  
Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

*Geo.* What, are you in choler ? I will give you pilles  
To coole your stomacke.

Seest thou these seales ?

Now by my father's soule, which was a yeoman,  
When he was alive, eat them,

Or eat my dagger's poynt, proud squire.

*Man.* But thou doest but jest, I hope.

*Geo.* Sure that shall you see, before we two part.

*Man.* Well, and there be no remedie, so George,——  
One is gone ; I pray thee, no more nowe.

*Geo.* O fir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.——  
So fir, now you may go tell the earl of Kendall,  
Although I have rent his large commission,  
Yet of curtesie I have sent all his seales  
Backe againe by you.

*Man.* Well, fir, I will doe your arrant. [*Exit.*]

*Geo.* Nowe let him tell his lord, that he hath  
Spoke with George a Green,  
Right pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,  
That hath phisicke for a foole,  
Pilles for a traytour that doth wrong his soveraigne.  
Are you content with this that I have done ?

*Justice.* Ay, content, George ;  
For highly hast thou honour'd Wakefield towne,  
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.  
Come, thou shalt be my welcome ghest to day ;  
For well thou hast deserv'd reward and favour.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter olde Musgrove, and yong Cuddie his sonne.*

*Cuddie.* Nowe, gentle father, list unto thy sonne,  
And for my mother's love,  
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye,  
Graunt one petition that I shall demaund.

*Old Mus.* What is that, my Cuddie ?

*Cuddie.*



*Cuddie.* Father, you know the ancient enmitie of late  
Between the Musgroves and the wily Scottes,  
Whereof they have othe,  
Not to leave one alive that strides a launce.  
O father, you are olde, and wayning age unto the grave :  
Old William Musgrove, which whilome was thought  
The bravest horseman in all Westmerland,  
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme upon a staffe,  
That ear't could wield a launce.  
Then, gentle father, resigne the hold to me ;  
Give arms to youth, and honour unto age.

*Mus.* Avaunt, false-hearted boy, my joynts doe quake  
Even with anguish of thy verie words.  
Hath William Musgrove seene an hundred yeres ?  
Have I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,  
That when they heard my name in any roade,  
They fled away, and posted thence amaine ?  
No, Cuddie, no: thus resolve I,  
Here have I liv'd, and here will Musgrove die.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, M. Grime, and  
Bettris his daughter.*

*Bon.* Now, gentle Grime, god a mercy for our good  
chere,

Our fare was royall, and our welcome great ;  
And sith so kindly thou hast entertain'd us,  
If we returne with happie victorie,  
We will deal as friendly with thee in recompence.

*Grime.* Your welcome was but dutie, gentle lord :  
For wherefore have we given our wealth,  
But to make our betters welcome when they come ? —  
O, this goes hard when traytours must be flatter'd ;  
But life is sweet, and I cannot withstand it.  
God (I hope) will revenge the quarrell of my king.

*Gilb.* What said you, Grime ?

*Grime.* I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,  
I curse the houre that ere I got the girle :  
For sir, she may have many wealthy suters,  
And yet she disdaines them all, to have  
Poore George a Green unto her husband.

*Bonfild.*

*Bonfild.* On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy daughter ;

But she, in quirkes and quiddities of love,  
Sets me to schoole, she is so overwise.

But, gentle Girle, if thou wilt forsake  
The pinner, and be my love, I will advaunce thee high ;  
To dignifie those haire of amber hiew,  
Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,  
Set with choice rubies, sparkes, and diamonds,  
Planted upon a velvet hood, to hide that head,  
Wherein two saphires burne like sparkling fire :  
This will I doe, fair Bettris, and farre more,  
If thou wilt love the lord of Doncaster.

*Bettris.* Heigh ho! my heart is in a higher place,  
Perhaps on the earle, if that be he.

See where he comes, or angry, or in love ;  
For why ? his colour looketh discontent.

*Enter the earle of Kendall and Nichol'as.*

*Kendall.* Come, Nick, followe me.

*Bonfild.* How now, my lord ? what news ?

*Kendall.* Such news, Bonfild, as will make thee laugh,  
And fret thy fill, to hear how Nick was usde.

Why, the justices stand on their termes.

Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words ;  
He layd the lawe unto the justices

With threatning braves, that one lookt on another,  
Ready to stoope; but that a churle came in,

One George a Green, the pinner of the towne,

And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,

And by no beggers swore that we were traytours ;

Rent our commission, and upon a brave,

Made Nick to eat the seales, or brooke the stabbe :

Poor Mannering afraid, came posting hither straight.

*Bettris.* Oh lovely George, fortune be still thy friend,  
And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy minde  
In all accords, even to thy heart's desire.

*Bonfild.* What sayes faire Bettris ?

*Grimes.* My lord, she is praying for George a Green :  
He is the man, and she will none but him.

*Bonfild.* But him ? why, looke on me, my girle :

Thou



Thou knowest, that yesternight I courted thee,  
And swore at my return to wedde with thee.

Then tell me, love, shall I have all thy faith ?

*Bettris.* I care not for earl, nor yet for knight,  
Nor baron that is so bold :

For George a Greene, the merrie-pinner,  
He hath my heart in hold.

*Bonfild.* Bootlesse, my lord, are many vaine replies.  
Let us hye us to Wakefield, and send her the pinner's  
head.

*Kend.* It shall be so. Grime, gramercie,  
Shut up thy daughter, bridle her affects,  
Let me not misse her when I make returne ;  
Therefore looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.

*Grime.* I warrant you, my lord,

[*Exit Grime and Bettris.*

*Ken.* And Bettris, leave a base pinner, for to love an  
earle.

Fain would I see this pinner, George a Green.  
It shall be thus ;

Nick Mannering shall lead on the battell,  
And we three will go to Wakefield in some disguise :  
But howsoever, Ile have his head to day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the king of Scots, lord Humes, with souldiers and  
Johnie.*

*King.* Why, Johnie, then the earle of Kendall is  
blithe,

And hath brave men that troupe along with him ?

*Johnie.* Ay marie, my liege, and hath goo dme  
That come along with him,

And vowes to meete you at Scrasblesea, god willing.

*King.* If good S. Andrewe lend king Jamie leave,  
I will be with him at the appointed day.

But soft : Whose pretie boy art thou ?

*Enter Jane a Barley's sonne.*

*Ned.* Sir, I am sonne unto sir John a Barley,  
Eldest, and all that ere my mother had,  
Edward my name.

*Jame.* And whither art thou going, pretie Ned ?

*Ned.* To seek some birdes, and kill them, if I can.  
 And now my scholemaster is also gone,  
 So have I libertie to ply my bowe :  
 For when he comes, I stirre not from my booke.

*James.* Lord Humes, but mark the visage of this  
 child ;

By him I gesse the beautie of his mother.  
 None but Læda could breede Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother ?

*Ned.* None but her self and household servants, fir,  
 If you would speak with her, knocke at this gate.

*James.* Johnie, knocke at that gate.

*Enter Jane a Barley upon the walles.*

*Jane.* O, I am betraied ! What multitudes be these ?

*James.* Fear not, fair Jane, for all these men are  
 mine,

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me :  
 I am thy lover, James, the king of Scottes,  
 That oft have sued and wooed with many letters,  
 Painting my inward passions with my pen,  
 When as my inward soule did bleede for woe.  
 Little regard was given to my sute,  
 But haply thy husband's presence wrought it.  
 Therefore, sweet Jane, I fitted me to time,  
 And hearing that thy husband was from home,  
 Am come to crave what long I have desired.

*Ned.* Nay, soft you, fir, you get no entrance here,  
 That seek to wrong fir John a Barley so,  
 And offer such dishonour to my mother.

*James.* Why, what dishonour Ned ?

*Ned.* Though young, yet often have I heard  
 My father say,  
 No greater wrong than to be made a cuckold.  
 Were I of age, or were my bodie strong,  
 Were he ten kings, I would shoote him to the heart,  
 That should attempt to give fir John the horne.  
 Mother, let him not come in,  
 I will goe lie at Jockie Miller's house.

*James.* Stay him.

*Jane.* Ay, well said, Ned, thou hast given the king  
 His



His answer ;

For were the ghost of Cesar on the earth,  
Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,  
He should not make me wrong my husband so.  
But good King James is pleasant, as I gesse,  
And means to trie what humour I am in ;  
Else would he never have brought an hoste of men,  
To have them witnes of his Scottissh lust.

*James.* Jane, in faith, Jane. —

*Jane.* Never reply, for I protest by the highest  
Holy god,

That doometh just revenge for things amisse,  
King James, of all men, shall not have my love.

*James.* Then list to me, saint Andrewe be my boote,  
But Ile rase thy castle to the verie ground,  
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Jane.* I feare thee not, king Jamie ; do thy worst.  
This castle is too strong for thee to scale ;  
Besides, to morrowe will sir John come home.

*James.* Well, Jane, since thou disdain'st king James's  
love,

Ile draw thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes :  
For by my father's soule, this brat of thine  
Shall perish here before thine eyes,  
Unless thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Jane.* O deepe exremes ! my heart begins to breake ;  
My little Ned looks pale for feare.

Cheare thee, my boy, I will do much for thee.

*Ned.* But not so much as to dishonour me.

*Jane.* And if thou dyest, I cannot live, sweet Ned.

*Ned.* Then dye with honour, mother, dying chaste.

*Jane.* I am armed.

My husband's love, his honour, and his fame,  
Joynes victorie by vertue.

Nowe, king James, if mother's tears cannot alay thine  
ire,

Then butcher him, for I will never yeeld.

The sonne shall die, before I wrong the father.

*James.* Why then he dyes.

*Allarum within. Enter a messenger.*

*Messenger.* My lord, Musgrove is at hand.

*James.* Who, Musgrove? The devil he is! Come,  
My horse. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter olde Musgrove, with king James prisoner.*

*Mus.* Now, king James, thou art my prisoner.

*James.* Not thine, but fortune's prisoner.

*Enter Cuddie.*

*Cuddie.* Father, the field is ours; their colours we  
Have seized;

And Humes is slayne; I slew him hand to hand

*Mus.* God and faint George!

*Cuddie.* O father, I am sore athirst.

*Jane.* Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy  
fill:

Bring in king Jamie with you as a ghest;

For all this broile was cause he could not enter.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter George a Green alone.*

*Geo.* The sweet content of men that live in love,  
Breeds fretting humours in a restless minde,  
And fansie, being checkt by fortune's spite,  
Growes too impatient in her sweete desires;  
Sweete to those men whom love leades on to blisse,  
But sowre to me, whose happe is still amisse.

*Enter the Clowne.*

*Jenkin.* Marie amen, sir.

*Geo.* Sir, what do you cry amen at?

*Jenkin.* Why, did not you talke of love?

*Geo.* Howe doe you knowe that?

*Jenkin.* Well, though I say it that should not say it,  
There are fewe fellows in our parish  
So netled with love, as I have bene of late.

*Geo.* Sirra, I thought no lesse, when the other morn-  
ing

You rose so early to go to your wenches.

Sir, I thought you had gone about my honest business.

*Jenk.* Trow you have hit it; for master, be it knowne  
To you,

There is some good-will betwixt Madge the Sou sewife  
And I, Mar



Marie she hath another lover.

*Geo.* Canst thou brooke any rivals in thy love ?

*Jen.* A rider ? no, he is a sow-gelder, and goes afoote.  
But Madge, pointed to meet me in your wheate close.

*Geo.* Well, did she meet you there ?

*Jen.* Never make question of that.  
And first I saluted her with a greene gowne,  
And after fell as hard a wooing,  
As if the priest had bin at our backs to have married us.

*Geo.* What, did she grant ?

*Jen.* Did she graunt ? never make question of that.  
And she gave me a shirt coller,  
Wrought over with no counterfet stuffe.

*Geo.* What, was it gold ?

*Jen.* Nay, 'twas better than gold.

*Geo.* What was it ?

*Jen.* Right Coventrie blew,  
Who had no sooner come there, but wot you who came  
by ?

*Geo.* No, who ?

*Jen.* Clim the sowgelder.

*Geo.* Came he by ?

*Jen.* He spide Madge and I sit together,  
He leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and  
Began to sweare.

Now I seeing he had a dagger,  
And I nothing but this twig in my hand,  
I gave him faire words and said nothing.  
He comes to me, and takes me by the bosome ;  
You hoorson slave, said he, hold my horse,  
And looke he take no cold in his feete.

No marie shall he, fir, quoth I,  
Ile lay my cloake underneath him :  
I took my cloake, spread it all along,  
And his horse on the midst of it.

*Geo.* Thou clowne, didst thou set his horse upon  
Thy cloake ?

*Jen.* Ay, but mark how I served him.  
Madge and he was no sooner gone downe into the ditch,  
But I plucked out my knife,

198      G E O R G E a G R E E N ,

Cut four hoales in my cloak, and made his horse stand  
On the bare ground.

*Geo.* 'Twas well done ; now fir, go and survey my  
fields :

If you find any cattell in the corne, to pound with them.

*Jen.* And if I find any in the pound,  
I shall turne them out. [Exit Jenkin.]

*Enter the earle of Kendall, lord Bonfild, fir Gilbert, all disguised, with a traine of men.*

*Kend.* Now we have put the horses in the corn,  
Let us stand in some corner for to heare  
What braving tearmes the pinner will breathe,  
When he spies our horses in the corne.

*Enter Jenkin blowing of his horne.*

*Jen.* O master, where are are you ? we have a prise.

*Geo.* A prise ! what is it ?

*Jen.* Three goodly horses in our wheate close.

*Geo.* Three horses in our wheat close ! whose be they ?

*Jen.* Marie that's a riddle to me ; but they are there.  
Velvet horses, and I never saw such horses before.  
As my duty was, I put off my cappe, and said as followeth ;

My masters, what doe you make in our close ?  
One of them hearing me ask what he made there, held  
up his head and neighed, and after his manner laught as  
heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle, My  
masters, said I, it is no laughing matter ; for if my master  
take you here, you goe as round as a top to the pound.  
Another untoward jade hearing me threaten him to the  
pound, and to tell you of them, cast up both his heeles,  
and let a monstrous great fart ; that was as much as  
in his language to say, A fart for the pound, and a fart for  
George a Green. Now I hearing this, put on my cap,  
blewe my horne, called them all jades, and came to tell  
you.

*Geo.* Nowe fir, go and drive me those three horses  
To the pound.

*Jen.* Doe you heare ? I were best take a constable  
With me.

*Geo.* Why so ?

*Jen.*



*Jen.* Why, they being gentlemens horses, may stand on their

Reputation, and will not obey me.

*Geo.* Goe, doe as I bid you, sir.

*Jen.* Well, I may go.

*The earle of Kendall, the lord Bonfild, and sir Gilbert Armstrong meet them.*

*Kend.* Whither away, sir ?

*Jen.* Whither away ? I am going to put the horses In the pound.

*Kend.* Sirra, those three horses belong to us, and we put them in, and they must tarrie there, and eate their fill.

*Jenkin.* Stay, I will goe tell my master.

Heare you, master ? we have another prise :

Those three horses be in your wheate close still,

And here be three geldings more.

*Geo.* What be these ?

*Jen.* These are the masters of the horses.

*Geo.* Now, gentlemen, I know not your degrees, But more you cannot be, unless you be kings, Why wrong you us of Wakefield with your horses ? I am the pinner, and before you passe, You shall make good the trespassse they have done.

*Kend.* Peace, saucie mate, prate not to us. I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.

*Geo.* Why sir, so may I sir, although I give no armes.

*Kend.* Thou ! howe art thou a gentleman ?

*Jen.* And such is my master, and he may give as good Armes as ever your great grandfather could give.

*Kend.* Pray thee let me heare howe ?

*Jen.* Marie, my master may give for his armes The picture of Aprill in a greene jerkin.

With a rooke on one fist, and an horne on the other :

But my master gives his armes the wrong way,

For he gives the horne on his fist ;

And your grandfather, because he would not lose his armes,

Wears the horne on his owne head.

*Kend.* Well, pinner, sith our horses be in, In spite of thee they now shall feede their fill,

And eate untill our leasures serve to go.

*Geo.* Now by my father's soule,  
Were good king Edward's horses in the corne,  
They shall amend the scath, or kisse the pound ;  
Much more yours, sir, whatsoe'er you be.

*Kend.* Why man, thou knowest not us.  
We do belong to Henry Momford, earle of Kendal,  
Men that before a month be full expirde,  
Will be king Edward's betters in the land.

*Geo.* King Edward's betters ! rebell, thou liest.

*George strikes him.*

*Bonfild.* Villaine, what hast thou done ? thou hast stroke  
An earle.

*Geo.* Why, what care I ? a poore man that is true,  
Is better then an earle, if he be false.

Traitors reape no better favours at my hands.

*Kend.* Ay, so me thinks, but thou shalt deare aby this  
blow.

Now or never lay hold on the pinner.

*Enter all the ambush.*

*Geo.* Stay, my lords, let us parlie on these broiles ;  
Not Hercules against two, the proverbe is,  
Nor I against so great a multitude.

Had not your troupes come marching as they did,  
I would have stoppt your passage unto London :  
But now Ile flie to secret policie.

*Kend.* What doest thou murmure, George ?

*Geo.* Marie this, my lord ; I muse,  
If thou be Henrie Momford, Kendal's earle,  
That thou wilt doe poore George a Greene this wrong.  
Ever to match me with a troupe of men.

*Kend.* Why didst thou strike me then ?

*Geo.* Why, my lord, measure me but by yourself :  
Had you a man had serv'd you long,  
And heard your foe misuse you behind your backe,  
And would not draw his sword in your defence,  
You would cashere him.

Much more, king Edward is my king :  
And before Ile heare him so wrong'd,  
Ile die within this place,

And



And maintaine good whatsoever I have said.  
And if I speake not reason in this case,  
What I have said Ile maintaine in this place.

*Ben.* A pardon, my lord, for this pinner;  
For trust me, he speaketh like a man of worth.

*Kend.* Well, George, wilt thou leave Wakefield, and  
wend with me ;  
Ile freely put up all and pardon thee.

*Geo.* Ay, my lord, considering me one thing,  
You will leave these armes and follow your good king.

*King.* Why, George, I rise not against king Edward,  
But for the poore that is oppressed by wrong ;  
And if king Edward will redresse the same,  
I will not offer him disparagement,  
But otherwise, and so let this suffice.

Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in armes.  
Nowe wilt thou leave Wakefield, and wend with me,  
Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band,  
And when I have my will, dubbe thee a knight.

*Geo.* Why, my lord, have ye any hope to winne ?

*Kend.* Why, there is a prophecie doth say,  
That king James and I shall meet at London,  
And make the king vaile bonnet to us both.

*Geo.* If this were true, my lord, this were a mighty  
reason.

*Kend.* Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot  
faile.

*Geo.* Well, my lord, you have almost turned me.  
Jenkin, come hither.

*Jenkin.* Sir.

*Geo.* Go your waies home, sir,  
And drive me those three horses home unto my house,  
And powre them downe a bushel of good oates.

*Jenkin.* Well, I will.—Must I give these scurvie horses  
Oates ?

[*Exit Jenkin.*]

*Geo.* Will it please you to commaund your train  
aside ?

*Kend.* Stand aside.

[*Exit the trayne.*]

*Geo.* Nowe list to me:  
Here in a wood, not farre from hence,

There dwels an old man in a cave alone,  
That can foretell what fortunes shall befall you ;  
For he is greatly skilfull in magike arte.

Go you there to him early in the morning,  
And question him ; if he saies good,  
Why then, my lord, I am the formost man,  
We will march up with your campe to London.

*Kend.* George, thou honourest me in this :  
But where shall we finde him out ?

*Geo.* My man shall conduct you to the place ;  
But good my lords, tell me true what the old man saith.

*Kend.* That will I, as I am earl of Kendal.

*Geo.* Why then, to honour George a Greene the more,  
Vouchsafe a piece of beefe at my poor house,  
You shall have wafer cakes your fill.  
A piece of beefe hung up since Martilmas ;  
If that like you not, take what you bring for me.

*Kend.* Gramarcies, George. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter George a Greene's boy Wily disguised like a woman, to M. Grimes.*

*Wily.* O what is love? it is some mighty power,  
Else could it never conquer George a Greene.  
Here dwels a churle that keeps away his love.  
I know the worst, and if I be espied,  
'Tis but a beating; and if I by this means  
Can get fair Bettris forth her father's dore,  
It is inough. Venus, be for me, and she alone,  
Be aiding to my wily enterprife.

[*He knocks at the doore.*]

*Enter Grime.*

*Grime.* How now ! who knocks there ? what would  
you have ?

From whence came you ? where doe you dwell ?

*Wily.* I am, forsooth, a sempsters maide hard-by,  
That hath brought worke home to your daughter.

*Grime.* Nay, are ye not some crafty queane,  
That comes from George a Greene, that rascall,  
With some letters to my daughter ?

I will have you searcht.

*Wily.*



*Wily.* Alas! fir, it is Hebrue unto me,  
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other.  
Search me, good fir,  
And if you finde a letter about me,  
Let me have the punishment that is due.

*Grime.* Why are you muffled? I like you the worse  
for that.

*Wily.* I am not, fir, asham'd to shew my face;  
Yet loth I am my cheeks should take the aire:  
Nor am I charie of my beautie's hue,  
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach sore.

*Grime.* A pretie wench, of smiling countenance!  
Old men can like, although they cannot love;  
Ay, and love, though not so brieft as yong men can.  
Well, goe in, my wench, and speake with my daughter.  
[Exit.

I wonder much at the earle of Kendall,  
Being a mightie man, as still he is,  
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,  
Is more then God or man will well allow.  
But what a foole am I to talke of him?  
My minde is more heere of the pretie lasse:  
Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne,  
I could be content to make her my wife:  
Yet I have heard it in a proverbe said,  
He that is olde, and marries with a lasse,  
Lies but at home, and prooves himselfe an asse.

*Enter Bettris in Wilie's apparell to Grime.*

How now, my wench, how is't? what, not a word?  
Alas, poore soule! the tooth-ach plagues her sore.  
Well, my wench, here is an angel for to buy thee  
pinnes,  
And I pray thee use mine house;  
The oftner, the more welcome: farewell. [Exit.

*Bettris.* O blessed love, and blessed fortune both!  
But, Bettris, stand not here to talk of love,  
But hye thee straight unto thy George a Greene.  
Never went roe-bucke swifter on the downes,  
Then I will trip it till I see my George.

[Exit.  
*Enter*

*Enter the Earl of Kendall, Lord Bonfield, Sir Gilbert,  
and Jenkin the Clowne.*

*Kend.* Come, away; Jenkin.

*Jenkin.* Come, here's his house. Where be you, ho?

*Geo.* Who knocks there?

*Kend.* Here are two or three poore men, father,  
Would speake with you.

*Geo.* Pray, give your man leave to leade me forth.

*Kend.* Goe, Jenkin, fetch him forth.

*Jenkin.* Come, olde man.

*Enter George a Greene disguised.*

*Kend.* Father, heere is three poore men come to  
question

Thee a word in secrete, that concerns their lives.

*Geo.* Say on, my sonnes.

*Kend.* Father, I am sure you heare the newes,  
How that the earle of Kendal wars against the king.  
Now father, we three, are gentlemen by birth,  
But yonger brethren that want revenues,  
And for the hope we have to be prefer'd,  
If that we knew that we shall winne,  
We will march with him:

If not, we will not march a foote to London more.  
Therefore, good father, tell us what shall happen,  
Whether the king or the earle of Kendal shall win.

*Geo.* The king, my sonne.

*Kend.* Art thou sure of that?

*Geo.* Ay, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,  
The one lord Bonfield, the other sir Gilbert.

*Kend.* Why, this is wondrous, being blinde of sight,  
His deepe perceivance should be such to know us.

*Gilb.* Magike is mightie, and fortelleth great matters.  
Indeede, father, here is the earle come to see thee,  
And therefore, good father, fable not with him.

*Geo.* Welcome is the earle to my poore cell,  
And so are you, my lords; but let me counsell you  
To leave these warres against your king,  
And live in quiet.

*Kend.*



*Kend.* Father, we come not for advice in warre,  
But to know whether we shall win or leese.

*Geo.* Lose, gentle lords, but not by good king Edward :  
A baser man shall give you all the foile.

*Kend.* I marie, father, what man is that ?

*Geo.* Poore George a Greene, the pinner.

*Kend.* What shall he ?

*Geo.* Pull all your plumes, and fore dishonour you.

*Kend.* He ! as how ?

*Geo.* Nay, the end tries all ; but so it will fall out.

*Kend.* But so it shall not, by my honour's Crest.

Ile raise my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,  
And take that servile pinner George a Greene,  
And butcher him before king Edward's face.

*Geo.* Good my lord, be not offended,  
For I speake no more then arte reveals to me :  
And for greater prooffe,  
Give your man leave to fetch me my staffe.

*Kend.* Jenkin, fetch him his walking staffe.

*Jenkin.* Here is your walking staffe.

*Geo.* Ile prove it good upon your carcases :  
A wiser wisard never met you yet,  
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall :  
Now I have singled you here alone,  
I care not though you be three to one.

*Kend.* Villaine, hast thou betraid us ?

*Geo.* Momford, thou liest, never was I a traitor yet ;  
Only devis'd this guile to draw you on,  
For to be combatants.

Now conquer me, and then march on to London.  
But shall go hard, but I will hold you taske.

*Gilb.* Come, my lord, cheerely, Ile kill him hand to  
hand.

*Kend.* A thousand pound to him that strikes that  
stroke.

*Geo.* Then give it me, for I will have the first.

[*Here they fight, George kills Gilbert, and takes  
the other two prisoners.*]

*Bonfild.* Stay, George, we do appeale.

*Geo.* To whom ?

*Bon.*

*Bon.* Why, to the king :  
For rather had we bide what he appoynts,  
Then here be murthered by a servile groome.

*Kend.* What wilt thou doe with us ?

*Geo.* Even as lord Bonfild wist :  
You shall unto the king,  
And for that purpose, see where the justice is placed.

*Enter Justice.*

*Just.* Now, my lord of Kendal, where be al your threats ?

Even as the cause, so is the combat fallen,  
Else one could never have conquer'd three.

*Kend.* I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me ;  
If I have faulted, I must make amends.

*Geo.* Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many words.

I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his soldiers,  
That every man may goe home unto his own house.

*Just.* It shall bee so ; what wilt thou doe, George ?

*Geo.* Master Woodroffe, looke to your charge,  
Leave me to my selfe.

*Just.* Come, my lords, *[Exit all but George.]*

*Geo.* Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,  
As one despairing of thy beautious love.  
Fie, George ! no more ;  
Pine not away for that which cannot be.  
I cannot joy in any earthly blisse,  
So long as I do want my Bettris.

*Enter Jenkin.*

*Jenkin.* Who see a master of mine ?

*Geo.* How now, firrha, whither away ?

*Jenkin.* Whither away ? why who doe you take me to bee ?

*Geo.* Why Jenkin, my man.

*Jenkin.* I was so once indeede, but now the case is altered.

*Geo.* I pray thee, as how ?

*Jenkin.* Were not you a fortune-teller to day ?

*Geo.* Well, what of that ?

*Jenkin.*



*Jenkin.* So sure am I become a jugler.  
What will you say if I juggle your sweete-heart?

*Geo.* Peace, prating losell; her jelous father  
Doth wait over her with such suspitious eyes,  
That if a man but dally by her feete,  
He thinks it straight a witch to charm his daughter.

*Jenkin.* Well, what will you give me, if I bring her  
hither?

*Geo.* A sute of greene, and twentie crownes besides.

*Jenkin.* Well, by your leave, give me roome;  
You must give me something that you have lately worne.

*Geo.* Here is a gowne, will that serve you?

*Jenkin.* Ay, this will serve me: keepe out of my circle,  
Least ye be torne in peeces with shee devils:  
Mistres Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

*[He throwes the ground in, and she comes out.]*

Oh, is this no cunning?

*Geo.* Is this my love? or is it but her shadow?

*Jenkin.* Ay, this is the shadow, but heere is the substance.

*Geo.* Tell me, sweete love, what good fortune brought  
thee hither?

For one it was that favoured George a Greene.

*Bettris.* Both love and fortune brought me to my  
George,

In whose sweete sight is all my heart's content.

*Geo.* Tell me, sweete love, how cam'st thou from thy  
father's?

*Bettris.* A willing minde hath many slips in love.  
It was not I, but Wily thy sweete boy.

*Geo.* And where is Wily now?

*Bettris.* In my apparell in my chamber still.

*Geo.* Jenkin, come hither: Goe to Bradford,  
And listen out your fellow Wily.  
Come, Bettris, let us in,  
And in my cottage we will sit and talke.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Enter king Edward, the king of Scots, lord Warwicke,  
young Cuddy, and their traine.*

*Edw.* Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,

Seeing

Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde  
'Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered,  
You should make such invasion in my land.

The vowes of kings should be as oracles,  
Not blemisht with the staine of any breach,  
Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth it.

*James.* Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh,  
My conscience grieves me for my deepe misdeede.  
I have the worst: of thirtie thousand men,  
There 'scapt not full five thousand from the field.

*Edw.* Gramercie, Musgrove, else it had gone hard.  
Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.

*James.* But had not his olde father, William Musgrove,

Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here.  
A stronger man I seldom felt before ;  
But one of more resolute valiance

Treads not, I thinke, upon the English ground.

*Edw.* I wot wel, Musgrove shall not lose his hier.

*Cuddie.* And it please your grace, my father was  
Five score and three at Midsummer last past :  
Yet had king Jamie bene as good as George a Greene,  
Yet Billy Musgrove would have fought with him.

*Edw.* As George a Greene! I pray thee, Cuddie,  
Let me question thee.

Much have I heard, since I came to my crowne,  
Many in manner of a proverbe say,  
*Were he as good as George a Greene, I would strike him  
sure.*

I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, can'st thou informe me,  
What is that George a Greene ?

*Cuddie.* Know, my lord, I never saw the man,  
But mickle talke is of him in the country :  
They say he is the pinner of Wakefield towne ;  
But for his other qualities, I let alone.

*Warw.* May it please your grace, I know the man too  
wel.

*Edw.* Too well ! why so, Warwicke ?

*Warw.* For once he swingde me, till my bones did  
ake.

*Edw.*



*Edw.* Why, dares he strike an earle?

*Warw.* An earle, my lord! nay, he wil strike a king,  
Be it not king Edward.

For stature he is framde

Like to the picture of stoute Hercules,

And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.

The boldest earle or baron of our land,

That offereth scath unto the towne of Wakefield,

George will arrest his pledge unto the pound;

And who so resisteth beares away the blowes,

For he himselfe is good inough for three.

*Edw.* Why, this is wondrous!—My lord of Warwicke,  
Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.

But leaving him, what shall we do, my lord,

For to subdue the rebels in the north?

They are now marching up to Doncaster.

*Enter one with the earle of Kendall prisoner.*

Soft, who have we there?

*Cuddie.* Here is a traitour, the earle of Kendal.

*Edw.* Aspiring traitor, how dar'st thou once

Cast thine eyes upon thy soveraigne,

That honour'd thee with kindnes and with favour?

But I will make thee buy this treason deare.

*Kend.* Good my lord.

*Edw.* Reply not, traitour.

Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour

Wonne the victorie against this rebell?

*Cuddie.* George a Greene, the pinner of Wakefield.

*Edw.* George a Greene! now shall I heare newes

Certain, what this pinner is:

Disourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

*Cuddy.* Kendall and Bonfild, with sir Gilbert Arm-  
strong,

Came to Wakefield towne disguis'd,

And there spoke ill of your grace;

Which George but hearing, fel'd them at his feete;

And had not rescue come into the place,

George had slaine him in his close of wheate.

*Edw.* But Cuddy, canst thou not tell

Where I might give and grant some thing,

That

That might please, and highly gratify the pinner's thoughts?

*Cuddie.* This at their parting, George did say to me :  
If the king vouchsafe of this my service,  
Then, gentle Cuddie, kneel upon thy knee,  
And humbly crave a boone of him for me.

*Edw.* Cuddie, what is it?

*Cuddie.* It is his will your grace would pardon them,  
And let them live, although they have offended.

*Edw.* I thinke the man striveth to be glorious.  
Well, George hath crav'd it, and it shall be graunted,  
Which none but he in England should have gotten.  
Live, Kendall, but as prisoner,  
So shalt thou end thy dayes within the Tower.

*Kend.* Gracious is Eward to offending subjects:

*James.* My Lord of Kendall, you are welcome to the court.

*Edw.* Nay, but ill come as it falls out now ;  
Ay, ill come indeede, were it not for George a Greene.  
But, gentle king, for so you would averre,  
And Edward's betters, I salute you both,  
And here I vowe by good saint George,  
You wil gain but litle, when your summes are counted.  
I fore doe long to see this George a Greene :  
And for because I never saw the North,  
I will forthwith goe see it :  
And for that to none I will be knownen,  
We will disguise our selves and steale downe secretly,  
Thou and I, king James, Cuddie, and two or three,  
And make a merrie journey for a moneth.  
Away then, conduct him to the Tower.  
Come on, king James, my heart must needs be merrie,  
If fortune makes such havocke of our foes.

[*Ex. omnes.*

*Enter Robin Hood, mayd Marian, Scarlet, and Much the Miller's sonne.*

*Robin.* Why is not lovely Marian blithe of cheere ?  
What ayles my lentman, that she 'gins to lowre ?  
Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad ?

*Marian.*



*Marian.* Nothing, my Robin, grieves me to the heart,

But whensoever I doe walke abroad,  
I heare no songs but all of George a Greene,  
Bettris his faire lemman passeth me.  
And this, my Robin, gaules my very soule.

*Robin.* Content, what wreakes it us, though George a Greene be stoute,

So long as he doth proffer us no scath?  
Envie doth seldome hurt but to it selfe,  
And therefore, Marian, smile upon thy Robin.

*Marian.* Never will Marian smile upon her Robin,  
Nor lie with him under the green-wood shade,  
Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene,  
And beate the pinner for the love of me.

*Robin.* Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grieve,  
My merrie men and I will thither stray;  
And heere I vow, that for the love of thee  
I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me.

*Scarlet.* As I am Scarlet, next to little John,  
One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,  
So will I wend with Robin all along,  
And try this pinner what he dares to do.

*Much.* As I am Much, the miller's sonne,  
That left my mill to go with thee,  
And nill repent that I have done,  
This pleasant life contenteth me;  
In ought I may, to doe thee good,  
Ile live and die with Robin Hood.

*Marian.* And Robin, Marian she will goe with thee,  
To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee.

*Robin.* Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.  
Bend up your bowes, and see your strings be tight  
The arrowes keene, and every thing be ready,  
And each of you a good bat on his necke,  
Able to lay a good man on the ground.

*Scarlet.* I will have frier Tucke's.

*Much.* I will have little John's.

*Robin.* I will have one made of an ashen plunke,  
Able to beare a bout or two.

Then

Then come on, Marian, let us goe;  
 For before the sunne doth shew the morning day,  
 I will be at Wakefield to see this pinner, George a  
 Greene. [Exeunt omnes.]

*Enter a Shoemaker sitting upon the stage at work; Jenkin  
 to him.*

*Jenkin.* My masters, he that hath neither meate nor  
 money,  
 And hath lost his credite with the alewife,  
 For any thing I know, may go supperless to bed.  
 But soft, who is heere? here is a Shoemaker;  
 He knows where is the best ale.  
 Shoemaker, I pray thee tell me,  
 Where is the best ale in the towne?

*Shoemaker.* Afore, afore, follow thy nose,  
 At the signe of the egge-shell.

*Jenkin.* Come Shoemaker, if thou wilt,  
 And take thy part of a pot.

*Shoemaker.* Sirra, downe with your staffe,  
 Downe with your staffe.

*Jenkin.* Why, how now, is the fellow mad?  
 I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe?

*Shoemaker.* You wil downe with him, sir, will you  
 not, sir?

*Jenkin.* Why, tell me wherefore?

*Shoemaker.* My friend, this is the towne of merry  
 Wakefield,

And here is a custome held,  
 That none shall pass with his staffe on his shoulders,  
 But he must have a bout with me;  
 And so shall you, sir.

*Jenkin.* And so will not I, sir.

*Shoemaker.* That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the  
 forest.

*Jenkin.* I would to God, I were once well rid of  
 him. [Aside.]

*Shoemaker.* Now, what, will you downe with your  
 staffe?

*Jenkin.* Why, you are not in earnest, are you?

*Shoo-*



*Shoomaker.* If I am not, take that.

*Jenkin.* You whoorfen cowardly scabbe,  
It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon,  
To strike a man in the streete.

But darest thou walke to the towne's end with me?

*Shoomaker.* Ay, that I dare do: but stay till I lay in my  
toolles, and I will go with thee to the towne's end pre-  
sently.

*Jenkin.* I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.  
[*Aside.*

*Shoomaker.* Come, fir, wil you come to the towne's end  
now, fir?

*Jenkin.* Ay, fir, come.

Now we are at the townes end, what say you now?

*Shoomaker.* Marry come, let us even have a bout.

*Jenkin.* Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.

*Shoomaker.* Why, what's the matter?

*Jenkin.* Faith, I am under-pinner of a towne,  
And there is an order, which if I do not keepe,  
I shall be turned out of my office.

*Shoomaker.* What is that, fir?

*Jenkin.* Whensoever I go to fight with any bodie,  
I use to flourish my staffe thrice about my head  
Before I strike, and then shew no favour.

*Shoomaker.* Well, fir, and till then I will not strike thee.

*Jenkin.* Well, fir, here is once, twice—here is my hand,  
I will never do it the third time.

*Shoomaker.* Why then, I see, we shall not fight.

*Jenkin.* Faith, no: come, I will give thee two pots  
Of the best ale, and be friends.

*Shoomaker.* Faith, I see, it is as hard to get water out  
of a flint,

As to get him to have a bout with me:

Therefore I will enter into him for some good cheere.—

My friend, I see thou art a faint-hearted fellow,

Thou hast no stomacke to fight,

Therefore let us go to the alehouse and drinke.

*Jenkin.* Well, content, go thy wayes and say thy  
prayers,

Thou 'scap'st my hands to day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter*

*Enter George a Greene and Bettris.*

*George.* Tell me, sweet love, how is thy minde content,  
What, canst thou brooke to live with George a Greene?

*Bettris.* Oh George, how little pleasing are these  
words?

Came I from Bradford for the love of thee?

And left my father for so sweet a friend?

Here will I live untill my life doe end.

*Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his traine.*

*George.* Happy am I to have so sweet a love.

But what are these come trasing here along?

*Bettris.* Three men come striking through the corne,  
my love.

*George.* Backe againe, you foolish travellers,  
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

*Robin Hood.* That were great shame.

Now by my soule, proud sir,

We be three tall yeomen, and thou but one.

Come, we will forward in despite of him.

*George.* Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip.

What, cannot the hie way serve your turne,

But you must make a path over the corne?

*Robin Hood.* Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou incounter  
three?

We are no babes, man, looke upon our limmes.

*George.* Sirra, the biggest lims have not the stoutest  
hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three mery  
men,

Ile drive you backe the same way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye scorne to incounter me all at once,

But be ye cowards, set upon me all three,

And try the pinner what he dares performe.

*Scarlet.* Were thou as high in deedes

As thou art haughtie in wordes,

Thou well mightest be a champion for a king:

But emptie vessels have the loudest sounds,

And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

*George.* Sirra, darest thou trie me?

*Scarlet.*



*Scarlet.* Ay, firra, that I dare.

*[They fight, and George a Greene beats him.]*

*Much.* How now? what art thou downe?

Come, fir, I am next.

*[They fight, and George a Greene beats him.]*

*Robin Hood.* Come, firra, now to me; spare me not,  
For Ile not spare thee.

*George.* Make no doubt, I will be as liberal to thee.

*[They fight, Robin Hood slays.]*

*Robin Hood.* Stay, George, for here I do protest,  
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I layd  
Handes upon.

*George.* Soft, you fir, by your leave, you lye,  
You never yet laid hands on me.

*Robin Hood.* George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,  
And go with me?

Two liveries will I give thee everie yeere,  
And fortie crowns shall be thy fee.

*George.* Why, who art thou?

*Robin Hood.* Why, Robin Hood:  
I am come hither with my Marian,  
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

*George.* Robin Hood! next to king Edward  
Art thou leefe to me.

Welcome, sweet Robin Hood, welcome, mayd Marian,  
And welcome you my friends.

Will you to my poore house,  
You shall have wafer cakes your fill,  
A piece of beefe hung up since Martlemas,  
Mutton and veale; if this like you not,  
Take that you finde, or that you bring for me.

*Robin Hood.* Godamercies, good George,  
Ile be thy ghest to day.

*George.* Robin, therein thou honourest me.  
Ile leade the way.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Enter king Edward and king James disguised, with two  
staves.*

*Edward.* Come on, king James, now wee are  
Thus disguised,

There

There is none (I know) will take us to be kings :  
 I thinke we are now in Bradford,  
 Where all the merrie shoomakers dwell.

*Enter a Shoemaker.*

*Shoo.* Downe with your staves, my friends,  
 Downe with them.

*Edw.* Downe with our staves ! I pray thee, why so ?

*Shoo.* My friend, I see thou art a stranger heere,  
 Else wouldest thou not have question'd of the thing.  
 This is the towne of merrie Bradford,  
 And here hath beene a custome kept of olde,  
 That none may bear his staffe upon his necke,  
 But traile it all along throughout the towne,  
 Unlesse they mean to have a bout with me.

*Edw.* But heare you, sir, hath the king  
 Granted you this custome ?

*Shoo.* King or Kaifar, none shall passe this way  
 Except king Edward ;  
 No, not the stoutest groome that haunts his court :  
 Therefore downe with your staves.

*Edw.* What were we best to do ?

*James.* Faith, my lord, they are stoute fellows  
 And because we will see some sport,  
 We will traile our staves.

*Edw.* Heer'st thou, my friend ?  
 Because we are men of peace and travellers,  
 We are content to traile our staves.

*Shoo.* The way lyes before you, go along.

*Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene disguised.*

*R. Hood.* See, George, two men are passing  
 Through the towne,  
 Two luttie men, and yet they traile their staves.

*Geo.* Robin, they are some pesants  
 Trickt in yeoman's weeds.——Hollo, you two travellers.

*Edw.* Call you us, sir ?

*Geo.* Ay, you. Are ye not big inough to beare  
 Your bats upon your neckes,  
 But you must traile them along the streetes ?

*Edw.* Yes, sir, we are big inough ; but here is a cus-  
 tome

Kept,



Kept, that none may passe his staffe upon his necke,  
Unlesse he traile it at the weapon's point.

Sir, we are men of peace, and love to sleepe

In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is best.

*Geo.* Base minded pefants, worthlesse to be men ;  
What, have you bones and limmes to strike a blow,  
And be your hearts so faint, you cannot fight ?  
Wer't not for shame, I would drub your shoulders well,  
And teach you manhood against another time.

*Shoo.* Well preacht, sir Jacke, downe with your staffe.

*Edw.* Do you heare, my friends ? and you be wise,  
Keep down your staves,  
For all the town will rise upon you.

*Geo.* Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow.  
But hear you me ; in spite of all the swaines  
Of Bradford town, bear me your staves upon your necks,  
Or to begin withall, Ile baste you both so well,  
You were never better basted in your lives.

*Edw.* We will hold up our staves.

*George a Green fights with the shoemakers, and beates them  
all downe.*

*Geo.* What, have you any more ?  
Call all your towne forth, Cut, and Longtaile.

*The shoemakers spy George a Green.*

*Shoo.* What, George a Green, is it you ?

A plague found you,  
I thinke you long'd to swinge me well.

Come George, we will crush a pot before we part.

*Geo.* A pot, you slave, we will have an hundred.  
Heere, Will Perkins, take my purse,  
Fetch me a stand of ale, and set in the market place,  
That all may drinke that are athirst this day ;  
For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood  
To Bradford towne.

*[They bring out the stand of ale, and fall a drinking.]*  
Here, Robin, sit thou here ; for thou art the best man  
At the boord this day.

You that are strangers, place your selves where you will.  
Robin, heer's a carouse to good king Edward's self,  
And they that love him not, I would we had

The basting of them a little.

*Enter the earle of Warwicke with other noblemen, bringing out the king's garments ; then George a Green and the rest kneel down to the king.*

*Edw.* Come, masters, all fellowes.

Nay, Robin, you are the best man at the board to day.  
Rise up, George.

*Geo.* Nay, good my liege, ill nurtur'd we were then :  
Though we Yorkshire men be blunt of speech,  
And litle skil'd in court, or such quaint fashions,  
Yet nature teacheth us duetie to our king,  
Therefore I humbly beseech you pardon George a  
Green.

*Robin.* And good my lord, a pardon for poore Robin.  
And for us all a pardon, good king Edward.

*Shoo.* I pray you, a pardon for the shoemakers.

*Edw.* I, frankly grant a pardon to you all.  
And George a Green, give me thy hand ;  
There is none in England that shall doe thee wrong,  
Even from my court I came to see thy selfe ;  
And now I see that fame speakes nought but trueth.

*Geo.* I humbly thanke your royall majestie.  
That which I did against the earle of Kendall,  
It was but a subject's duetie to his soveraigne,  
And therefore little merits such good werds.

*Edw.* But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good deeds.  
Say what king Edward may performe,  
And thou shalt have it, being in England's bounds.

*Geo.* I have a lovely lemman,  
As bright of blee as is the silver moone,  
And olde Grimes her father will not let her match  
With me, because I am a pinner,  
Although I love her, and she me dearly.

*Edw.* Where is she ?

*Geo.* At home at my poore house,  
And vowes never to marrie unlesse her father  
Give consent, which is my greatest griefe, my lord.

*Edw.* If this be all, I will dispatch it straight,  
Ile send for Grime and force him give his grant ;  
He will not denie king Edward such a sute.



*Enter Jenkin and speaks.*

Ho, who saw a master of mine ?

Oh, he is gotten into company, and a bodie should rake Hell for companie.

*Geo.* Peace, ye slave, see where king Edward is.

*Edw.* George, what is he ?

*Geo.* I beseech your grace pardon him, he is my man.

*Shoom.* Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with us,  
And did pledge us too.

*Jen.* Hath he so ? kneele, I dub you gentlemen.

*Shoom.* Beg it of the king, Jenkin.

*Jen.* I wil. I beseech your worship grant me one thing.

*Edw.* What is that ?

*Jen.* Hearke in your eare.

*[He whispers the King in the ear.]*

*Edw.* Go your wayes, and do it.

*Jen.* Come downe on your knees, I have got it.

*Shoom.* Let us heare what it is first.

*Jen.* Mary, because you have drunke with the king,  
And the king hath so graciously pledg'd you,  
You shall no more be called Shoomakers ;  
But you and yours to the worlds end,  
Shall be called the trade of the Gentle Craft.

*Shoom.* I beseech your majestie reforme this  
Which he hath spoken.

*Jen.* I beseech your worship consume this  
Which he hath spoken.

*Edw.* Confirme it, you would say.  
Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.  
Come, George, we will goe to Grime,  
And have thy love.

*Jen.* I am sure your worship will abide :  
For yonder is coming old Musgrove,  
And mad Cuddie his sonne.

Master, my fellowe Wilie, comes drest like a woman,  
And matter Grime will marrie Wilie. Here they come.  
*Enter Musgrove and Cuddie, and master Grime, Wilie,  
mayd Marian and Bettris.*

*Edw.* Which is thy old father, Cuddie ?

*Cud.* This, if it please your majestie.

*Edw.* Ah, old Musgrove, stand up ;  
It fits not such gray haire to kneele.

*Mus.* Long live my soveraign,  
Long and happie be his dayes.  
Vouchsafe, my gracious lord, a simple gift,  
At Billy Musgrove's hand.

King James at Meddellom castle gave me this,  
This wonne the honour, and this give I thee.

*Edw.* Godamercie, Musgrove, for this friendly gift ;  
And for thou feld'st a king with this same weapon,  
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgrove knight.

*Mus.* Alas, what hath your highnes done ? I am poore.

*Edw.* To mend thy living take thou Meddellom castle,  
The hold of both ; and if thou want living, complaine,  
Thou shalt have more to mainetaine thine estate.

George, which is thy love ?

*Geo.* This, if please your majestie.

*Edw.* Art thou her aged father ?

*Grim.* I am, and it like your majestie.

*Edw.* And wilt not give thy daughter unto George ?

*Grim.* Yes, my lord, if he will let me marrie  
With this lovely lasse.

*Edw.* What say'st thou, George ?

*Geo.* With all my heart, my Lord, I give consent.

*Grime.* Then do I give my daughter unto George.

*Wilie.* Then shall the mariage soon be at an end.  
Witnesse, my lord, if that I be a woman.  
For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,  
Who for my master wrought this subtill shift.

*Edw.* What, is it a boy ? what say'st thou to this,  
Grime ?

*Grim.* Mary, my lord, I thinke this boy hath  
More knaverie than all the world besides.  
Yet am I content that George shall both have  
My daughter and my lands.

*Edw.* Now George, it rests I gratifie thy worth :  
And therefore, here I doe bequeath to thee,  
In full possession, halfe that Kendal hath,  
And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,  
I give it frankly unto thee for ever.  
Kneele downe, George.

*Geo.*



*Geo.* What will your majestie do ?

*Edw.* Dub thee a knight, George.

*Geo.* I beseech your grace, grant me one thing.

*Edw.* What is that ?

*Geo.* Then let me live and die a yeoman still ;

So was my father, so must live his sonne.

For 'tis more credit to men of base degree,

To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

*Edw.* Well, be it so George.

*Jam.* I beseech your grace dispatch with me,  
And set downe my ranfome.

*Edw.* George a Green, set downe the king of Scots  
His ranfome.

*Geo.* I beseech your grace pardon me,  
It passeth my skill.

*Edw.* Do it, the honor's thine.

*Geo.* Then let king James make good  
Those townes which he hath burnt upon the borders ;  
Give a small pension to the fatherlesse,  
Whose fathers he caus'd murthered in those warres ;  
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,  
And so returne. King James, are you content ?

*James.* I am content, and like your majestie,  
And will leave good castles in securitie.

*Edw.* I crave no more. Now George a Green,  
I'll to thy house ; and when I have supt, Ile go to Aske,  
And see if Jane a Barley be so faire,  
As good king James reports her for to be.  
And for the ancient custome of *Vaile staffe*, keep it still,  
Clayme privilege from me.

If any aske a reason, why ? or how ?

Say, English Edward vail'd his staffe to you. [Exeunt.]







D A M O N

A N D

P I T H I A S,

A

C O M E D Y.

By Mr. *Richard Edwards.*





**M**R. Richard Edwards, the Author of this Piece, was born in 1523. He was a Student in Christ-Church, Oxford, at its Foundation by Hen. 8. in 1547. In the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, he was made one of the Gentlemen of her Chapel, and Master of the Children there, being both an excellent Musician, and a good Poet. This Piece was not printed till the Year 1582, but in all probability was written much earlier; and I think one may gather from the Title Page, that the Author was then dead. That he was possess'd of a right Judgment, will appear from his Prologue to this Piece; and the Reputation he was in as a Poet, will appear from the Testimony of Puttenham, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's Time, and in his Art of Poetry says thus, " I think that for Tragedy the Lord Buckhurst and Maister Edward Ferrys, for such doings as I have seen of theirs, do deserve the highest Price; the Earl of Oxford, and Mr. Edwards of her Majesty's Chapel, for Comedy and Interlude." This Comedy in all probability was wrote about the same Time, or perhaps something earlier than Gorboduc, and is a Proof that Comedy as well as Tragedy began now to improve, there being a visible difference for the better between this and J. Heywood's Interludes, which were about 20 Years older. He wrote besides this, the Comedy of Palæmon and Arcite, in Two Parts.







# T H E P R O L O G U E.

**O**N everie side, whereas I glaunce my rowing eye,  
 Silence in all eares bent I playnly doe espie:  
 But if your egre lookes doe long such toyes to see,  
 As heretofore in commycal wise were wont abroad to bee:  
 Your lust is lost, and all the pleasure that you sought,  
 Is frustrate quite of toying plaies. A sudden change is wrought:  
 For loe, our author's muse, that masked in delight,  
 Hath forst his penne against his kynd, no more such sportes to  
 write.

Muse he that lust, (right worshipful) for chaunce hath  
 made this change,

For that to some he seemed to much in young desires to range:  
 In which, right glad to please, seeing he did offende,  
 Of all he humbly pardon craves: his pen that shall amende:  
 And yet (worshipful audience) thus much I dare ad-vouchē,  
 In commedies, the greatest skill is this, rightly to touche  
 All thinges to the quick: and eke to frame eche person so,  
 That by his common talke, you may his nature rightly know:  
 A royster ought not preache, that were to strange to heare,  
 But as from virtue he doth swerve, so ought his wordes  
 appear:

The olde man is sober, the younge man rash, the lover tri-  
 umphyng in joys,

The matron grave, the harlot wilde, and full of wanton toyes.  
 Which all in one course, they no wise doo agree:

So correspondent to their kinde their speeches ought to be.  
 Which speeches well pronounst, with action lyvely framed,  
 If this offende the lookers on, let Horace then be blamed,

Which hath our author taught at schole, from whom he  
doeth not swerve,

In all such kinde of exercise decorum to observe.

Thus much for his defence (he sayth) as poets earst have done,  
Which heretofore in commedies, the self same race did runne:

But now for to be brecfe, the matter to expresse,

Which here we shall present, is this: Damon and Pithias.

A rare example of friendship true, it is no legend lye,

But a thing once done indeede, as hystories doe descrie.

Which done of yore in long time past, yet present shall be heere,

Even as it were in dooing now, so lively it shall appeare:

Lo heere in Siracuse th'auncient towne, which once the

Romaines wonne,

Here Dionisius pallace, within whose court this thinge  
most strange was donne.

Which matter mixt with mirth and care, a just name to apply,

As seems most fyt, we have it tearmed, a tragicall commedie.

Wherein talking of courtly toys, we doe protest this flat,

Wee talke of Dionisius court, wee meane no court but that.

And that we doe so meane, who wisely calleth to minde

The time, the place, the author, here most plainly shall it finde.

Loe this I spake for our defence, least of others we shoulde be  
shent:

But worthy audience, wee you pray, take things as they be ment;  
Whose upright judgement we do crave, with heedfull eare and  
eye,

To here the cause, and see the effect of this new tragicall  
commedie.

[Exit.







## The Speakers Names.

**A** *Ristippus*, a pleasant gentleman.

*Carisophus*, a parasite.

*Damon*, }  
*Pithias*, } two gentlemen of Greece.

*Stephano*, servant to Damon and Pithias.

*Wyll*, Aristippus lackey.

*Jack*, Carisophus lackey.

*Snap*, the porter.

*Dionisius*, the king.

*Eubulus*, the kinge's counselour.

*Gronno*, the hangman.

*Grimme*, the collyer.





D A M O N

A N D

P I T H I A S:

A

C O M E D Y.

*Here entreth Aristippus.*



H O' strange (perhaps) it seemes to some,  
That I Aristippus, a courtier am becom:  
A philosopher of late, not of the meanest  
name,  
But now, to the courtly behaviour, my life  
frame.

Muse he that list, to you of good skill,  
I say that I am a phylosopher styll.

Lover



Lovers of wisdome, are termed phylosophers,  
 Then who is a phylosopher so rightly as I?  
 For in lovyng of wisdome, prooffe doth this try,  
 That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi*.  
 I am wise for myselfe, then tell me of troth,  
 Is not that great wisdome, as the world goth?  
 Some phylosophers in the streete go ragged and torne,  
 And feede on vile rootes, whome boyes laugh to scorne:  
 But I in fine filkes haunt Dionisius' pallace,  
 Wherin with daintie fare myselfe I do sollace.  
 I can talke of phylosophie as well as the best,  
 But the straite kinde of lyfe I leave to the rest.  
 And I professe now the courtly phylosophy,  
 To crouche, to speake faire, myselfe I applie,  
 To feede the kinge's humour with pleasant devises,  
 For which, I am called *Regius canis*.  
 But wot ye who named me first the kinge's dogge?  
 It was the roage Diogenes, that vile grunting hogge.  
 Let him rowle in his tubbe, to winne a vaine praise,  
 In the court pleasantly I wyll spende all my dayes;  
 Wherin, what to do, I am not to learne,  
 What wyll serve myne owne turne, I can quickly dis-  
 cearne.

All my time at schoole I have not spent vainly,  
 I can helpe one, is not that a good point of phylosophie?  
*Here entreth Carisophus.*

I beshrewe your fine eares, since you came from schoole,  
 In the court you have made many a wiseman a foole;  
 And though you paint out your fained phylosophie,  
 So God helpe me, it is but a plaine kinde of flattery,  
 Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sorte,  
 That none but Aristippus now makes the king sporte.  
 Ere you came hyther, poore I was some body,  
 The king delighted in me, now I am but a noddie.

*Aristippus.*

In faith, Carisophus, you know yourselfe best,  
 But I will not call you noddie, but only in jest,  
 And thus I assure you, though I came from schoole  
 To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the king's  
 foole;

Or

Or to fill his eares with servile squirilitie,  
 That office is yours, you know it right perfectly.  
 Of parasites and sicophantes you are a great bencher,  
 The king feedes you often from his owne trencher.  
 I envie not your state, nor yet your great favour,  
 Then grudge not at all, if in my behaviour  
 I make the king merie, with pleasant urbanitie,  
 Whom I never abused to any man's injurie.

*Carisophus.*

Be cock sir, yet in the court you best thrive,  
 For you get more in one day then I do in five.

*Aristippus.*

Why man, in the court, doo you not see  
 Rewardes geven for vertue, to every degree?  
 To reward the unworthy that worlde is done,  
 The court is chaunged, a good thread hath bin sponne  
 Of dogges woll heeretofore, and why? because it was  
 liked,

And not for that it was best trimmed and picked:  
 But now mens eares are finer, such grosse toyes are not  
 set by,

Therefore to a trimmer kynde of myrth myselfe I ap-  
 plye:

Wherein though I please, it commeth not of my desert,  
 But of the king's favour.

*Carisophus.*

It may so be; yet in your prosperitie,  
 Dispise not an olde courtier, Carisophus is he;  
 Which hath long time fed Dionisius' humour:  
 Diligently to please, still at hand; there never was ru-  
 mour

Spread in the towne of any small thing, but I  
 Brought it to the king in post by and by:

Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may at-  
 taine,

Most sure and unfayned friendship I promyse you  
 againe:

So we two linckt in friendship, brother and brother,  
 Full well in the court may helpe one another.

*Arist.*



*Aristippus.*

By'r lady, Carisophus, though you know not philosophie,

Yet surely you are a better courtier then I :

And yet I not so evill a courtier, that will seeme to dispise

Such an olde courtier as you, so expert and so wise.

But whereas you crave myne, and offer your friendship so willinglye,

With hart I geve you thankses for this your great curtesie :

Affuring of friendship both with tooth and nayle,  
Whiles life lasteth, never to fayle.

*Carisophus.*

A thousand thankses I give you, oh friend Aristippus.

*Aristippus.*

Oh friend Carisophus.

*Carisophus.*

How joyfull am I, sith I have to friend Aristippus now !

*Aristippus.*

Non so glad of Carisophus' friendship as I, I make God a vow,

I speak as I think, beleeeve mee.

*Carisophus.*

Sith we are now so friendly joyned, it seemeth to mee,  
That one of us help eche other in every degree :

Prefer you my cause, when you are in presence,

To further your matters to the kinge, let me alone in your absence.

*Aristippus.*

Friend Carisophus, this shall be done as you would wish :

But I pray you tell mee thus much by the way,

Whither now from this place will you take your journey ?

*Carisophus.*

I will not dissemble, that were against friendship,  
I goe into the citie some knaves to nyp.

For talke with their goodes, to encrease the king's treasure,  
In such kind of service I set my cheefe pleasure :

Farewell, Aristippus, now for a time.

[Exit.

*Aristippus.*

*Aristippus.*

Adue, friend Carisophus—In good faith now,  
Of force I must laugh at this solempne vow.  
Is Aristippus linckt in friendship with Carisophus?

*Quid cum tanto asino, talis philosophus?*

They say, *Morum similitudo consultat amicitias.*

Then, how can this friendship betweene us come to pass?  
We are as like in conditions, as Jack Fletcher and his bowlt,  
I brought up in learnyng, but he is a very dolt,  
Astouching good letters: but otherwise such a craftie knave,  
Yf you seeke a whole region, his lyke you can not have:  
A villaine for his lyfe, a varlet dyed in grayne,  
You lose money by him, if you sell him for one knave,  
for hee serves for twayne:

A flattering parasite, a sicophant also,  
A common accuser of men: to the good an open foe.  
Of halfe a worde, he can make a legend of lies,  
Which he will advouche with such tragical cries,  
As though all were true that comes out of his mouth.  
Were he indeede to be hanged by and by,  
He cannot tell one tale, but twise he must lye.  
He spareth no man's life to get the kinge's favour;  
That he will never leave. Methink then that I  
Have done verie wisely to joyne in friendship with him,  
lest perhaps I

Commyng in his way might be nipt; for such knaves  
in presence,

We see oft times put honest men to silence:  
Yet have I play'd with his beard in knitting this knot,  
I promys't friendship, but you love few wordes: I spake  
it, but I meane it not.

Who markes this friendship betweene us two,  
Shal judge of the worldly friendship without any more  
a doo.

It may be a right pattern therof; but true friendship in-  
deede,

Of nought but of virtue dooth truly proceede.  
But why doo I now enter into philosophy,  
Which doo professe the fine kinde of curtesie?



I will hence to the court, with all hast I may,  
 I think the king be stirring, it is now bright day.  
 To wayte at a pinch, still in sight I meane,  
 For wot you what? a new broome sweepes cleane.  
 As to hye honor I minde not to clyme,  
 So I meane in the court to lose no time :  
 Wherein, happy man by his dole, I trust that I  
 Shall not speede worst, and that very quickly. [Exit.

*Heere entereth Damon and Pithias like mariners.*

O Neptune, immortall be thy prayse,  
 For that so safe from Greece we have past the seas  
 To this noble cittie Siracusæ, where we  
 The auncient raigne of the Romanes may see.  
 Whose force Greece also heeretofore hath knowne,  
 Whose vertue the shrill trump of fame so farre hath  
 blowne.

*Pithias.*

My Damon, of right, high prayse we ought to give,  
 To Neptune and all the gods, that we safely did arrive :  
 The seas, I think, with contrary windes never raged so,  
 I am even yet so seasicke, that I faint as I goe :  
 Therfore let us get some lodging quickly.  
 But where is Stephano?

*Heere entereth Stephano.*

Not farre hence : a pocks take these mariner knaves,  
 Not one would help mee to cary this stufte, such drunken  
 slaves

I think be accursed of the goddes owne mouthes.

*Damon.*

Stephano, leave thy raging, and let us enter Siracusæ,  
 We wil provide lodging, and thou shalt be eased of thy  
 burden by and by.

*Stephano.*

Good maister make hast, for I tell you plaine,  
 This heavy burden puts poore Stephano to much paine.

*Pithias.*

Come on thy wayes, thou shalt be eased, and that  
 anon. [Exeunt.

*Here*

*Here entreth Carisophus.*

It is a true saying, that oft hath ben spoken,  
The pitcher goeth so long to the water, that it commeth  
home broken.

My owne prooffe this hath taught me, for (truly) sith I  
In the cittie have used to walke very flyly,  
Not with one can I meete, that wyll in talke joyne with  
me,

And to creepe into mens bosome, some talke for to snatch,  
By whiche, into one trip or other, I might trimly them  
catch,

And so accuse them : now, not with one I can meete,  
That wyl joyne in talke with me, I am shun'd like a de-  
vil in the streete.

My credit is crackte where I am knowne ; but, I heare say,  
Certaine strangers are arriv'd, they were a good prey,  
If (happely) I might meete with them : I fear not I,  
But in talke I should trip them, and that very finely.  
Whiche thing, I assure you, I do for mine owne gaine,  
Or els I would not plodde thus up an downe, I tell you  
playne.

Well, I wyll for a whyle to the court, to see  
What Aristippus doth ; I would be loth in favour he  
should over run me ;

He is a subtyll childe, he flattereth so finely, that I feare  
me ;

He will licke the fatte from my lyppes, and so out-wery  
mee,

Therefore I will not be long absent, but at hand,  
That all his fine driftes I may understand. [Exit,

*Here entreth Will and Jacke.*

I wonder what master Aristippus meanes now a dayes,  
That he leaveth philosophie, and seeketh to please  
Kyng Dionisius, with such mery toys :  
In Dyonisius' court now he only joyes,  
As trim a courtier as the beste,  
Redy to answere, quicke in taunts, pleasaunt to jest,  
A lustie companion to devise with fine dames,  
Whose humoure to feede, his wilie witt he frames.

*Jacke.*



*Jacke.*

By cocke, as you saye, your master is a minion;  
 A foule coyle he keepes in this court; Aristippus alone  
 Now rules the roast with his pleasaunt devises,  
 That I feare he will put out of conceyt my master Carisophus.

*Wyll.*

Fear not that, Jack; for lyke brother and brother,  
 They are knit in true friendship the one with the other;  
 They are fellowes you know, and honest men both,  
 Therefore the one to hinder the other, they will be loth.

*Jacke.*

Yea, but I have hard say there is falshood in fellowship,

In the court somtimes one gives another the slip:  
 Which when it is spyed, it is laught out with a grace,  
 And with sporting and playing quickly shaken of:  
 In which kinde of toying, thy maister hath such grace,  
 That he will never blush, he hath a woden face.  
 But Wyll, my maister hath bees in his head,  
 If hee fynde mee heere prating, I am but dead:  
 He is still trotting in the citie, there is somewhat in the winde:

His lookes bewrays his inwarde troubled mynde:  
 Therefore I will be packing to the court by and by;  
 If he be once angry, Jacke shall cry wo the pye.

*Wyll.*

By'r ladie, if I tary long heere, of the same sauce  
 shall I tast,  
 For my maister sent mee on an errand, and bad mee  
 make haste,  
 Therefore we will depart together.

*[Exeunt.]**Here entreth Stephano.*

Oft times I have heard, before I came hether,  
 That no man can serve two maisters together:  
 A sentence so true, as most men doo take it,  
 At any time false, that no man can make it:  
 And yet by their leave, that first have it spoken,  
 How that may prove false, even here I will open:

For

For I Stephano, loe, so named by my father,  
 At this time serve two maisters together,  
 And love them alyke the one and the other :  
 I duly obey, I can doo no other.  
 A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought mee,  
 One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought mee.  
 To him I stande bonde, yet serve I another,  
 Whom Damon my master loves, as his owne brother :  
 A gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,  
 Fraught with vertue, whom vice never defamed :  
 These two, since at schoole they fell acquainted,  
 In mutuall frendship at no time have fainted,  
 But loved so kindly and friendly eche other,  
 As though they were brothers by father and mother :  
 Pythagoras' learnyng, these two have embraced,  
 Which both are in vertue so narrowly laced,  
 That all their whole dooings doe fall to this issue,  
 To have no respect, but only to vertue :  
 All one in effect, all one in their going,  
 All one in their study, all one in their doing :  
 These gentlemen both, being of one condition,  
 Both alike of my service have all the fruition :  
 Pithyas is joyfull, if Damon be pleased :  
 Yf Pithyas be served, then Damon is eased.  
 Serve one, serve both, so neare, who would win them ?  
 I thinke they have but one heart betwene them.  
 In travelyng countries, we three have contrived,  
 Full many a yeare : and this day arrived  
 At Siracusæ in Sicillia, that auncient towne,  
 Where my maisters are lodged ; and I up and downe  
 Go seeking to learne what newes here are walking,  
 To harke of what thinges the people are talking.  
 I lyke not this soyle : for as I goe plodding,  
 I marke there two, there three, their heades alway nod-  
 ding,  
 In close secret wise, still wisperling together.  
 Yf I aske any question, no man dooth answer :  
 But shaking their heades, they goe their waies speaking,  
 I marke how with teares their wet eyes are leaking :



Some straungnesse there is, that breedeth this musing.  
 Well, I will to my maisters, and tell of their using,  
 That we may learne, and walke wisely together:  
 I feare we shall curse the time we came hither. [*Exit.*]

*Here entreth Aristippus and Wyll.*

Wyll, didst thou heare the ladies so talk of me?  
 What ayleth them? from their nipples shall I never be  
 free?

*Wyll.*

Good faith sir, all the ladies in the court doo playn-  
 lye report,  
 That without mencion of them you can make no sporte:  
 They are your playne song, to sing descant upon;  
 Yf they were not, your mirth were gone.  
 Therfore, maister, jest no more with women in any wise,  
 Yf you doo, by cock you are lyke to know the price.

*Aristippus.*

By'r ladie, Wyll, this is good counsell, playnly to jest  
 Of women, prooffe hath taught mee it is not the best:  
 I will chaunge my coppy, how be it I care not a  
 quinch,  
 I know the gal'd horse will soonest winche:  
 But learne thou secretly what pryvely they talke  
 Of mee in the court; among them slyly walke,  
 And bring mee true newes therof.

*Wyll.*

I wyll sir, maister therof have no doubt, for I  
 Where they talke of you, wyll enforme you perfectly.

*Aristippus.*

Doo so, my boy: if thou bring it finely to passe,  
 For thy good service; thou shalt goe in thine old coate at  
 christmas. [*Exeunt.*]

*Heere entereth Damon, Pithyas, Stephano.*

Stephano, is all this true that thou hast tolde mee?

*Stephano.*

Sir, for lyes, hetherto yee never controlde mee.  
 Oh that we had never set foote on this land,  
 Where Dionisius raygues with so bloody a hande!  
 Every day he sheweth some token of cruelty,  
 With blood he hath filled all the streetes in the citie:

I tremble to heare the peoples murmuring,  
 I lament, to see his most cruell dealyng :  
 I thinke there is no such tyraunt under the sunne ;  
 O my deare maisters, what hath he done !

*Damon.*

What is that ? tell us quickly :

*Stephano.*

As I this mornyng past in the streete,  
 With a wofull man (going to his death) did I meete.  
 Many people followed, and I of one secretly  
 Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die ?  
 He whispered in mine eare, nought hath he done but thus,  
 In sleepe he dremed he had kyllled Dionisius :  
 Which dreame tolde abroad, was brought to the king in  
 post,

By whom condemned for suspition, his lyfe he hath lost :  
 Marcia was his name, as the people saide.

*Pithias.*

My deare friend Damon, I blame not Stephano  
 For wishing we had not come hether ; seeing it is so,  
 That for so small cause, such cruell death doth insue.

*Damon.*

My Pithyas, where tiraunts raigne, such cases are not  
 new,

Which fearing their owne state with crueltie,  
 To sit fast as they think, doo execute speedely,  
 All such as any light suspition have tainted.

*Stephano.*

With such quick karvers, I list not be acquainted.

*Damon.*

So are they never in quiet, but in suspition still,  
 When one is made away, they take occasion another to  
 kill :

Ever in feare, havynge no trustie friend, voyde of all  
 peoples love,

And in their owne conscience a continuall hell they prove.

*Pithyas.*

As thinges by their contraryes are alwaies best proved,  
 How happy are then mercifull princes of their people be-  
 loved !

Having



Havyng fure friendes every where, no feare dooth touch  
them,

They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at night

*Secure dormiunt in utranque aurem.*

Oh my Damon, if choyce were offred mee, I would  
choose to be Pithias

As I am (Damon's friend) rather then be king Dionisius.

*Stephano.*

And good cause why: for you are entirely beloved of  
one,

And as far as I hear, Dionisius is beloved of none.

*Damon.*

That state is most miserable: thrice happy are we,  
Whom true love hath joyned in perfect amytie:  
Which amytie first sprong, without vaunting be it spoken,  
that is true,

Of lykelinesse of maners, tooke roote by company, and  
now is conserved by vertu

Which vertu alwaies though worldly things do not  
frame,

Yet dooth she atchive to her followers immortal fame:

Wherof if men were carefull, for vertue's sake only

They would honor friendship, and not for commoditie:

But such as for profit in friendship doo linke,

When stormes come, they slide away sooner than a man  
will thinke:

My Pithyas, the some of my talke falles to this issue,

To prove no friendship is sure, but that which is ground-  
ed on vertue.

*Pithyas.*

My Damon, of this thing there needes no prooffe to mee,  
The gods forbid, but that Pithyas with Damon in all  
things should agree.

For why is it saide, *Amicus alter ipse,*

But that true friendes should be two in body, but one in  
minde?

As it were one transformed into another, which against  
kynde

Though it seeme, yet in good faith, when I am alone,  
I forget I am Pithyas, mee thinkes I am Damon.

*Stephano.*

*Stephano.*

That could I never doo, to forget myfelfe, full well I know,

Wherfoever I goe, that I am *pauper* Stephano :  
But I pray you fir, for all your philosophy,  
See that in this court you walke very wisely :  
You are but newly come hither, being *straungers* ye know,  
Many eyes are bent on you in the *streetes* as ye goe :  
Many spies are abroad, you cannot be too circumspect.

*Damon.*

Stephano, because thou art careful of mee thy master,  
I do thee praise ;

Yet think this for a *fuertie*, no state to displease  
By talke or otherwise : my friende and I entende, we  
will heere

As men that come to see the soyle and maners of al men  
of every degree.

Pythagoras said, that this worlde is lyke unto a stage,  
Wheron many play their partes : the lookers on the stage  
Phylosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learne  
The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad  
to discerne.

*Stephano.*

Good faith fir, concernyng the people they are not gay,  
And as farre as I see they be mummers, for nought they  
say,

For the most part, what so ever you aske them.  
The soyle is such, that to live heere I cannot lyke.

*Damon.*

Thou speakest according to thy learnyng, but I say,  
*Omnis solum fortis patria* : a wise man may lyve every  
where ;

Therefore, my deare friend Pithyas,  
Let us view this towne in every place,  
And then consider the peoples maners also.

*Pithyas.*

As you will, my Damon ; but how say you Stephano ?  
Is it not best ere we goe further, to take some repast ?

*Stephano.*

In faith, I lyke well this question, fir : for all your hast,  
To



To eate somewhat, I pray you, think it not folly ;  
It is hye dinner time, I know by my belly.

*Damon.*

Then let us to our lodging depart: when dinner is done,  
We will view this cittie as we have begun. [*Exeunt.*]

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

Once againe in hope of good wynde, I hoyse up my  
sayle,

I go into the citie to finde some pray for myne availe:  
I hunger while I may see the straungers that lately  
Arrived, I were safe if once I might meete them happily.  
Let them bark that lust, at this kind of gaine,  
He is a foole that for his profit will not take payne:  
Though it be joynd with other mens hurt, I care not  
at all,

For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall.  
But soft, sirs, I pray you huysh: what are they that come  
heere?

By their apparell and countenaunce, some straungers they  
appeere.

I wyll shrowde my selfe secretly, even heere for a while,  
To heare all their talke, that I may them beguile.

*Heere entreth Damon and Stephano.*

A short horse soone curried; my belly waxeth thinner,  
I am as hungrie now, as when I went to dinner:  
Your philosophical diet is so fine and small,  
That you may eate your dinner and supper at once, and  
not surfet at al.

*Damon.*

Stephano, much meat breedes heavinesse, thinne diet  
makes thee light.

*Stephano.*

I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the  
faster.

*Damon.*

I have had sufficiently discourse of amitie,  
Which I had at dinner with Pithias; and his pleasant  
company  
Hath fully satsified mee; it dooth mee good to feede  
mine eyes on him.

*Stephano.*

Course or discourse, your course is very course; for  
all your talke,  
You had but one bare course, and that was pike, rise  
and walke.  
And surely, for all your talke of phylosophie,  
I never heard that a man with wordes could fill his belly.  
Feede your eyes (quoth you?) the reason from my wisdom  
fwarveth,  
I stared on you both, and yet my belly starveth.

*Damon.*

Ah Stephano, small diet maketh a fine memorie.

*Stephano.*

I care not for your craftie sophistrie,  
You two are fine, let mee be fed like a grose knave still,  
I pray you licence mee for a while to have my will,  
At home to tary, whiles you take view of this cittie:  
To fynde some od victuals in a corner, I am verie  
wittie.

*Damon.*

At your pleasure, I will wait on my selfe this day,  
Yet attende upon Pithias, which for a purpose tarieth at  
home;  
So dooing, you wayte upon me also.

*Stephano.*

With winges on my feete I goe.

*Damon.*

Not in vaine the poet sayeth: *Naturam furcâ expellas,  
tamen usque recurrit.*

For traine up a bondman never to so good behaviour,  
Yet in some point of servilytie he will favour:  
As this Stephano, trustie to mee his maister, is loving  
and kinde,  
Yet touching his belly, a verie bondman I him fynde:  
He is to be borne withall, being so just and true,  
I assure you, I would not chaunge him for a new:  
But mee thinkes, this is a pleasant cittie,  
The seate is good, and yet not strong, and that is great  
pittie.

*Carisophus.*



*Carisophus.*

I am safe, he is mine owne.

*Damon.*

The ayre subtle and fine, the people should be wittie,  
That dwell under this climate in so pure a region,  
A trimmer plot I have not seen in my peregrination :  
Nothing misliketh mee in this countrie,  
But that I heare such muttering of crueltye :  
Fame reporteth straunge thinges of Dionisius,  
But kinges matters passing our reache, pertaine not  
to us.

*Carisophus.*

Dionisius (quoth you?) since the world began,  
In Cicilia never raigned so cruell a man :  
A despightfull tirant to all men, I marvell I,  
That none makes him away, and that sodainly.

*Damon.*

My friende, the gods forbid so cruell a thing,  
That any man should lift up his sword against the king :  
Or seek other meanes by death him to prevent,  
Whom to rule on earth the mightie gods have sent :  
But, my friend, leave off this talke of king Dionisius.

*Carisophus.*

Why fir? he cannot hear us.

*Damon.*

What then?

It is not safe talking of them that strike asfarre off :  
But leaving kinges matters, I pray you shew me this  
curtesie,  
To describe in few wordes the state of this cittie.  
A traveler I am, desirous to know  
The state of eche countrie, wher ever I goe :  
Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience  
therby :

It is not for naught, that the poet dooth crie,  
*Dic mihi musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,  
Multorum hominum mores qui vidit & urbes.*  
In which verses, as some writers do scan,  
The poet describeth a perfect wise man :

Even so, I being a straunger, addicted to philosophie,  
To see the state of countries my selfe I applie.

*Carisophus.*

Sir, I lyke this intent; but may I ask your name without scorne?

*Damon.*

My name is Damon, well knowne in my countrie, a gentleman borne.

*Carisophus.*

You doo wisely, to serche the state of eche countrie  
To beare intelligence therof, whither you lust: he is  
a spie.

Sir, I pray you, have pacience a while, for I have to  
doe heere by:

View this weake parte of this cittie as you stand, and I  
very quickely

Will returne to you agayne, and then will I show  
The state of all this countrie, and of the court also. [*Exit.*

*Damon.*

I thank you for your curtesie.—This chaunceth well  
that I

Met with this gentleman so happely,  
Which, as it seemeth, mislyketh some thing,  
Els he would not talke so bouldly of the king,  
And that to a straunger: but loe where he commes in  
haste.

*Here entereth Carisophus and Snap.*

This is the fellow, Snap, snap him up: away with  
him.

*Snap.*

Good fellow, thou must goe with mee to the court.

*Damon.*

To the court, sir? and why?

*Carisophus.*

Away with him, I saye.

*Damon.*

Use no violence, I will go with you quietlye.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Here*



*Here entreth Aristippus.*

Ah sira, by'r lady, Aristippus lykes Dionisius' court  
 very well,  
 Which in passing joyes, and pleasures, doth excell.  
 I have plyed the harvest, and stock when the iron  
 was hotte,  
 When I spied my time, I was not squemilhe to crave,  
 God wotte.  
 But with some pleasant toyes, I crept into the kinge's  
 bosome,  
 For whiche Dionisius gave me *Auri talentum magnum*,  
 A large rewarde for so simple services :  
 What then? the kyng's praise standeth chiefly in  
 bountifulnesse :  
 Which thing, though I tould the kyng verie pleasantly,  
 Yet can I proove it by good writers of great antiquitie :  
 But that shall not neede at this tyme, since that I have  
 abundantly.  
 When I lake hereafter, I wyll use this point of phylo-  
 sophie :  
 But now, whereas I have felt the kyng's lyberalytie,  
 As princely as it came, I wyll spende it as regallie :  
 Money is currant, men say, and currant comes of  
 Currendo ;  
 Then wyll I make money runne, as his nature requireth  
 I trowe..  
 For what becomes a philosopher best,  
 But to despise money above the rest ?  
 And yet, not so despise it, but to have in store,  
 Ynoughe to serve his owne turne, and somewhat more.  
 With fundrie sportes and tauntes, yester night I delighted  
 the kinge,  
 That with his lowde laughter the whole court dyd ryng,  
 And I thought he laught not meerier then I, when I got  
 this money.  
 But, mumbouget, for Carisophus I espie  
 In haste to come hether : I must handle the knave finely.

Oh, Carisophus, my dearest frende, my trustie companion!

What newes with you? where have you bene so longe?

*Here entreth Carisophus.*

My best beloved frende Aristippus, I am come at last, I have not spent all my time in wast.

I have got a pray, and that a good one I trow.

*Aristippus.*

What pray is that? faine woulde I know.

*Carisophus.*

Such a craftie spie I have caught, I dare say,  
As never was in Cicilia before this day;  
Such a one as viewed every weake place in the cittie,  
Survewed the haven, and eche bulwarke, in talke very  
wittie:

And yet by some wordes himselfe he did bewray.

*Aristippus.*

I think so in good faith, as you did handle him.

*Carisophus.*

I handled him clarkly, I joyned in talk with him courteously;

But when we were entred, I let him speake his will,  
and I

Suckt out thus much of his wordes, that I made him say  
plainly,

He was come hether to know the state of the citie.

And not onely this, but that he would understand

The state of Dionisius' court, and of the whole land;

Which woordes when I heard, I desired him to stay,

Till I had done a litle businesse of the way,

Promysing him to returne againe quickly: and so did  
convay

My self to the court for Snap the tipstaffe, which came  
and upsnached him,

Brought him to the court, and in the porter's lodge  
dispatched him,

After I ran to Dionisius, as fast as I coulde,

And bewrayed this matter to him, which I have you tolde:

Which thing when hee heard, being very merie before,

He suddainly fell in dump, and foming lyke a bore,

At



At last, he swore in great rage, that he should die  
 By the sword, or the wheele, and that verie shortly.  
 I am too shamefast for my travel and toyle,  
 I crave nothing of Dionisius, but onely his spoyle:  
 Litle hath he about him, but a few motheaten crownes  
 of golde,

Cha pought them up all readie, they are sure in holde:  
 And now I goe into the cittie, to say sooth,  
 To see what he hath at his lodging, to make up my mouth.

*Aristippus.*

My Carisophus, you have done good service; but what  
 is the spie's name?

*Carisophus.*

He is called Damon, born in Greece, from whence  
 latly he came.

*Aristippus.*

By my troth, I will goe see him, and speak with him  
 - too if I may.

*Carisophus.*

Doe so, I pray you; but yet by the way,  
 As occasion serveth, commend my service to the king.

*Aristippus.*

*Dictum sapienti sat est:* friend Carisophus, shal I forget  
 that thing?

No, I warrant you, though I say litle to your face,  
 I will lay on with my mouth for you to Dionisius, when  
 I am in place.

If I speake one word for such a knave, hang mee. [*Exit.*

*Carisophus.*

Our fine Philosopher, our trimme learned else,  
 Is gone to see as false a spie as himselfe:  
 Damon smatters as well as he, of craftie phylosophy,  
 And can turne cat in the panne very pretely:  
 But Carisophus hath geven him such a mightie check,  
 As I think in the ende will breake his neck:  
 What care I for that? why should he then prie,  
 And learne the secret estate of our countrie and citie?  
 He is but a straunger, by his fall let others be wise,  
 I care not who fall, so that I may rise:

As for fine Aristippus, I will keep in with him,  
 He is a shrewd foole to deale withall, he can swim :  
 And yet by my troth, to speake my conscience plainely,  
 I will use his friendship to myne one commoditie :  
 While Dionisius favoureth him, Aristippus shall be mine ;  
 But if the king once frowne on him, then good night  
 Tomalin :

He shall be as straunge, as though I never saw him  
 before.

But I tarrie too longe, I will prate no more :  
 Jacke, come away.

*Jacke.*

At hande, syr.

*Carisophus.*

At Damon's lodging if that you see  
 Any sturre to arise, be still at hande by mee :  
 Rather then I will lose the spoile, I will blade it out.

*Here entereth Pithias and Stephano.*

What straunge newes are these, ah my Stephano !  
 Is my Damon in pryson, as the voyce doth goo ?

*Stephano.*

It is true, oh cruell happe! he is taken for a spie,  
 And as they say, by Dionisius' owne mouth condempned  
 to dye.

*Pithias.*

To dye? alas! for what cause?

*Stephano.*

A sicophant falsely accused him: other cause there is  
 none:

But, oh Jupiter, of all wronges the revenger,  
 Seest thou this unjustice, and wilt thou staie any longer  
 From heaven to sende downe thy hot consuming fyre,  
 To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke thy  
 just ire ?

Alas! maister Pithias, what shall we doo?

Being in a straunge countrey, voide of friends, and ac-  
 quaintance too.

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day ?  
 To see thy true maister unjustly made away ?

*Pithias.*



*Pithias.*

Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremitie,  
Let us make vertue our friende, of meare necessitie :  
Runne thou to the court, and understand secretly  
As much as thou canst of Damon's cause, and I  
Will make some meanes to intreat Aristippus :  
Hee can doo much (as I heere) with king Dionisius.

*Stephano.*

I am gone, fir—ah, would to God my travel and paine  
Might restore my maister to his lybettie againe !

*Pithias.*

Ah wofull Pithias ! sith now I am alone,  
What way shall I first beginne to make my mone ?  
What wordes shall I fynde apt for my complaint ?  
Damon, my friend, my joy, my lyfe, is in perrill, of force  
I must now faint.  
But oh musick, as in joyfull tunes thy mery notes I did  
borrow,  
So now lend mee thy yernfull tunes, to utter my sorrow.

*Heere Pithias singes, and the regalles play.*

**A** Wake, yee wofull wights;  
That long have wept in woe :  
Resigne to mee your plaintes and teares,  
My haplesse hap to show.  
My wo no tongue can tell,  
Ne pen can well descrie :  
O what a death is this to heere !  
Damon my friende must die.

The losse of worldly wealth,  
Man's wisdom may restore,  
And phisick hath provided too.  
A salve for everie sore :  
But my true friende once lost,  
No arte can well supplye :  
Then, what a death is this to heare !  
Damon my friende must die.

My mouth refuse the foode,  
 That should my limmes sustayne :  
 Let sorrow sinke into my brest,  
 And ransacke every vaine :  
 You furies all at once  
 On mee your torments trye :  
 Why should I live, seeing I heere  
 Damon my friend must die !

Gripe mee, you greedie greefes,  
 And present panges of death,  
 You sisters three, with cruell handes,  
 With speede come stop my breath :  
 Shryne mee in clay alive,  
 Some good man stop mine eye :  
 O death come now, seeing I heere  
 Damon my friend must die.

*He speaketh this after the songe.*

In vaine I call for death, which heareth not my complaint :

But what wisdom is this, in such extremitie to faint ?  
*Multum iuvat in re mala animus bonus.*

I will to the court my selfe, to make friendes, and that presently,

I will never forsake my friend in time of miserie—  
 But doo I see Stephano amazed hether to run ?

*Heere entreth Stephano.*

O Pithias, Pithias, we are all undone !

Mine owne eares have sucked in mine owne sorrow ;  
 I heard Dionisius sweare, that Damon should die to morrow.

*Pithias.*

How camest thou so neere the presence of the king,  
 That thou mightest heare Dionisius speake this thing ?

*Stephano.*

By friendship I gate into the courte, wher, in great audience,

I heard Dionisius with his owne mouth give this cruell sentence,

By



By these expresse wordes : that Damon the Greeke, that  
craftie spie,  
Without further judgement, too morrow should die :  
Beleeve mee, Pithias, with these eares I heard it my selfe.

*Pithias.*

Then how neare is my death also ? ah, wo is mee!  
Ah my Damon, another my selfe: shall I forgo thee ?

*Stephano.*

Sir, there is no time of lamenting now, it behoveth us  
To make meanes to them which can doo much with  
Dionisius,  
That he be not made away, ere his cause be fully heard ;  
for we see,

By evill report, things be made to princes farre worse  
then they bee.

But lo, yonder commeth Aristippus, in great favor with  
king Dionisius,

Entreat him to speake a good word to the king for us :  
And in the meane season, I will to your lodging, to see  
all things safe there.

*Pithias.*

To that I agree; but let us slip aside his talke to heare.

*Here entreteth Aristippus.*

Here is a suddaine chaunge indeede, a straunge meta-  
morphosis,

This court is cleane altered, who would have thought this?  
Dionisius of late so pleasant and merrie,

Is quite changed now into such melancoly,

That nothing can please him : he walked up and downe,  
Fretting and chaffing, on everie man he dooth frown :

In so much, that when I in pleasant wordes began to play,  
So sternly he frowned on me, and knit mee up so short,

I perceive it is no safe playing with lyons, but when it  
please them ;

If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease them,  
And so perhaps get a clap: mine owne proöfe taught  
mee this,

That it is very good to be mery and wise:

The onely cause of this hurly-burly is Carisophus, that  
wicked man,

Which lately tooke Damon for a spie, a poore gentleman;  
 And hath incenced the king against him so dispightfully,  
 That Dionisius hath judged him to morrow to die.  
 I have talkt with Damon, whom though in wordes I  
     found verie witty,

Yet was he more curious then wise, in viewing this cittie:  
 But truly, for ought I can learne, there is no cause why  
 So suddenly and cruelly he should be condempned to die:  
 How so ever it be, this is the short and long,  
 I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong:  
 I am fory, and that is all I may or can doo in this case,  
 Nought awayleth perswasion, where frowarde opinion  
     taketh place.

*Pithias.*

Sir, if humble sutes you would not dispise,  
 Then bow vnto mee your pitifull eyes:  
 My name is Pithias, in Greece well knowne,  
 A perfect friend to that wofull Damon,  
 Which now a poore captive in this court dooth lye,  
 By the king's owne mouth, as I heere, condemned to die:  
 For whom I crave your mastership's goodnesse,  
 To stand his friende in this great distresse:  
 Nought hath he done worthy of death, but very fondly,  
 He being a straunger, he viewed this citie,  
 For no evill practises, but to feede his eyes.  
 But seeing Dionisius is informed otherwise,  
 My sute is to you, when you see time and place,  
 To assuage the kinge's anger, and to purchase his grace;  
 In which dooing, you shall not doo good to one onely,  
 But you shall further two, and that fully.

*Aristippus.*

My friend, in this case I can doo you no pleasure.

*Pithias.*

Sir, you serue in the court, as fame doth tell.

*Aristippus.*

I am of the court, but none of the counsell.

*Pithias.*

As I heare, none is in greater favour with the king,  
 then you at this day.

*Aristippus.*



*Aristippus.*

The more in favour, the lesse I dare say.

*Pithias.*

It is a courtier's praise to help straungers in miserie.

*Aristippus.*

To help an other, and hurt my selfe, it is an evill point of curtesie.

*Pithias.*

You shall not hurt your selfe to speake for the innocent.

*Aristippus.*

He is not innocent, whom the king thinketh nocent.

*Pithias.*

Why sir, doo you think this matter past all remedie?

*Aristippus.*

So farr past, that Dionisius hath sworne, Damon to-morrow shall die.

*Pithias.*

This worde, my trembling hart cutteth in two :

Ah, sir, in this wofull case what wist I best to doo?

*Aristippus.*

Best to content your selfe, when there is no remedie,

He is wel releived that foreknoweth his miserie :

Yet if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,

The chiefest counsellour about king Dionisius :

Which pittieith Damon's case in this great extremitie,

Perfwading the king from all kinde of crueltie.

*Pithias.*

The mighty gods preserve you, for this word of comfort :

Taking my leave of your goodnesse, I will now resort

To Eubulus, that good counseller :

But hark, mee think I heare a trumpet blow.

*Aristippus.*

The king is at hande, stand close in the prease, beware, if he know

You are friend to Damon, he will take you for a spie also :

Farewel, I dare not be seene with you.

*Here*

*Here entreth king Dionisius, Eubulus the Coun-  
seller, and Gronno the Hangman.*

*Dionisius.*

Grono, doo my commaundement, strike of Damon's  
irons by and by,  
Then bring him foorth, I my selfe will see him executed  
presently.

*Gronno.*

O mightie king, your commaundement will I doo  
speedely.

*Dionisius.*

Eubulus, thou hast talked in vaine, for sure he shal die.  
Shall I suffer my lyfe to stand in perrill of everie spie?

*Eubulus.*

That hee conspired against your person, his accuser can-  
not say.  
Hee onely viewed your cittie, and wil you for that make  
him away?

*Dionisius.*

What hee would have done, the gesse is great he min-  
ded me to hurt,  
That came so slyly, to serch out the secret estate of my  
court:  
Shall I still live in feare? no, no: I will cut off such  
imps betime,  
Least that to my farther daunger too hie they clyme.

*Eubulus.*

Yet have the mightie gods immortall fame assigned.  
To all worldly princes, which in mercie be inclined.

*Dionisius.*

Let fame talke what she list, so I may live in safetie.

*Eubulus.*

The only meane to that, is, to use mercy.

*Dionisius.*

A milde prince the people despiseth.

*Eubulus.*

A cruel king the people hateth.

*Dionysius.*

Let them hate me, so they feare me.

*Eubulus.*

That is not the way to live in safetie.



*Dionisius.*

My sword and power shall purchase my quietnesse.

*Eubulus.*

That is sooner procured by mercie and gentlenesse.

*Dionisius.*

Dionisius ought to be feared.

*Eubulus.*

Better for him to be wel beloved.

*Dionisius.*

Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.

*Eubulus.*

Beleeve her not, she is a light goddesse, she can laugh  
and lowre.

*Dionisius.*

A king's praise standeth in the revenging of his enemye.

*Eubulus.*

A greater praise to winne him by clemencie.

*Dionisius.*

To suffer the wicked to live, it is no mercie.

*Eubulus.*

To kill the innocent it is great crueltie.

*Dionisius.*

Is Damon innocent, which so craftely undermined Ca-  
risophus,

To understand what he could of king Dionisius ?

Which surviewed the haven, and eche bulwarke in the  
citie,

Where batterie might be laide, what way best to approch?  
shall I

Suffer such a one to live that worketh mee such despite ?

No, he shall die; then I am safe, a dead dog cannot bite.

*Eubulus.*

But yet, O mightie king, my dutie bindeth mee  
To give such counsell, as with your honour may best  
agree :

The strongest pillers of princely dignitie,

I finde is justice with mercy and prudent liberalitie :

The one judgeth all thinges by upright equitie ;

The other rewardeth the worthy, flying eche extremitie.

As to spare those which offende maliciously,

It

It may be called no justice, but extreame injurie:  
 So upon suspition of eche thinge not well proved,  
 To put to death presently whom envious flatterie accused,  
 It seemeth of tyranny; and upon what fickle ground al  
     tirants doo stand,

Athens and Lacedemon can teache you, if it be rightly  
     scande.

And not onely these citezens, but who curiously seekes  
 The whole histories of al the world, not only of Ro-  
     mans and Greeks,

Shall well perceive of all tiraunts the ruinous fall,  
 Their state uncertaine, beloved of none, but hated of all.  
 Of mercifull princes, to set out their passing felicitie,  
 I neede not, ynough of that even these dayes doo te-  
     stifie;

They live devoid of feare, ther sleeps are sound; they  
     dread no enemie,

They are feared and loved: and why? they rule with  
     justice and mercy,

Extending justice to such as wickedly from justice have  
     swarved,

Mercy unto those where opinion is that they have mercy  
     deserved:

Of liberalitie nought I say, but only this thing,

Lyberalitie upholdeth the state of a kinge;

Whose large bountifulnesse ought to fall to this issue;

To reward none but such as deserve it for vertue.

Which mercifull justice if you would follow, and pro-  
     vident liberalitie,

Neither the caterpillers of all courtes, *Et fruges consu-*  
     *mere nati,*

Parasites with wealth puffed up, should not looke so hie;

Nor yet, for this simple fact, poore Damon shoulde die.

*Dionisius.*

With payne mine eares have heard this vaine talke of  
     mercie;

I tell thee, fear and terrour defendeth kinges onely;

Till he be gone whom I suspect, how shall I live quietly?

Whose memorie with chilling horror fills my breast day  
     and night violently,



My dreadfull dreames of him bereaves my rest; on bed  
I lie

Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yeelde his throte  
to Damon's sword:

This quaking dread, nothing but Damon's bloud can stay;  
Better he die then I to be tormented with fear alway:

He shall die, though Eubulus consent not therto,  
It is lawfull for kinges, as they list, all things to doo.

*Here entreth Gronno, bringing in Damon, and Pithias  
meeteth hym by the way.*

*Pithias.*

Oh, my Damon!

*Damon.*

Oh, my Pithias, seeing death must part us, farewell  
for ever.

*Pithias.*

Oh, Damon, my sweet friend!

*Snap.*

Away from the prisoner, what a prease have we heere?

*Gronno.*

As you commaunded, O mightie king, we have  
brought Damon.

*Dionisius.*

Then goe to, make readie, I will not stirre out of  
this place,  
Till I see his head stroken off before my face.

*Gronno.*

It shall be done, sir: because your eyes have made  
such a doo,  
I will knock down this your lanterne, and shut up your  
shop window too.

*Damon.*

O mightie king, whereas no trueth my innocent lyfe  
can save,  
But that so greedely you thirst my guiltesse bloud to have,  
Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against your per-  
son:

Yet now I plead not for lyfe, ne will I crave your pardon;  
But seeing in Greece, my countrie, where well I am  
knowne,

I have worldly thinges fit for my aliance, when I am  
gone,

To

To dispose them or I die, if I might obtaine leasure,  
I woulde account it (O king) for a passing great pleasure :  
Not to prolong my lyfe thereby, for which I reckon not  
this,

But to set my thinges in a stay, and surely I will not misse,  
Upon the faith which al gentlemen ought to imbrace,  
To returne againe at your time to appoint, to yeeld my  
body heere in this place.

Graunt me (O king) such time to dispatch this injurie,  
And I will not fail when you appoint, even heere my  
life to yeelde speedely.

*Dionisius.*

A pleasant request! as though I could trust him absent,  
Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present ;  
And yet though I sware the contrarie, doo that I require,  
Geve mee a pledge for thy returne, and have thine owne  
desyre.

He is as neere now as he was before.

*Damon.*

There is no surer nor greater pledge then the faith of  
a gentleman.

*Dionisius.*

It was wont to be, but otherwise now the world dooth  
stand;

Therefore doo as I say, els presently yeeld thy neck to  
the sword.

If I might with my honour, I would recall my word.

*Pithias.*

Stand to your worde, O king, for kings ought no  
thing say,

But that they would perfourme in perfect deeds alway.

A pledge you did require when Damon his sute did  
meeve,

For which with hart and stretched handes most humble  
thanks I give:

And that you may not say but Damon hath a friend,  
That loves him better then his owne lyfe, and will doo  
to his ende,

Take me (O mightie king) my life to pawne for his,  
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day for to misse.

*Dionisius.*



*Dionisius.*

What art thou that chargest me with my word so boldly heere ?

*Pithias.*

I am Pithias, a Greek born, which holde Damon my friend full deare.

*Dionisius.*

To deere perhaps to hazard thy life for him: what fondnes moveth thee ?

*Pithias.*

No fondnesse, but perfect amitie.

*Dionisius.*

A mad kinde of amitie ! advise thy selfe, if Damon fail at his day,

Which shal be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to mee his life to pay ?

*Pithias.*

Most willingly, O mightie king ; if Damon faile let Pithias dye.

*Dionisius.*

Thou seemest to trust his words, that pawnest thy life so franklye.

*Pithias.*

What Damon saith, Pithias beleeveth assuredly.

*Dionisius.*

Take heede, for life worldly men breake promise in many things.

*Pithias.*

Though worldly men doo so, it never haps amongst friendes.

*Dionisius.*

What callest thou friendes, are they not men ? is not this true ?

*Pithias.*

Men they be, but such men as love one another for vertue.

*Dionisius.*

For what vertue doost thou love this spie, this Damon ?

*Pithias.*

For that vertue which yet to you is unknown.

*Dionisius.*

*Dionisius.*

Eubulus, what shall I doo? I would dispatch this Damon fayne,

But this foolish fellow so chargeth mee, that I may not call back my worde againe.

*Eubulus.*

The reverent majestie of a king stands chieflie in keeping his promise.

What you have said this whole court beareth witnesse.

Save your honour whatsoever you doo.

*Dionisius.*

For saving mine honour, I must forbear my will. Goe to, Pithias, seeing thou tookest mee at my worde, take Damon to thee,

For two monthes he is thine, unbinde him, I set him free;

Which time once expired, if he appeare not the next day by noone,

Without further delay thou shalt lose thy lyfe, and that full soone.

Whether he die by the way, or lye sick in his bed,

If he returne not then, thou shalt either hang or lose thy head.

*Pithias.*

For this, O mightie king, I yeelde immortall thanks.  
O joyfull day!

*Dionisius.*

Gronno, take him to thee, binde him, see him kept in safety.

If he escape, assure thyselfe for him thou shalt die.

Eubulus, let us depart, to talke of this straunge thing within.

*Eubulus.*

I follow.

*Gronno.*

Damon, thou servest the Gods well to day, be thou of comfort.

As for you, sir, I think you will be hanged in sport, You hard what the king saide? I must keepe you safely: By cock, so I will, you shall rather hang then I.

Come on your way.

*Pithias.*



*Pithias.*

My Damon farewell, the Gods have you in his keeping.

*Damon.*

Oh, my Pithias, my pledge, farewell; I part from  
thee weeping,

But joyfull at my day appointed I will returne againe,  
When I will deliver thee from all trouble and paine.

Stephano will I leave behinde me to wait upon thee in  
prison alone,

And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this misery, will  
walk home.

Ah, my Pithias, my pledge, my lyfe, my friend, farewell.

*Pithias.*

Farewell, my Damon.

*Damon.*

Loth I am to depart, sith sobbes my trembling tonge  
doth stay;

Oh musick, sound my dolefull plaints when I am gone  
my way. [Exit Damon.

*Gronno.*

I am glad he is gone, I had almost wept too. Come,  
Pithias,

So God help me, I am sory for thy foolyshe case,  
Wilt thou venter thy lyfe for a man so fondly?

*Pithias.*

It is no venter; my friend is just, for whom I desire  
to die.

*Gronno.*

Here is a mad man! I tel thee, I have a wife whom I  
love well,

And if ich would die for her, chould ich were in hell.

Wylt thou doo more for a man then I would doo for a  
woman?

*Pithias.*

Yea, that I will.

*Gronno.*

Then come on your waies, you must to prison in hast,  
I feare you wil repent this folly at last.

*Pithias.*

That shalt thou never see; but oh, musick, as my Da-  
mon requested thee, Sounde

Sounde out thy dolefull tunes in this time of calamytie.  
*Heere the regals play a mourning song, and Damon commeth  
 in in marinars apparrel and Stephano with him.*

Weepe no more, Stephano, this is but destenie ;  
 Had not this hapt, yet I know I am borne to die,  
 Where, or in what place, the Gods know alone,  
 To whose judgment myselfe I commit; therefore leave  
 of thy mone,

And wait upon Pithias in pryson till I retorne againe,  
 In whom my joy, my care and lyfe doth only remaine.

*Stephano.*

Oh, my deare master, let mee go with you; for my  
 poor companye  
 Shall be some small comfort in this time of miserie.

*Damon.*

Oh, Stephano, hast thou beene so long with mee,  
 And yet doost not know the force of true amitie ?  
 I tell thee once againe, my friend and I are but one,  
 Waite upon Pithias, and think thou art with Damon.  
 Whereof I may not now discourse, the time passeth away ;  
 The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my journey :  
 Therfore farewell, Stephano, commend me to my friend  
 Pithias,

Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this wofull case.

*Stephano.*

Farewell, my deare master, since your pleasure is so,  
 Oh cruell hap! oh, poore Stephano!  
 O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tragidie !—  
 But what a noyes is this ? is all well within trow yee ?  
 I feare all be not well within, I will goe see.—  
 Come out you wesell, are you seeking eggs in Damon's  
 chest?

Come out, I say, wilt thou be packing? by cock you  
 were best.

*Carisophus.*

How durst thou, villaine, to lay handes on mee ?

*Stephano.*

Out, sir knave, or I will send yee.  
 Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrongfully,  
 But wilt thou rob him also, and that openly ?

*Cari-*



*Carisophus.*

The king gave mee the spoyle, to take mine owne wilt  
thou let me ?

*Stephano.*

Thine own, villaine ! where is thine authority ?

*Carisophus.*

I am of authoritie of my selfe, doost thou not know ?

*Stephano.*

Bi'r ladie, that is somewhat, but have you no more to  
show ?

*Carisophus.*

What if I have not ?

*Stephano.*

Then for an earnest penny take this blow.

I shall bumbast you, you mocking knave; schil put pro in  
my purse for this time.

*Carisophus.*

Jack, give me my sword and target.

*Jacke.*

I cannot come to you, master, this knave doth let mee.  
—Hold, master.

*Stephano.*

Away Jacknapes, els I will colphege you by and by,  
Ye slave, I will have my pennyworthes of thee therefore  
if I die ;

About villayne.

*Carisophus.*

O citezens, helpe to defend mee.

*Stephano.*

Nay, they will rather help to hang thee.

*Carisophus.*

Good fellow, let us reason of the matter quietly, beat  
mee no more.

*Stephano.*

On this condition I will stay, if thou swere as thou art  
an honest man,

Thou wilt say nothing to the king when I am gone.

*Carisophus.*

I will say nothing, heere is my hand, as I am an ho-  
nest man.

*Stephano.*

Then say on thy minde : I have taken a wife othe on  
him, have I not trow ye ?

To trust such a false knave upon his honestie ?  
 As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may bewray all to  
 the king,  
 And breake his oth for this never-a whit—But, my franon,  
 I tell you this one thing,  
 If you disclose this, I will devise such a way,  
 That whilst thou livest thou shalt remember this day.

*Carisophus.*

You neede not devise for that, for this day is printed in  
 my memorie,  
 I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I die :  
 But seeing of curtesie you have granted that we should  
 talk quietly,  
 Methinkes, in calling mee knave, you doo mee much in-  
 jurie.

*Stephano.*

Why so ? I pray thee hartely.

*Carisophus.*

Because I am the kinge's man : keepes the king any  
 'knaves ?

*Stephano.*

He should not, but what he dooth, it is evident by thee,  
 And as farre as I can learne or understand,  
 There is none better able to keepe knaves in all the lande.

*Carisophus.*

Oh, sir, I am a courtier, when courtiers shall heare tel,  
 How you have used mee, they will not take it well.

*Stephano.*

Nay, all right courtiers will kenne me thank; and  
 wot you why ?  
 Because I handled a counterfet courtier in his kinde so  
 finely.  
 What, sir ? all are not courtiers that have a counterfet  
 show;  
 In a troupe of honest men, some knaves may stand, yee  
 know,  
 Such as by stelh creepe in under the colour of honestie,  
 Which sorte under that cloke doo all kinde of villanie :  
 A right courtier is vertuous, gentle, and full of urbanitie,  
 Hurting no man, good to all, devoide of villanie :  
 But such as thou art, fountaines of squirilitie, and vaine  
 delightes;



Though you hang by the courtes, you are but flattering  
parasites,

As well deserving the right name of courtesie,

As the cowarde knight the true praise of chivalrie :

I could say more, but I will not, for that I am your  
well-willer.

In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier, but a caterpillar,

A sicophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave ;

Whether I will or no, these names you must have :

How well you deserve this, by your deedes it is knowne,

For that so unjustly thou hast accused poore Damon,

Whose wofull case the gods help alone.

*Carisophus.*

Sir, are you his servant, that you pittie his case so ?

*Stephano.*

No bum troth, good man Grumbe, his name is Ste-  
phano,

I am called Onaphets, if needes you will know.

The knave beginneth to sift mee, but I turne my name  
in and out,

*Gretiso cum Cretense*, to make him a loute. [*Aside.*

*Carisophus.*

What mumble you with yourselfe, maister Onaphets ?

*Stephano.*

I am reckoning with myselfe how I may pay my debtes.

*Carisophus.*

You have paide me more then you did owe mee.

*Stephano.*

Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I will pay you more,  
if I know

Either you talke of that is done, or by your sicophanti-  
call envy

You prick soorth Dionisius the sooner, that Damon may  
die :

I will so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattel in thy skinne.

Remember what I have said, Onaphets is my name. [*Ex.*

*Carisophus.*

The sturdie knave is gone, the devill him take,

Hee hath made my head, shoulders, armes, sides, and all  
to ake.

Thou horson villaine boy, why didst thou wait no better?  
As he paide mee, so will I not die thy debter.

*Jack.*

Master, why do you fight with me? I am not your  
match, you see,  
You durst not fight with him that is gone, and will you  
wrek your anger on mee?

*Carisophus.*

Thou villaine, by thee I have lost mine honour,  
Beaten with a cudgell like a slave, a vacabund, or a la-  
sie lubber,

And not geven one blow againe; hast thou handled mee  
wel?

*Jack.*

Maister I handled you not, but who did handle you  
very handsomly you can tell.

*Carisophus.*

Handsomly! thou cracke rope.

*Jack.*

Yea, sir, very handsomly: I holde you a grote,  
He handeled you so handsomly, that he left not one mote  
in your cote.

*Carisophus.*

O I had firkt him trimly, thou villaine, if thou hadst  
geven me my sworde.

*Jack.*

It is better as it is, maister, beleeeve mee at a worde;  
If he had seene your weapon, he would have been fiercer,  
And so perhaps beate you worse, I speake it with my  
hart,

You were never at the dealing of fence blows, but you  
had foure away for your part.

It is but your luck, you are man good inough.

But the wealch Onaphets was a vengeance knave, and  
rough.

Maister, you were best goe home and rest in your bed,  
Meethinkes your cap waxeth to litle for your head.

*Carisophus.*

What! doth my head swell?

*Jack.*

Yea, as big as a codshed, and bleedes too.



*Carisophus.*

I am ashamed to show my face with this hew.

*Jack.*

No shame at all, men have bene beaten far better then you.

*Carisophus.*

I must go to the chirurgion's, what shal I sai when I am a dressing?

*Jack.*

You may say truly you met with a knave's blessing.

*Here entereth Aristippus. [Exeunt.]*

By mine owne experience I prove true that many men tell,

To live in court not beloved, better be in hell:

What crying out, what cursing is there within of Carisophus,

Because he accused Damon to king Dionisius?

Even now he came whining and crying into the courte for the nonce,

Shewing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's sconce.

Which straunge name when they heard every man laught hartely,

And I by myselfe scan'd his name secretly;

For well I knew it was some mad-headed childe

That invented this name, that the log-headed knave might be begilde:

In tossing it often with myselfe two and fro,

I found out that Onaphets backward, spelled Stephano.

I smyled in my sleeve, how to see by turning his name he drest him,

And how for Damon his master's sake, with a wodden cougell he blest him.

None pittied the knave, no man nor woman, but all laught him to scorn,

To be thus hated of al, better unborne.

Farre better Aristippus had provided, I trow;

For in all the court I am beloved both of hie and low.

I offende none, in so much that wemen sing this to my great praise,

*Omnis Aristippum docuit colore, & locus & res.*

But in all this jolytie one thing mazeth mee,

The straunGEST thing that ever was heard or knowne,

Is now happened in this court, by that Damon  
Whom Carisophus accused; Damon is now at lybertie,  
For whose returne Pithias his friend lieth in prison, alas,  
in great jeopardy.

To-morrow is the day, which day by noone if Damon  
returne not earnestly,

The king hath sworne that Pithias should die,  
Wherof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,  
Wishing that Damon may not returne till he have paid  
His lyfe for his friend. Hath it bene heretofore ever saide,  
That any man for his friend would die so willyngly ?  
O, noble friendship! O perfect amitie !

Thy force is heere seene, and that very perfectly.  
The king himselfe museth heareat, yet is he farre out of  
square,

That he trusteth none to come near him,  
Not his owne daughters will he have  
Unsercht to enter his chamber, which he hath made bar-  
bars his beard to shave,

Not with knife or rasour, for all edge-tooles hee feares,  
But with hotte burnyng nutshales they senge of his haire.  
Was there ever man that lived in such miserie ?

Well, I will go in with a heavy and pensive hart too,  
To think how Pithias, this poore gentleman to-morrow  
shall die. [Exit.

*Here entreth Jack and Wyll.*

*Jack.*

Will, by mine honestie, I will marre your moncke's  
face, if you so fondly prate.

*Wyll.*

Jack, by my troth, seeing you are without the court  
gate,

If you play Jack napes, in mocking my maister, and dis-  
pising my face,

Even heere with a faire pantacle I will you disgrace ;  
And though you have a farr better face then I,  
Yet who is better man of us two these sistes shall trie,  
Unlesse you leave your taunting.

*Jack.*



*Jack.*

Thou began'st first ; didst thou not say even now,  
That Carisophus, my master, was no man but a cow,  
In taking so many blowes, and geve never a blow againe?

*Wyll.*

I saide so, indeede he is but a tame ruffian,  
That can swere by his flask and twiche-box, and God's  
precious ladie,

And yet will be beaten with a fagot-stick.

These barking whelps were never good biters,

Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters :

But seeing you eg mee so much, I will somewhat more  
re-fight,

I say, Carisophus thy master is a flattering parasite ;

Gleaning away the sweete from the worthy in al the court.

What tragidie hath he moved of late ? the devill take him,  
he doeth muche hurt.

*Jack.*

I pray you, what is Aristippus thy master, is not he a  
parasit to,

That with scoffing and jesting in the court makes so much  
a doo ?

*Wyll.*

He is no parasite, but a pleasant gentleman full of  
curtesie ;

Thy master is a churlish loute, the heyre of a dung-fork,  
as voyde of honestie

As thou art of honour.

*Jack.*

Nay, if you wyll needes be prating of my master still,  
In faith I must coole you my friend, dapper Will ;

Take this at the beginning.

*Wyll.*

Praise well your winning, my pantacle is as ready as  
yours.

*Jack.*

By the masse I will bore you.

*Wyll.*

By cocke, I will fore you.

*Jack.*

Wyll, was I with you ?

Wyll.

Jack, did I fly? Jack.

Alas, pretty cockerell, you are to weake!

Wyll.

In faith, dutting Duttrell, you will crie creake.

*Here entreth Snap.*

Away, you crack ropes, are you fighting at the court-gate?

And I take you here againe, I will swinge you both, what?

Jack.

[Exit Snap.

I beshrew Snap the tipstaffe, that great knave's hart,  
that hether did come,

Had he not ben, you had cryed ere this, *Victus, victa, victum*:

But seeing wee have brethed ourselves, if ye list,

Let us agree like friendes, and shake eche other by the  
fit.

Wyll.

Content am I, for am not malicious, but on this condition,  
That you talk no more so brode of my maister as here  
you have done.

But who have wee heere? is *Cobex epi* comming yonder?

Jack.

Wyll, let us slippe aside and view him well.

*Here entreth Grimme the Coliar whistling.*

What devill iche weene the porters are drunk, wil  
they not dup the gate to day?

Take in coles for the king's owne mouth, will no body  
stur I say?

Ich might have layne tway howers longer in my bed,  
Cha taried so long heere, that my teeth chatter in my head.

Jack.

Wyll, after our fallyng out, wilt thou laugh merely?

Wyll.

I mary, Jack, I pray thee hartely.

Jack.

Then follow mee, and hemme in a worde now and then.  
What brauling knave is there at the court-gate so early?

Wyll.

It is some brainesicke villaine, I durst lay a penny.

Jack,



*Jack.*

Was it you, fir, that cryed so loude I trow,  
And bid us take in coles for the king's mouth even now?

*Grimme.*

'Twas I, indeed.

*Jack.*

Why, fir, how dare you speake such pettie treason?  
Dooth the king eate coales at any feason?

*Grimme.*

Heere is a gay world! boyes now set old men to scoole.  
I sayd wel inough; what, Jack sawce, thinkst cham a fool?  
At bakehouse, buttrie-hatch, kitchin, and seller,  
Dooth they not say for the kinge's mouth?

*Wyll.*

What then, goodman colliar?

*Grimme.*

What then! seeing without coles thei cannot finely  
dresse the king's meat,  
May I not say take in coles for the king's mouth, though  
coles he doo not eat?

*Jack.*

James Christ, came ever from a colier an aunswer so  
trimme?

You are learned, are you not, father Grimme?

*Grimme.*

Grimme, is my name indeed, cham not learned, and  
yet the king's colier,  
This vorty winter cha bin to the king a serviter.  
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother witte inough  
whole and some.

*Wyll.*

So it seemes, you have so much mother wit, that you  
lack your father's wisdome.

*Grimme.*

Masse, cham well beset, heere's a trim cast of Mur-  
leons,  
What be you, my prety cockerels, that ask mee these  
questions?

*Jack.*

Good faith, father Grimme, if such Marlines on your  
pouch may light,

Thei are so quick of wing, that quickly they can cary  
it out of your fight;

And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs  
one day,

And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon:

But to tell you the troth, we are the porters men, which  
early and late

Waite on such gentlemen as you, to open the court-gate.

*Grimme.*

Are yee servants then?

*Wyll.*

Yea, sir, are we not prettie men?

*Grimme.*

Pretty men (quoth you?) nay, you are stronge men,  
els you could not beare these breeches.

*Wyll.*

Are these such great hose? in faith, goodman collier,  
you see with your nose:

By mine honesty, I have but for one lining in one hose,  
but seven els of rug.

*Grimme.*

That is but a litle, yet it makes thee seeme a great  
bugge.

*Jack.*

How say you, goodman colier, what fault can you see  
heere?

*Grimme.*

Nay, you should finde falt, marie here's trim geare!

Alas, litle knave, doost not sweat? thou goest with great  
paine,

These are no hose, but water bougets, I tell thee plaine:  
Good for none but such as have no buttocks.

Did you ever see two such litle Robin ruddocks

So laden with breeches? chill say no more least I offend;

Who invented these hose at first, did it to a gostly ende,

To have a male readie to put in other folks stufte,

We see this evident by dayly prooffe.

One preached of late not fare hence, in no pulpit, but in  
a waine cart,

That spake inough of this; but for my parte,

Chill say no more, your owne necessitie

In the ende will force you to finde some remedie.

*Jack.*



*Jack.*

Wyl, holde this rayling knave with a talke when I  
am gone,  
I will fetch him his filling ale for his good sermon.

*Wyll.*

Goe thy way, father Grimme, gayly well you doo say,  
It is but young mens folly, that list to play,  
And mask a while in the net of their owne device,  
When they come to your age they will be wise.

*Grimme.*

Bum troth, but few such roysters come to my yeares  
at this day,  
They be cut off betimes, or they have gone halfe their  
journey :  
I will not tell why, let them gesse that can, I meane  
somwhat thereby.

*Here entreth Jack with a pot of wine, and a cup to  
drinke on.*

Father Grimme, because you are sturring so early,  
I have brought you a boule of wine to make you merrie.

*Grimme.*

Wine, marie! that is welcome to colliers, chil swapt  
off by and by,  
Chwas sturring so early that my vey soule is drie.

*Jack.*

This is stoutly done, will you have it warmed, father  
Grimme?

*Grimme.*

No, it is warme inough, it is very lousious and trimme ;  
Tis musselden ich weene; of fellowship let me have ano-  
ther spurt,  
Ich can drink as easely now as if I fate in my shurt.

*Jack.*

By cock, and you shall have it; but I will begin, and  
that anone,

*Iebit avou mon companyon.*

*Grimme.*

*Ihar vou pledge, petty Zawe.*

*Jack.*

Can you speake Frenche? here is a trim colier, by  
this day!

*Grimme.*

What man! ich learned this when iche was a souldier,  
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yärke a whip trimly,  
Better then these boy coliers, that come to the court dayly :  
When there was not so many captious fellowes as now,  
That would toruppe men for every trifel, I wot not how :  
As there was one Damon, not long since taken for a spie,  
How justly I knowe not, but he was condemned to die.

*Wyll.*

This wine hath warmed him, this comes well to passe,  
We shall know all now, for in *Vino veritas*.

Father Grimme, who accused this Damon to king Dionisius ?

*Grimme.*

A vengeance take him, 'twas a gentleman, on maister Crowfopus.

*Wyll.*

Crowfophus! you clippe the king's language, you  
would have sayde Carisophus ;  
But I perceiue now, either the winde is at the south,  
Or els your tunge cleaveth to the rooffe of your mouth.

*Grimme.*

A murian take thik wine, it so intoxicate my braine,  
That to be hanged by and by, I cannot speake plaine.

*Jack.*

You speake knavishly plaine, seeing my maister you  
doe möcke,

In faith ere you goe, I will make you a lobbe cocke.

Father Grimme, what say they of this Damon abroad ?

*Grimme.*

All men are forie for him, so helpe me God.  
They say a false knave cused him to the king wrongfully,  
And he is gone, and shoulde be here to morowe to die,  
Or els his fellow which is in pryson his rowme shall supplie :  
Chil not be his halfe for fortie-shillinges, I tell you plaine,  
I thinke Damon be too wise to returne againe.

*Wyll.*

Will no man speake for them in this wofull case?

*Grimme.*

No, chill warrant you, one maister Stippus is in place,  
Where he may doe good ; but he frames himselfe so,

What-



Whatsoever Dionisius willeth, to that he will not say no :  
 'Tis a subtill vox, he will not tread on thornes for none,  
 A mery harecoppe 'tis, and a pleasaunt companion,  
 A right courtier, and can provide for one.

*Jack.*

Will, howe like you this geare? your master Aristip-  
 pus also,  
 At this colier's hande hath had a bloe.  
 But in faith, father Grimme, cannot coliers  
 Provide for your selves far better then courtiers?

*Grimme.*

Yes, I trowe : though blacke coliers go in threade-  
 bare cotes,  
 Yet so provide they, that they have the faire white  
 groates.  
 Ich may say in counsell, though all day I moyle in dourte,  
 Chil not change lives with anie in Dionisius' court :  
 For though their apparell be never so fine,  
 Yet sure their credite is farre worse then mine :  
 And by cocke I may say, for all their hie lookes,  
 I knowe some stickes full deepe in marchants bookes :  
 And deeper will fall in, as fame me telles,  
 As long as insteede of monie they take up haukes hoodes  
 and belles :  
 Wherby they fall into a swelling diseafe, which coliers  
 do not know,  
 That a mad name it is called, ich weene, *Centum pro cento*.  
 Some other in courtes make others laugh merily,  
 When they wayle and lament their owne estate secretly :  
 Frindship is deade in court, hipocrisie doeth raigne,  
 Who is in favour now, to morowe is out againe :  
 The state is so uncertaine, that I, by my will,  
 Will never be courtier, but a colier still.

*Will.*

It seemeth that coliers have a merie trim life.

*Grimme.*

Coliers get monie still : tell me of trouth,  
 Is not that a trim life now, as the world goeth?  
 All day though I toyle with maine and might,  
 With mony in my pouch I come home merie at night,

And sit downe in my chaire by my wife faire Alifon,  
And turne a crabbe in the fire, as merie as pope John.

*Jack.*

That pope was a merrie fellow, of whom folke talk  
so much.

*Grimme.*

H'ad to be merrie withall, h'ad golde inough in his hutch.

*Jack.*

Can golde make men merrie ? they say, who can sing so  
mery a note,

As he that is not able to chaunge a grote ?

*Grimme.*

Who singes in that case, singes never in tune : I know  
for my part,

That a heavy pouch with golde makes a light hart :  
Of which I have provided for a deare yeare good store,  
And these benters, I trow, shall anone get mee more.

*Wyll.*

By serving the court with coles, you gainde all this  
money.

*Grimme.*

By the court onely, I assure yee.

*Jack.*

After what forte, I pray thee tell mee ?

*Grimme.*

Nay, there bate an ace (quoth Boulton) I can weare a  
horne and blow it not.

*Jack.*

By'r ladie, the wiser man.

*Grimme.*

Shall I tell you, by what ilite I got all this money ?  
Then iche were a noddie indeede ; no, no, I warrant ye,  
Yet in few wordes I tell you this one thinge,  
He is a verie foole that cannot gaine by the king.

*Wyll.*

Well-faide, father Grimme, you are a wyly collyer,  
and a brave,  
I see now there is no knave like to the olde knave.

*Grimme.*

Such knaves have money, when courtiers have none.  
But tell mee, is that true that abroad is blone ?

*Jack.*



*Jack.*

What is that ?

*Grimme.*

Hath the king made those fair damosels his daughters  
To become now fine and trimme barbers ?

*Jack.*

Yea truly, to his owne person.

*Grimme.*

Good fellowes beleeeve mee, as the case now standes,  
I would give one sack of coles to be washt at their  
handes :

If ich came so neare them, for my wit should not give  
three chippes,

If ich could not steale one swap at their lips.

*Jack.*

Wyll, this knave is drunk, let us dresse him,  
Let us riffell him so, that he have not one penny to  
blesse him,  
And steale away his debenters too.

*Wyll.*

Content, invent the way, and I am readie,

*Jack.* Faith, and I will make him a noddie.

Father Grimme, if you pay mee wel, I wil wash you  
and shave you too,

Even after the same fashon as the kinge's daughters doo:  
In all pointes as they handle Dionisius, I will dresse you  
trim and fine.

*Grimme.*

Chuld faine learne that : come on then, chil give thee  
a whole pinte of wine

At taverne for thy labour, when cha mony for my  
benters heere.

*Here Wyll fetcheth a barbers bason, a pot with water,  
a rayfour, and clothes, and a payre of spectacles.*

*Jack.*

Come, mine owne father Grimme, sit downe.

*Grimme.*

Masse, to beginne withall, heere is a trimme chayre.

*Jack.*

*Jack.*

What man, I will use you lyke a prince :—fir boy, fetch mee my geare.

*Wyll.* Here, fir.

*Jack.*

Holde, father Grimme.

*Grimme.*

Mee seeme my head doth swimme.

*Jack.*

My costly perfumes make that.—Away with this, fir boy : be quicke.

Aloyse, aloyse, how pretty it is ! is not heere a good face ?  
A fine oule's eye, a mouth lyke an oven.

Father, you have good butter teeth, full seene,  
You were weaned, els you would have bene a great calfe.  
Ah trimme lippes to sweepe a manger ! here is a chinne,  
As soft as the hoofe of an horse.

*Grimme.*

Doth the kinge's daughters rub so hard ?

*Jack.*

Holde your head straite, man, els all will be marde.  
Bi'r ladie, you are of good complection,  
A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew mee.  
Holde up, father Grimme.—*Wyll*, can you besturre yee ?

*Grimme.*

Mee thinks after a marvellous fashion you doo besmoure mee.

*Jack.*

It is with Unguentum of Daucus Maucus, that is very costly,

I geve not this washing ball to every bodie :  
After you have bene drest so finely at my hande,  
You may kisse any ladie's lippes within this lande.  
A, you are trimily washt ! how say you, is not this trim water ?

*Grimme.*

It may be holosome, but it is vengeance sower.

*Jack.*

It scours the better.—Sir boy, geve mee my rayfour.

*Wyll.*



*Wyll.*

Heere at hand, fyr.

*Grimme.*

Gods aymes! 'tis a chopping knife, 'tis no rayfour.

*Jack.*

It is a rayfour, and that a very good one,  
It came lately from Palarrime, it cost mee twenty crownes  
alone,

Your eyes dasell after your washing, these spectacles  
put on:

Now view this rayfour, tell mee, is it not a good one?

*Grimme.*

They bee gay barnikles, yet I see never the better.

*Jack.*

Indeede they be a yong sight, and that is the matter,  
But I warrant you, this rayfour is very easie.

*Grimme.*

Go to then, since you begun, doo as please yee.

*Jack.*

Holde up, father Grimme.

*Grimme.*

O your rayfour doth hurt my lyp.

*Jack.*

No, it scrapeth of a pimple, to ease you of the pippe.  
I have done now, how say you? are you not wel?

*Grimme.*

Cham lighter then ich was, the trueth to tell.

*Jack.*

Wyll you sing after your shaving?

*Grimme.*

Mas, content, but chill be polde first or I singe.

*Jack.*

Nay that shall not neede, you are pould neere enough  
for this time.

*Grimme.*

Go too then lustily, I will sing in my man's voyce,  
Chave a troubling base busse.

*Jack.*

You are lyke to beare the bobbe, for we will geve it,  
Set out your bussing base, and we will quiddell upon it.

*Grimme*

*Grimme singeth Busse.*

*Jack sings.*

Too nidden, and too nidden.

*Wyll.*

Too nidden, and toodle toodle doo nidden,  
Is not Grimme the colyer most finely shaven?

*Grimme.*

Why, my fellowes, think ich am a cow, that you make  
such tooying?

*Jack.*

Nay bi'r ladie, you are no cow, by your singing;  
Yet your wife tolde me you were an oxe.

*Grimme.*

Did she so? tis a pestens queen, she is ful of such  
mockes.

But go to, let us sing out our songe merely.

*The song at the shaving of the collier.*

*Jack.*

**S**UCH barbers, God send you all times of neede.

*Wyll.*

That can dresse you finely, and make such quick speede.

*Jack.*

Your face like an incorne now shineth so gay.

*Wyll.*

That I with your nostrrels of force must needes play,  
With too nidden, and too nidden.

*Jack.*

With too nidden, and toodle toodle doo nidden.  
Is not Grimme the collyer most finely shaven?

*Wyll.*

With shaving you shine like a pestle of porke.

*Jack.*

Here is the trimmest hogges-flesh from London to  
York.

*Wyll.*

It would be trimme baken to hang up a while.

*Jack.*

To play with this hogline, of force I must smile,  
With too nidden, and too nidden.

*Wyll.*



Wyll.

*With too nidden, and todle, &c.*

Grimme.

*Your shaving dooth please mee, I am now your debter.*

Wyll.

*Your wife now will busse you, because you are sweater.*

Grimme.

*Neare would I be poled, as neere as cham shaven.*

Wyll.

*Then out of your jerkin, needes must you be shaken.*

*With too nidden, and too nidden, &c.*

Grimme.

*It is a trimme thing to be washt in the court.*

Wyll.

*Their handes are so fine, that they never doo hurt.*

Grimme.

*Mee think ich am lighter then ever ich was.*

Wyll.

*Our shaving in the court bath brought this to passe.*

*With too nidden, and too nidden.*

Jack.

*With too nidden, and todle todle doo nidden.*

*Is not Grimme the colyer trimly shaven?*

Grimme.

*This is trimly done: now chil pitch my coles not far hence,*

*And then at the taverne chil bestow whole tway pence.*

Jack.

[Exit Grimme.

*Farewell cock, before the colyer againe doo us seeke,*

*Let us into the courte to parte the spoile, share and share like.*

[Excunt.

Wyll. Away then.

*Here entereth Grimme.*

*Out alas, where shall I make my mone?*

*My pouche, my benders, and all is gone!*

*Where is that villayne that did mee shave?*

*Hath robbed mee, alas! of all that I have.*

*Here.*

*Here entreth Snap.*

Who crieth so at the court gate?

*Grimme.*

I, the poore colier, that was robbed of late.

*Snap.*

Who robbed thee?

*Grimme.*

Two of the porters men that did shave mee.

*Snap.*

Who? the porters men are no barbers.

*Grimme.*

A vengeance take them, they are quick carvers.

*Snap.*

What stature were they off?

*Grimme.*

As little dapper knaves, as they trimly could scosse.

*Snap.*

They were lackies, as neare as I can gesse them.

*Grimme.*

Such lackies make mee lack, an halter beswinge them,  
Cham undone, they have my benters twoo.

*Snap.*

Dooest thou know them, if thou seest them?

*Grimme.*

Yea, that I doo.

*Snap.*

Then crie no more, come away,  
Then come with mee, we will finde them out, and that  
quickly.

*Grimme.*

I follow, mast tipstaffe, they be in the court it is likely.

[*Exeunt.*

*Here entreth Carisophus and Aristippus.*

If ever you will shew friendship, now is the time,  
Seeing the king is displeased with mee, of my part with-  
out any crime.

*Aristippus.*

It should appeare, it comes of some evill behaviour,  
That you so suddenly are cast out of favour.

*Cari-*



*Carisophus.*

Nothing have I done but this, in talk I overthwarted  
Eubulus,

When he lamented Pithias' case to king Dionisius,  
Which to morrow shall die: but for that false knave  
Damon,

He hath left his friends in the briers, and now is gone.  
We grew so hot in talk, that Eubulus protested plainely,  
Dionisius held his eare open to parasiticall flatterie.  
And now in the king's eare like a bell he rings,  
Crying, that flatterers have beene the destroyers of kinges.  
Which talke, in Dionisius' hart hath made so deepe im-  
pression,

That he trusteth mee not, as heretofore, in no condition:  
And some wordes brake from him, as though that he  
Began to suspect my troth and honestie,  
Which you of friendship I know will defend, how so ever  
the worlde goeth:

My friend, for my honestie will you not take an oth?

*Aristippus.*

To sweare for your honestie, I should lose mine owne.

*Carisophus.*

Should you so indeede? I would that were knowne.  
Is your voide friendship come thus to passe?

*Aristippus.*

I folow the proverbe: *Amicus usque ad auras.*

*Carisophus.*

Where can you say I ever lost mine honestie?

*Aristippus.*

You never lost it, for you never had it, as farre as I  
know.

*Carisophus.*

Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom I trust so well?

*Aristippus.*

Because you trust mee, to you the trueth I tell.

*Carisophus.*

Wil you not stretch one point, to bring mee in favour  
again?

*Aristippus.*

I love no stretching, so I may breede myne owne paine.

*Caris-*

*Carisophus.*

A friend ought to shun no paine, to stand his friend  
in steede.

*Aristippus.*

Where true friendship is, it is so indeede.

*Carisophus.*

Why, fyr, hath not the chaine of true frindship linked  
us two togeather?

*Aristippus.*

The chiefeft linke, lacked therof, it must needes  
desever.

*Carisophus.*

What linke is that? faine would I know.

*Aristippus.*

Honestie.

*Carisophus.*

Doth honestie knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

*Aristippus.*

Yea, truely, and that knot so knitte will never flippe.

*Carisophus.*

Belyke then, there is no friendship but betweene  
honest men.

*Aristippus.*

Betweene the honest onely; for, *Amicitia inter bonos*,  
saith a learned man.

*Carisophus.*

Yet evil men use friendship in things dishonest, where  
fancie doth serve.

*Aristippus.*

That is no friendship, but a lewde likyng, it lastes but  
a while.

*Carisophus.*

What is the perfectest friendship among men that  
ever grewe?

*Aristippus.*

Where men love one another, not for profite, but for  
vertue.

*Carisophus.*

Are suche frendes both alyke in joy and also in smarte?

*Aristip-*



*Aristippus.*

They must needes, for in two bodies they have but  
one harte.

*Chrisophus.*

Friend Aristippus, deceave me not with sopihstrie,  
Is there no perfect friendship, but where is vertue and  
honestie?

*Aristippus.*

What a devyll then meant Carisophus  
To joyne in friendship with fine Aristippus?  
In whome is as much vertue, trueth and honestie,  
As there are true feathers in the three Cranes of the vin-  
tree:

Yet their fethers have the shadow of lively fethers, the  
trueth to scan,

But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest man.

To be plaine, because I know thy villanie,

In abusing Dionisius to many men's injurie,

Under the cloke of friendship I played with his head,

And sought means how thou with thine owne fancy might  
be lead:

My friendship thou soughtest for thine owne commo-  
ditie,

As worldly men doo, by profite measuring amitie:

Which I perceiving, to the lyke myselfe I framed,

Wherein, I know, of the wise I shall not be blamed:

If you ask me, *Quare?* I answer, *Quia prudentis est mul-  
tum dissimulare.*

To speake more playner, as the proverb doth go,

In faith Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretiso*:

Yet a perfect friend I shew myselfe to thee in one thing,

I doo not dissemble, now I say I will not speak for thee  
to the king:

Therefore sinke in thy sorow, I do not deceive thee,

I false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee.

[Exit.]

*Carisophus.*

He is gone! is this friendship to leave his friend in the  
plain field?

Well, I see now I myselfe have beguilde,

In

In matching myselfe with that false foxe in amitie,  
 Which hath me used to his owne commoditie :  
 Which seeing me in distresse, unfainedly goes his wayes,  
 Lo this is the perfect friendship among men now a dayes :  
 Which kinde of friendship toward him I used secretly ;  
 And he with me the like, hath requited me craftily.  
 It is the Gods judgment, I see it plainely,  
 For all the worlde may know, *Incidit in foveam quam feci.*  
 Well, I must content myselfe, none other helpe I know,  
 Until a merier gale of winde may happe to blowe.

[Exit.

Eubulus.

Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,  
 When froward will doth beare the cheefest sway,  
 Must yeld of force, there neede no subtile sleight,  
 Ne vaunted speech the matter to conuaie.  
 No prayer can move when kindled is the ire,  
 The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.  
 This thing I prove in Pithias' woful case,  
 Whose heavie hap with teares I doe lament :  
 The day is come, when he in Damon's place,  
 Must lose his life : the time is fully spent,  
 Nought can my words now with the king prevaile,  
 Against the wind and striving streames I faile :  
 For die thou must, alas ! thou seely Greeke.  
 Ah Pithias, nowe come is thy dolefull houre :  
 A perfect friend, none such in a worlde to seeke.  
 Though bitter death shall geve thee sauce full sowre,  
 Yet for thy faith enrolde shall be thy name,  
 Among the gods, within the booke of fame.

Then



## Then the Muses sing.

*Alas, what hap hast thou, poor Pithias, now to die!  
Wo worth the man which for his death hath geven us cause  
to crie.*

Eubulus.

**W**HO knoweth his case, and will not melt in teares?  
His guiltless bloud shall trickle down anone.  
Mee think I beere, with yellow rented haire,  
The muses frame their notes, thy state to mone:  
Among which sort, as one that mourneth with hart,  
In doleful tunes myself will beare a parte.

Muses. *Wo worth the Man, &c.*

Eubulus.

*With yellow rented hairs, come on you Muses nine,  
Fyll now my brest with heavie tunes, to mee your plaints  
refigne:*

*For Pithias I bewaile, which presently must die,  
Wo worth the man which for his death, &c.*

Muses. *Wo worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus.

*Was ever such a man, that would die for his friend?  
I think even from the heavens above, the gods did him downe  
sende  
To shew such friendship's power, which forst thee now to  
die.*

*Wo worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

Muses. *Wo worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus.

*What tiger's whelp was he, that Damon did accuse?  
What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death  
dost not refuse?*

*O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragidie!*

*Wo worth the man, &c.*

Muses. *Worth the man, &c.*

Eubulus.

*Thou young and worthie Greek, that showest such perfect  
love,*

*The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens above:*

*Thy*

*Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.  
 Wo worth the man, which for his death, &c.*

*Muses. Wo worth the man, which for his death  
 hath given us cause to crie.*

*Eubulus.*

**E**Ternall be your fame, ye Muses, for that in misery  
 Ye did vouchsafe to straine your notes to walke :  
 My heart is rent in two with this miserable case,  
 Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth, to see this place  
 At all points readie for the execution of Pithias.  
 Neede hath no law: will I, or nil I, it must be done,  
 But loe, the bloodie minister is even here at hande.  
 Gronno, I came hither now to understande,  
 If all things are well appointed for the execution of  
 Pithias ;  
 The king himselfe wil see it done here in this place.

*Gronno.*

Sir, all things are readie, here is the place, here is the  
 hand, here is the sword,  
 Here lacketh non but Pithias, whose head at a word,  
 If he were present, I could finely strike of.  
 You may report that all thinges are readie.

*Eubulus.*

I goe with heaue hart to report it. Ah woful Pithias !  
 Full neare nowe is thy miserie. *[Exit.]*

*Gronno.*

I marvell verie much, under what constilation  
 All hangmen are borne, for they are hated of all, beloved  
 of none :  
 Which hatred is showed by this point evidently,  
 The hangman alwayes dwelles in the vilest place of the  
 citie :  
 That such spight shoulde be, I know no cause why,  
 Unlesse it be for their office's sake, which is cruel and  
 bloodie.  
 Yet some men must doo it, to execute lawes.  
 Mee think they hate me without any just cause.



But I must looke to my toyle, Pithias must lose his head  
at one blow,

Els the boyes will stone mee to death in the streat as I  
goe.

But harke, the prisoner cometh, and the king also,  
I see there is no help, Pithias his lyfe must forgoe.

*Here entereth Dionysius and Eubulus.*

Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant companion,  
Which tooke mee at my worde, and became pledge for  
Damon.

It pricketh fast upon noone, I doo him no injurie,  
If now he lose his head, for so he requested mee,  
If Damon returne not, which now in Greece is full  
mery:

Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by and  
by.

He thought belike, if Damon were out of the cittie,  
I would not put him to death, for some foolish pittie:  
But seeing it was his request, I will not be mockt, he  
shall die,  
Bring him forth.

*Heere entreth Snap.*

Geve place, let the prisoner come by, give place.

*Dionysius.*

How say you, sir, where is Damon, your trustie  
friend?

You have plaide a wise part; I make God a vow:  
You know what time a day it is, make you readie.

*Pithias.*

Most readie I am, mighty king, and most ready also,  
For my true friend Damon, this life to forgoe,  
Even at your pleasure.

*Dionysius.*

A true friend! a false traytor, that so breaketh his  
oth.

Thou shalt lose thy lyfe, though thou be never so loth.

*Pithias.*

I am not loth to doo what so ever I saide,  
Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismaide:  
The Gods now I know have harde my fervent prayer,

That they have reserved mee to this passing great honour,

To die for my friende, whose faith even 'now I doo not mistrust,

My friende Damon is no false traytor, he is true and just :

But sith he is no God, but a man, he must do as hee may,

The winde may be contrary, sicknes may let him, or some misadventure by the way,

Which the eternall Gods turne all to my glory,

That fame may resounde how Pithias for Damon did die :

He breaketh no oth, which doth as much as he can,

His minde is heere, he hath some let, he is but a man.

That he might not returne, of all the Gods I did require,

Which now to my joy do graunt my desire.

But why doo I stay any longer, seeing that one man's death

May suffice, o king, to pacifie thy wrath ?

O thou minister of justice, doo thine office by and by,

Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die.

Stephano, the right pattarne of fydelitie,

Commende mee to thy master, my sweete Damon, and of him crave libertie

When I am dead, in my name ; for thy trusty service

Hath well deserved a gift far better than this.

Oh my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true friende, to mee most dear ;

Whiles lyfe doth last, my mouth shall still talke of thee, And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true witness of amitie,

Shall hover about the place wheresoever thou bee.

*Dionisius.*

Eubulus, this geare is straunge, and yet because

Damon hath falsf his faith, Pithias shall have the law.

Gronno, dispoile him, and eke dispatch him quickly.

*Gronno.*

It shall be done : since you came into this place,



I might have strooken off seven heades in the space.

Bi'r ladie, here are good garments, these are mine by the roode,

It is an evil winde that bloweth no man good.

Now Pithias kneele downe, aske me blessing like a pretty boy,

And with a trise, thy head from thy shoulders I will convey.

*Here extretb Damon running, and stays the sword.*

Stay, stay, stay, for the king's advantage stay.

O mightie king, mine appointed time is not yet fully past ;

Within the compasse of mine houre, lo here I come at last :

A life I owe, and a life I will pay :

Ah! my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friende!

Ah, wo is mee! for Damon's sake, how near were thou to thy ende!

Give place to mee, this rowme is mine, on this stage must I play,

Damon is the man, none ought but he to Dionisius his blood to pay.

*Gronno.*

Are you come, sir? you might have taried if you had beene wise,

For your hastie comming you are like to know the price.

*Pithias.*

O thou cruel minister, why didst not thou thyne office?

Did not I bid thee make hast in anie wife?

Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die twise?

Not to die for my friend, is present death to me; and alas!

Shall I see my sweete Damon slaine before my face?

What double death is this? but, O mighty Dionisius,

Doe true justice now, way this aright, thou noble Eubulus;

Let me have no wrong as now standes the case,

Damon ought not to die, but Pithias :

By misadventure, not by his will, his houre his past;  
therefore I,

Because he came not at his just time, ought justly die:  
So was my promise, so was thy promise, O king,  
All this court can beare witnesse of this thing.

*Damon.*

Not so, O mightie king, to justice it is contrarie,  
'That for an other man's fault the innocent shoulde die:  
Ne yet is my time plainly expirde, it is not fullie noone  
Of this my day appointed, by all the clockes in the towne.

*Pithias.*

Beleeve no clocke, the houre is past by the funne.

*Damon.*

Ah, my Pithias, shall we nowe breake the bondes of  
amitie?

Will you now overthwart mee, which heretofore so well  
did agree?

*Pithias.*

My Damon, the Gods forbid but we should agree;  
Therefore agree to this, let mee performe the promise I  
made for thee,

Let mee die for thee; doo mee not that injurie,  
Both to breake my promise, and to suffer mee to see  
thee die,

Whom so dearely I love: this small request graunt mee,  
I shall never aske thee more, my desire is but friendly:  
Doo me this honour, that fame may report triumphantly,  
That Pithias for his friende Damon was contented to  
die.

*Damon.*

That you were contented for mee to die, fame cannot  
denie;

Yet fame shall never touch mee with such a villanie,  
'To report that Damon did suffer his frind Pithias, for  
him, guiltlesse, to die;

Therefore content thyselfe, the Gods requite thy constant  
faith,

None but Damon's blood can appease Dionisius' wrath.  
And now, O mightie king, to you my talke I convey,  
Because you gave me leave my worldly thinges to stay,

To



To requite that good turne ere I die, for your behalfe  
this I say,

Although your regall state dame Fortune decketh so,  
That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly ye floe,  
Yet fickle is the grounde whereon all tirants tread,  
A thousande fundrie cares and feares doo haunt their rest-  
lesse head;

No trustie bande, no faithfull friendes doo garde thy hate-  
full state,

And why? whom men obay for deadly feare, sure them  
they deadly hate.

That you may safely raigne, by love get friends, whose  
constant faith

Wyll never faile, this counsell gives poore Damon at his  
death:

Friendes are the surest garde for kinges, gold in time doos  
were away,

And other precious thinges doo fade, friendship will  
never decay.

Have friendes in store therfore, so shall you safely sleepe,  
Have friends at home, of foraigne foes so neede you take  
no keepe.

Abandon flattering tongues, whose clackes trueth never tells;  
Abase the yll, advaunce the good, in whom dame vertue  
dwels;

Let them your playfellowes be: but O, you earthly kinges,  
Your sure defence and strongest garde stands chiefly in  
faithful friendes,

Then get you friends by liberall deeds; and heere I make  
an ende.

Accept this counsell, mightie king, of Damon, Pithias'  
friende.

Oh, (my Pithias!) now farewell for ever, let me kisse  
thee ere I die,

My soule shall honour thee, thy constant faith above the  
heavens shall flye.

Come, Gronno, do thine office now; why is thy colour  
so dead?

My neck is so shorte, that thou wilt never have honestie  
in striking of this head.

*Dionisius.*

Eubulus, my spirites are sodainly appauled, my lims  
waxe weake,  
This straunge friendship amazeth me so, that I can  
scarce speak.

*Pithias.*

O mightie kinge, let some pittie your noble hart meeve ;  
You require but one man's death, take Pithias, let Da-  
mon live.

*Eubalus.*

O unspeakable friendship !

*Damon.*

Not so, he hath not offended, there is no cause why  
My constaunt friend Pithias for Damon's sake should die.  
Alas, he is but young, he may doo good to many.  
Thou coward minister, why doost thou not let mee die ?

*Gronno.*

My hand with suddaine feare quivereth.

*Pithias.*

O noble king, shew mercy upon Damon, let Pithias  
die.

*Dionisius.*

Stay, Gronno, my flesh trembleth. Eubulus, what  
shall I doe ?

Were there ever such friends on earth as were these two ?  
What hart is so cruell that would deuide them asunder ?

O noble friendship, I must yelde, at thy force I wonder.  
My harte this rare friendship hath pearst to the roote,  
And quenched all my furie, this sight hath brought all  
this about,

Which thy grave counsell, Eubulus, and learned per-  
swasion coulede never doo.

O noble gentlemen, the immortal Gods above,  
Hath made you play this tragidie I think, for my behoove:  
Before this day I never knew what perfect friendship ment.  
My cruell minde to bloudy deedes was full and wholly  
bent;

My fearefull life I thought with terrour to defend,  
But now I see there is no garde unto a faithfull friend,  
Which will not spare his life at time of present neede,  
O happie kinges who in your courts have two such friends  
indeede!



I honour friendship nowe, which that you may plainly  
see,

Damon, have thou thy life, from death I pardon thee;  
For which good turne, I crave this honour doe me lend,  
Oh friendly hart, let me linke with you two to make me  
the thirde friende.

My court is yours, dwell here with mee, by my com-  
mission large,

Myself, my realme, my wealth, my health, I commit  
to your charge :

Make me a third friend, more shall I joy in that thing,  
Then to be called as I am, Dionisius, the mightie king.

*Damon.*

O mightie king, first for my life most humble thanks  
I give,

And next, I praise the immortal Gods that did your hart  
so meeve,

That you woulde have respect to friendship's heavenly  
lore,

Forseing wel he need not feare which hath true friends  
in store.

For my part, most noble king, as a third friend, wel-  
com to our friendly society;

But you must forget you are a king, for friendship standes  
in true equalitie.

*Dionisius.*

Unequall though I be in great possessions,  
Yet full equall shall you finde me in my changed condi-  
tions.

Tirrannie, flatterie, oppression, loe, heare I cast away;

Justice, trueth, love, friendship, shall be my joye :

True friendship will I honour unto my live's end,

My greatest glorie shall be to be counted a perfect frende.

*Pithias.*

For this your deede, most noble king, the Gods ad-  
vance your name,

And since to friendship's lore you list your prince'y hart  
to frame,

With joyful hart, O king, most welcome nowe to me,

With you will I knit the perfect knot of amitie :

Wherein

Wherein I shall enstruct you so, and Damon here your friend,

That you may know of amitie the mightie force, and eke the joyfull ende.

And how that kings doo stand upon a fickle ground,  
Within whose realme at time of need no faithfull friends  
are founde.

*Dionisius.*

Your instruction will I folow, to you myselfe I do  
commite.

Eubulus, make hast to fet new apparell fitte  
For my new friends.

*Eubulus.*

I goe with joyful hart, O happie day! [Exit.

*Gronno.*

I am glade to heare this worde; though their lives  
they do not leese,

It is not reason the hangman should lose his fees:

These are mine, I am gone with a trife. [Exit.

*Here entreth Eubulus with new garmentes.*

*Dionisius.*

Put on these garmentes now, goe in with me, the je-  
wels of my court.

*Damon and Pithias.*

We go with joyful harts.

*Stephano.*

Oh Damon, my deare master, in all this joy remember  
me.

*Dionisius.*

My friend Damon, he asketh reason.

*Damon.*

Stephano, for thy good service, be thou free. [Ex. all but

*Stephano.*

*Steph.*

O most happie, pleasaunt, joyfull, and triumphant day!  
Poore Stephano nowe shall live in continuall joy:

*Vive le roy*, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect amitie.

*Vive tu* Stephano, in thy pleasant liberalitie:

Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest wonne,

I am a free man, none so merie as I now under the sunne.

Farewel my lords, nowe the Gods grant you all the  
summe of perfect amitie,

And



And me long to enjoy my long-desired libertie. [*Exit.*]

*Here entreth Eubulus beating Carisophus.*

Away villaine, away, you flattering parasite,  
 Away the plague of this court: thy filed tongue, that  
 forged lies,  
 No more here shall do hurt: away, false sicophant, wilt  
 thou not?

*Carisophus.*

I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure.  
 Why whip ye me alone? a plague take Damon and Pi-  
 thias, since they came hither  
 I am driven to seeke releefe abroad, alas! I know not  
 whither.  
 Yet Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter time shall trie,  
 There shall be found even in this court as great flatterers  
 as I.  
 Well, for a while I will forgoe the court, though to my  
 great paine;  
 I doubt not but to spie a time when I may creepe in  
 againe. [*Exit.*]

*Eubulus.*

The serpent that eates men alive, flatterie, with all her  
 broode,  
 Is whipt away in princes courtes, which yet did never  
 good.  
 What force, what mightie power true friendship may  
 possesse,  
 To all the worlde, Dionisius' court nowe plainely doeth  
 expresse,  
 Who since to faithfull friendes he gave his willing eare,  
 Most safely sitteth in his seat, and sleepes devoide of feare.  
 Purged is the court of vice, since friendship entred in,  
 Tirannie quailles, he studieth now with love ech hart  
 to win;  
 Vertue is had in price, and hath his just rewarde;  
 And painted speach, that gloseth for gaine, from gifts is  
 quite debar'd.

One loveth another now for vertue, not for gaine;  
Where vertue doeth not knit the knot, there friendship  
cannot raigne,  
Without the which, no house, no land, ne kingdome can  
endure,  
As necessarie for man's life, as water, ayre, and fier,  
Which frameth the mind of man, all honest things to  
doo;  
Unhonest things friendship ne craveth, ne yet consents  
thereto.  
In wealth a double joye, in woe a present stay,  
A sweete companion in each state, true friendship is  
alway :  
A sure defence for kings, a perfect trustie band,  
A force to assaile, a shield to defend the enemies cruel  
hand,  
A rare, and yet the greatest gift that God can give to  
man :  
So rare, that scarce foure couple of faithfull friends have  
ben since the worlde began.  
A gift so strange, and of such price, I wish all kinges  
to have ;  
But chiefly yet, as dutie bindeth, I humblie crave,  
True friendship and true friendes, ful fraught with con-  
stant faith,  
The giver of friends, the Lord, grant her, most noble  
queene Elizabeth.



*The last SONG.*

**T**H E strongest guard that kynges can have,  
 Are constant friends their state to save :  
 True friends are constant both in word and deede,  
 True friends are present, and helpe at eache neede :  
 True friends talke truely, they glose for no gaine,  
 When treasure consumeth, true friends will remaine :  
 True friends for their true prince refuse not their death :  
 The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queene Eli-  
 zabeth.

Long may she governe in honour and wealth,  
 Voyde of all sicknesse, in most perfite health :  
 Which health to prolong, as true friends require,  
 God grant she may have her owne heart's desire :  
 Which friends will defend with most stedfast faith,  
 The Lord grant her such friends, most noble queene Eli-  
 zabeth.

*The End of the first Volume.*













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